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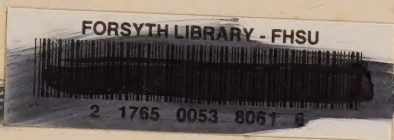
THE TOURIST'S
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—
RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

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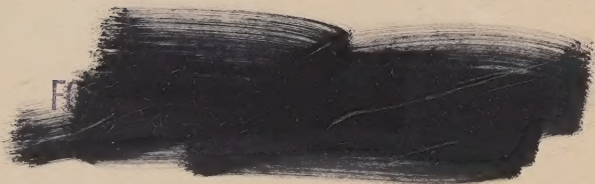
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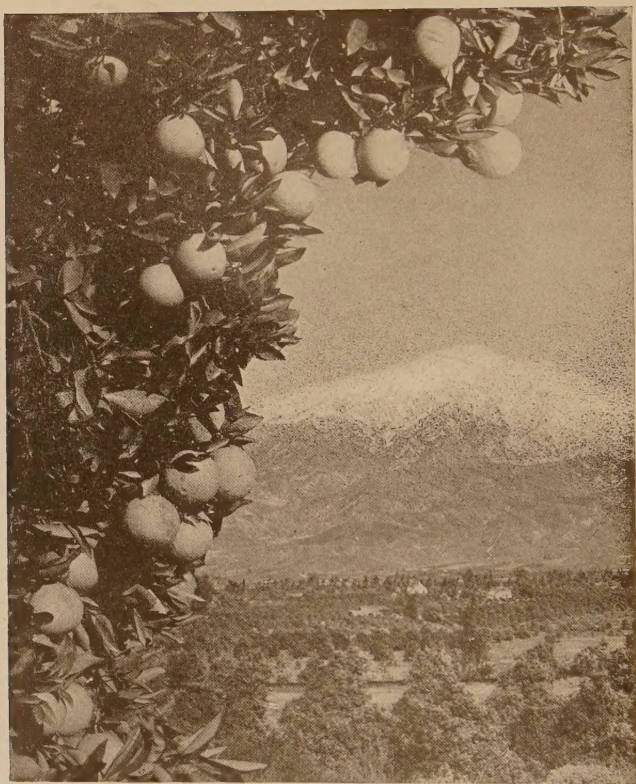


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WITHDRAWN

THE TOURIST'S CALIFORNIA



A CALIFORNIA PARADOX

THE TOURIST'S CALIFORNIA

BY

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

*Author of "The Tourist's Russia," "The Tourist's
Spain and Portugal," etc.*

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1915

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THE TOURIST'S CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER I

GENERAL INFORMATION

Transportation to California—Steam and Electric Railways within the State—Local and Coastwise Steamers—Cabs and Street Cars—Routes—Telegraph and Telephone Lines—Money—Language and Names—Climate and Seasons.

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Transportation.

Rail to California.

FOUR continental railroads have their western terminals in California. The Western Pacific, affiliated with the Denver and Rio Grande (Denver—Salt Lake City), continues from Salt Lake via Winnemucca, Nevada, passes through country never before traversed by a railway, descends the Feather River Canyon (Plumas County) to Oroville, Marysville, Sacramento and Stockton, turns west to Niles and north to Oakland, from whence passengers are ferried to San Francisco.

The San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railway, which crosses Utah and Nevada and enters California on its own tracks, joins the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé at Daggett, and thereafter proceeds on leased trackage to Los Angeles and the port of San Pedro, thus forming a new

direct route between Salt Lake City and the Pacific.

The Santa Fé takes a southwesterly course from Chicago. The boundary between Arizona and California is passed at The Needles on the Colorado River. A branch goes from Barstow to San Bernardino and Los Angeles; another branch connects San Bernardino with Riverside and Orange. The latter station is on the Los Angeles - San Diego line, 31 miles south of Los Angeles. The Santa Fé trunk line continues in a northwesterly direction to Bakersfield and Fresno, to Merced and Stockton, and thence to Antioch, Richmond and Ferry Point, or to Berkeley and to Oakland, chief landward port of San Francisco.

The Southern Pacific Railroad approaches California from three directions. The southeasterly portal is at the junction of Mexico, Arizona and California. Through it pass the trains of the Sunset Route which, leaving from New Orleans, traverse Texas and the southerly edge of the American Sahara to arrive at Los Angeles and San Francisco. The latter is reached via Fresno, Merced, Stockton and Oakland, or via the Coast Line (Los Angeles - Ventura - Santa Barbara - San Luis Obispo - Pajaro - Gilroy - San José - San Mateo, and into San Francisco by land).

The Ogden - Reno - Truckee - Sacramento route, and the route from Portland, Oregon, through the Siskiyou Mountains and the Sacramento Valley, both lead to Benicia. From this point on Carquinez Straits, the Southern Pacific conveys its trains by a monstrous ferry-boat which engulfs, if necessary, two whole trains at a time and swims with them to the opposite shore. There the cars take up the journey to the mile-long Oakland pier from whose extremity passengers are transferred by ferry to the phoenix-city which is poised on that outpost of land that guards the Golden Gate.

New York, Boston, Portland, Quebec, Montreal, Chicago, Omaha and St. Paul are the eastern terminals of railroads which have established connection with California over their own and other lines. Passengers are routed via the Northwest, via Colorado and Utah, or via the Southwest. The first two routes are best for scenery, the last-named for speed.

Service and equipment vary from the fast Limited with observation, library and club cars and barber-shop, valet, typewriter and graphophone extras to the every-day Pullman express; from the comfortable, rattan-upholstered Tourist cars to the leisurely train of the colonist who supplies his own bedding and reclines on wooden seats. The Tourist cars contain kitchenettes which are

at the disposal of patrons who carry their own provisions.

Some roads charge an additional fare for the super-refinements of the trains which speed one from Chicago or New Orleans to San Francisco in thrice twenty-four hours. But most of them give maximum service at the ordinary rate.

Limited trains sometimes run only in the winter, or on stated days of the week. Compartment, drawing-room and sleeping-car fares, and meals in dining-cars or at stations are of course extra. Tourist sleeping-car berths cost about half as much as those in standard Pullmans. The standard rate is \$18.00 for a double lower berth from New York, \$13.00 from Chicago, \$11.50 from New Orleans.

The regular minimum first-class fare from New York to Pacific Coast cities approximates \$75.00; this price is affected by the stop-overs permitted, the route travelled, and the duration of the ticket's validity.

Steamer Connection to California.

The Southern Pacific Company offers a through schedule from New York to the Pacific Coast via its modern steamers, which leave Pier 48, North River, New York, twice a week for an agreeable five-day voyage to New Orleans, and thence via the Sunset Route to California. Meals and

berth are included in the steamer rate; the through fare by water and land is the same as the minimum all-rail first-class fare from New York to the Coast. The steamers have also second- and third-class accommodation. Passengers may book first-class on the steamer and second-class (Tourist sleepers) on the railroad, New Orleans - California.

The above conditions apply to the Mallory Line service from Pier 45, North River, New York - Key West - Tampa - Mobile - Galveston. Both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé run into Galveston.

The United Fruit Company has bi-weekly sailings from New York to Colon at the Caribbean end of the Panama Canal. From there the Panama Railroad crosses the Isthmus to Panama. At Panama (Balboa) there is bi-monthly connection with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, whose destination is San Francisco. The United Fruit Company also has sailings from New Orleans to Colon. The New York offices of the company are at 17, Battery Place.

The Panama Railroad Steamship Line (Pier 67, North River, New York) has a direct service every six days, New York - Colon. At the latter port passengers are transferred to the Isthmus railroad, and at Panama (Balboa) to the Pacific Mail for San Francisco.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company (45 Broadway, New York) maintains regular weekly sailings by the Atlas Line, New York-Colon; this company and others, including the North German Lloyd, the White Star and United Fruit Companies, also advertise winter cruises touching at Panama's easterly port. The Hamburg-American has an annual round-the-world tour via the Canal which permits a three-day stop-over at San Francisco.

At San Diego and Los Angeles several trans-Atlantic steamship lines make regular calls. But unless they operate under American register, they cannot carry passengers from the United States ports on the Atlantic to United States ports on the Pacific owing to coastwise laws which restrict the movements of foreign vessels.

San Francisco has frequent connection with trans-Pacific points—Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Manila and Hongkong—by way of Honolulu via the Pacific Mail Steamship Company flying the American flag; Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand and the Orient, via the Oceanic Steamship Company, the Matson Navigation Company, the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha (Oriental Steamship Company), all of which have representatives in the principal cities on the Coast.

Customs

Passengers arriving from Panama by a ship which has called at a Central American or other

foreign port, or by rail from Canada or Mexico, must submit their baggage to customs examination on entering the United States. This regulation also applies to all trans-Pacific passengers except those who have embarked at Honolulu.

Aside from wearing apparel, articles of personal adornment, toilet articles and similar personal effects, residents of the United States may bring in articles for personal or household use, or souvenirs or curios not bought on commission or intended for sale to the value of \$100, exempt from duty. But all articles must be declared.

Each person over 18 years of age may bring in free of duty 50 cigars or 300 cigarettes, or smoking tobacco not exceeding 3 pounds, if for the bona fide use of such passenger. These must be declared, but will be passed free by customs officers in addition to the \$100 exemption.

Non-residents must declare all articles of their own aside from personal effects, and all articles of any nature whatsoever if brought in for other persons or for sale.

Steam and Electric Roads within the State.

California has more than fifty steam railways, but only a few are concerned with the transportation of the tourist. Aside from the four continental lines mentioned, these roads include the Northwestern Pacific, which serves the resorts and

timber country of Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Humboldt Counties, and is operated jointly by the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé; the Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais, which climbs to the peak above San Francisco Bay; the Ocean Shore, by which there is connection from San Francisco with beach resorts; the Lake Tahoe Railroad, Truckee—Tahoe City; the Sierra Railway, which facilitates a pilgrimage from Oakdale in Stanislaus County to the Bret Harte Country; the Yosemite Valley Railroad, Merced—El Portal; the Holton Interurban, which has Redlands as a terminal; the San Diego and Arizona, now building between San Diego and Yuma via Seeley; the San Diego and Cuyamaca, which serves the “back country” of San Diego County; and the San Diego Southern, which leads into Mexico.

The Inter-California swings off from the Southern Pacific near Yuma, loops into Old Mexico, re-enters California through the date-groves of Cal-exico and goes north again to the Sunset Route via El Centro and Imperial, in the Imperial Valley.

The fares on California roads are high, usually three or four cents a mile. On the Shasta Route the rate is six cents a mile through the mountains. The fare from San Francisco to Los Angeles is \$15.00, or about three cents a mile.

There are a score of electric traction companies

which unite California coast and valley towns. The most important is the Pacific Electric, an amalgamation of all the electric systems within a radius of thirty-five miles of Los Angeles. It has more than a thousand miles of tracks; its fares average less than a cent a mile; its motors are capable of achieving a speed of sixty miles an hour. Its service is a boon to tourists, suburban dwellers and ranch-owners in the district of which Los Angeles is the pivot.

The San Bernardino Valley, the regions about Riverside, Visalia, and Fresno, have extensive electric systems; likewise the San Francisco Bay counties, and the San Joaquin, Sacramento and Napa Valleys.

Local and Coastwise Steamers.

San Francisco – Sacramento.

The steamers of the Netherlands Route (via the Sacramento River) leave the Pacific Street wharf, San Francisco, and the wharf at Sacramento twice every week-day. 125 miles, 11 hours. Fare \$1.50. State-room, \$1.00 to \$2.00. The California Transportation Company also despatches week-day steamers which sail from the Jackson Street wharf, San Francisco. Time, 13 hours. Fare as above.

First-class railroad tickets over the Southern Pacific lines are valid on the Netherlands Route.

Automobiles are carried on river boats at low rates.

San Francisco - Stockton.

The San Joaquin River steamers of the California Transportation and California Navigation Companies leave San Francisco every week-day for the overnight trip to Stockton. Fare, \$1.00. Staterooms, \$1.00 to \$3.00.

Excursions Around San Francisco Bay.

To Vallejo and Mare Island Navy Yard via the Monticello Line from the Clay Street wharf, San Francisco, four times daily. Round trip, 60 miles, 4 hours, \$1.20.

Steamers leave twice daily from Mission Street wharf for a tour of the Bay Shores. 2½ hours, \$1.00.

**San Pedro (port of Los Angeles) - Avalon,
Catalina Island.**

Daily morning steamer. Distance 25 miles. Time about 2 hours. Return fare, good for 60 days, \$2.75. Saturday to Monday excursion, \$2.50.

There is also boat connection between other coast towns and the Channel Islands. Steamers run from San Diego to local points on the bay, and to near-by Mexican ports.

San Francisco is the home port of the following

coastwise steamship companies, all of which have frequent sailings to the places indicated:

Pacific Coast Steamship Company — north to Eureka, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Port Townsend, Victoria, Vancouver, Prince Rupert (from Seattle) and Alaska; south to Santa Barbara, Ventura (San Buenaventura), San Pedro (port of Los Angeles), San Diego and Mexican ports.

Pacific Mail — Mexican and Central American ports and Panama.

Pacific Navigation Company — San Pedro and San Diego.

North Pacific Steamship Company — north to Eureka and Portland; south to Port San Luis, Santa Barbara, San Pedro, San Diego.

San Francisco and Portland Steamship Company — north to Portland; south to San Pedro and San Diego.

The single fare from San Francisco to San Pedro (18 hours) varies from \$8.35 to \$10 or \$12, according to steamer and location of berth.

An 11-day trip from San Francisco to Vancouver and return, with stops at intermediate points, costs \$40 by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

Fare to Alaska and return (Sitka and intermediate calls), \$124.

Cabs and Street Cars.

The glib taxi has invaded the metropolises of California, and at licensed stands near public buildings, squares, stations and ferry landings both horse and gasoline cabs are for hire at the purse-flattening rates of the American city. Everyman's cab, the street car, is the dependable and economical Tourist's Delight of California transportation. It pierces the canyons of high-walled streets, attacks the incline of breath-snatching hills, whirls one to the sea or through orchard-suburbs to outlying Missions and forests.

Transfers are generously dispensed. In San Francisco one may ride all morning for two nickels. Los Angeles is no vainer of her harbour and her summer climate than of her electric railway system. San Diego has 70 miles of street car tracks. From Mexico to the Oregon line every sizable community has a trolley service as certainly as it has a Booster Club and an inflated population.

The electric car, local and inter-urban, has carried a gospel of progress, comfort and recreation to every accessible quarter of the Sunset State,—has joined the ranch to the market, made feasible the country home to clerk and city mechanic, given the city school to the farm-child and city amusements to his parents. Nowhere is there a more effectual messenger of civilisation.

Routes.

A law of compensation has ordained that those routes which span with greatest fleetness the leagues between California and the rest of North America shall present for the most part but level desolations to the eye, while northern routes, retarded by mountain pass and gorge, deal profligately in sights that beguile the longer way.

If travellers to California begin their westward journey in Canada they may choose between the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific systems. The former offers a route from eastern ports to Prince Rupert, which opens to the tourist a primal track through a region of mountains, forests and lakes, innocent as yet of axe and surveyor's tape, of spoon or fly. The way to California from Prince Rupert, a made-to-order city planned by a Boston firm of architects and gardeners, continues by way of the luxurious steamers of the Grand Trunk Pacific to Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle. At the latter city, both rail and water facilities are available for the trip down the coast.

Some of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's boats call at Prince Rupert on the way from Alaska to Seattle.

The Canadian Pacific, the first road to breach the distance between the Atlantic and the Pacific on its own rails, affords unsurpassed and unsurpassable views on its way through Alberta and

British Columbia to Mission Junction, where passengers are transferred to the Northern Pacific for Seattle, unless they have elected to go on to Vancouver to take the water route south.

Those who prefer to forego the magnificence of the Canadian Rockies in order to reach the United States by a shorter road may change at Medicine Hat and continue to Spokane, State of Washington, via Macleod and Yalt. From Spokane they will cross the mountains to Seattle, or go by the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Line (part of the journey may be made by Columbia River steamers) to Portland. From Portland and Seattle there are through fast trains to Sacramento and San Francisco by the Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific. Or, as indicated under "Coastwise Steamers," one may go by water to all the principal ports of California from these northern points. The distance from Seattle to San Francisco by rail is 951 miles, from Portland to San Francisco, 771 miles.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway has built its own line from St. Paul into Seattle and Tacoma, traversing the wheat fields and rocky heights of the Northwest.

The Great Northern is the only railway which passes through Glacier National Park, Montana. Rich as North America is in the combined scenic effects of snow peaks, glaciers, giant woods and

glacial lakes, there is no region more beautiful than this which the Government, abetted by the Great Northern Road, has recently made accessible to the tourist.

The Northern Pacific's bait to the traveller is the Yellowstone National Park, which is also reached by the Great Northern. The Western Pacific, which comes west via Denver and the Royal Gorge, has forged a pioneer route through the sportsmen's and vacationists' country of the Feather River Canyon.

The Union Pacific takes its patrons via Denver, shows them the bold beauties of the Colorado Mountains with the aid of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and, when it has introduced them to the city of the Great Salt Lake, and perhaps carried them overnight to the Yellowstone, consigns them to the new Salt Lake - Los Angeles Road, or to the Southern Pacific, successor to the Central Pacific, the historic iron way which first supplanted the wagon-train of the immigrant. The original trail is followed over Truckee Pass into California.

The San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake "Short Line" traces the steps of the Mormon pioneers of 1851 from Utah to San Bernardino, California, through wild gorges and across plains of verdure and sand.

The sun-blistered path of the adventurers who

went to the west by the Santa Fé trail is now ribboned by the rails of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, which offers fast trains and the side-trip to the Grand Canyon as its inducement to brave the southwestern deserts.

The Southern Pacific route from New Orleans is interesting for about a third of the distance across Texas. Thereafter it is a dreary alkali-ridden trek whose reward is the new-springing green of the Imperial Valley and the multi-florous realm beyond.

Tourists who go to California by way of Mexico may travel by the Mexican Central from Mexico City, or by the Southern Pacific and Sonora Railroads from Guadalajara, joining the Sunset Route at El Paso, Texas, or Tucson, Arizona, respectively. The Pacific Mail steamers do not touch at Mexican ports on the northward journey, from Panama to San Francisco, calling only at Puntarenas, Costa Rica.

Many United States railroads east and west of Chicago contribute to the sum of California travel. All of them follow one or the other of the highways described.

Visitors who enter the State from the north will hail as the first of its wonders the pilot-peak of Mount Shasta and the groves and grain-prairies of the Sacramento Valley. From Sacramento they may go east to Lake Tahoe before continu-



IN SAN FRANCISCO

ing to San Francisco. Travellers who come westward by way of Ogden turn off at Truckee for the excursion to the Lake. The latter, one of the sights best worth while in all California, can also be reached by a link connecting the Western Pacific with the Southern Pacific (Hawley - Boca), thence Truckee - Tahoe City.

San Francisco is the central point from which trips are made to the Lake and Geyser regions north of it, to pleasure-towns on the south, and to the Yosemite on the east. Stockton is at the estuary of several rail and stage roads which lead through mining country to the Calaveras Big Trees, to the Hetch Hetchy Valley, and to the Yosemite. Both the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific go to Merced, the starting-point of the Yosemite Valley Railroad.

Fresno is a railroad base for journeys to Kings and Kern River Canyons, to Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the United States, and to the Sequoia, California and General Grant Big Tree Reserves.

The deserts of Mono, Inyo and San Bernardino Counties are served by the Nevada and California Railroad and by the Tonopah and Tidewater. The first-mentioned goes north from Mojave, and on its way to Carson City and Reno passes below the eastern wall of the Sierra Nevadas.

Los Angeles is capital of the territory which it is predicted will some day become the State of

Southern California. Within a hundred miles in opposite directions are Santa Barbara and San Diego, the Channel Islands, and the mantled crowns of Gorgonio and Bernardino, which rise between the deserts and the sea.

Automobile Routes.

Aside from municipal and county appropriations, the California legislature has recently voted to expend a vast sum in repairing and building highways. In this campaign for good roads the California State Automobile Association has played a leading part. Visiting motorists are welcomed at its headquarters in the Monadnock Building, San Francisco. There, information is obtainable concerning road conditions in every part of the State. The Tour Book (cloth bound, \$2.50), compiled by a path-finder who has covered all the travelled routes north and south, may be purchased at the office of the Association. The membership initiation fee is \$2.00, the monthly dues nominal.

State records show that there are about 80,000 automobiles registered in California, or about one car to every 36 inhabitants.

Motor tolls are high, averaging \$1.50 to \$2.00 for a moderate distance on state or county highways which have heavy grades.

Californians are doing their share toward the construction of the Lincoln Way which has been

launched as a national project and provides for a motor-thoroughfare from New York to San Francisco, with a branch from Colorado through New Mexico and Arizona to Los Angeles. Many of the roads which are constituent parts of this Ocean to Ocean Highway have already been marked with the large letter L on a tri-colour sign-board which is the emblem of the continental trail.

The Pacific Boulevard now under way will form a continuous motor route from the Mexican to the Canadian border, via San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento, Portland, and Seattle.

Already there are hundreds of miles of oiled and macadamised roads in both upper and lower California. The Southern California Automobile Association, with headquarters at Los Angeles, has installed emergency telephones on main highways and has, with the co-operation of other clubs and patriotic societies, erected mission bell sign-posts along the Camino Real, the "Highway of the King," which was first charted by the Spanish missionaries on their journey from San Diego to San Francisco, along the sea-cliffs and among the hills of the Coast Range.

In building the Owens River aqueduct, the Los Angelans opened up a good road across the desert from Mt. Whitney. Motor-cars climb the trail up Mt. Wilson, and encroach upon the silences of the range beyond Riverside and Redlands. A

Valley to Coast Highway is proposed from Visalia in central California to Paso Robles on the State Road which forms part of the Camino Real.

Since the Yosemite was opened to motor tourists in the summer of 1913, the counties neighbouring it have vied in offering good roads allurements to those Yosemite-bound. The route via Coulterville is the one now most used. Another route is from Stockton over the Big Oak Flat Road through Tuolumne County to Yosemite. The Alpine Highway will make possible a tour from Yosemite Park to Lake Tahoe.

At Sacramento the boulevard which joins the capital to San Francisco merges into the Wish-bone Route, which continues through Placerville to Lake Tahoe. From Truckee it goes west again by way of Donner Lake, Dutch Flat, Auburn (we are on the immigrant trail here), and thus back to Sacramento.

Out of San Francisco and Oakland there are good roads through San Mateo and Alameda Counties to Santa Cruz and Monterey, and toward Stockton and the Yosemite. Northerly motor-ways wind far into Marin County, follow the coast to Eureka, or reach the upper part of the State by the Overland Highway.

Through the ever-living trees of Mendocino County and the sugar-pines of the Siskiyou there are excellent roads. From Eureka one may

drive across country to Red Bluff and Redding, and from the latter city mount to the border lakes of Oregon.

Considering its longitudinal extent, California is kinder to the automobilist than any State in the Union. The main highways present no barriers of mud or snow. Many roads are coated with asphaltum, making all-the-year motoring possible. And the views in a day's journey constitute an album of motor-memories not to be excelled.

Tourist Bureaux.

Both Thomas Cook and Son and the Raymond-Whitcomb Company have offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles where information is supplied concerning conducted and independent travel on the Coast. At the Peck-Judah Bureaux in the same cities inquirers may obtain facts concerning local tours, resorts, and automobile routes. Daily sight-seeing cars leave their offices at 687 Market Street, San Francisco, and 623 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

The California Development Board, Ferry Building, San Francisco, maintains a bureau for tourists and for those seeking authentic reports concerning crops and manufacturing in all parts of the State. Chambers of Commerce and business organisations in important towns offer a similar service in regard to their individual communities.

Telegraph and Telephone Lines.

Aside from trans-continental companies, about thirty California corporations accept messages for transmission. Many own telephone franchises as well. "Home" Telephones are operated by local stockholders in rivalry with the Pacific Company. An example of the varied sums invested in these enterprises is given in the statement that the total assets of the ambitious little Bodie and Hawthorne Telephone and Telegraph Company aggregate \$500; those of the Los Angeles Home Telephone and Telegraph Company more than \$11,500,000. There are about 120,000 subscribers on the lists of Los Angeles' two companies. The Home Companies usually employ automatic telephone devices.

Money.

It is but a few years since the one-cent piece usurped the nickel in the humbler transactions of California life. Strangers who proffered a copper for a newspaper discovered that none was sold for less than five cents. The beggar's cup, the piano-grinder's tambourine, held only the gleam of pale metal. In candy shops children bought so many sticks for five cents, never for a penny, because the latter was almost never current coin. At the same period in California's monetary history the writer once received an illuminating lesson

concerning the preference for specie over bank-notes. A bill was tendered in payment for articles purchased at a Market Street store in San Francisco. Before being accepted it was questioningly submitted to an aisle-man who, while commending the clerk for her caution, made it clear that though but paper, it was as negotiable as the gold and silver pieces she was accustomed to receiving.

But nowadays progressive newspapers may be bought for less than the traditional nickel, and one need not strain his purse or pocket with weighty funds wherewith to pay the expenses of a few days' journeying. And yet, in the contradictory way of humans, we miss the feel of the clean gold when notes are substituted, and come to understand one reason why they were formerly entirely disregarded for the coin of the Republic.

The "two-bits" of the Pacific Coast are equivalent to the two shillings of early days on the Atlantic; each bit equals twelve and a half cents. The term is rarely used in the singular. Likewise the storekeeper seldom "splits the nickel." Articles are priced two for two-bits, or one for fifteen cents. This is a cause for complaint among Europeans who divide their cents into centimes and farthings. Visitors from "the States" (as Californians still designate all that lies east of the Si-

erras) are more accustomed to the presumptions of our extravagant coinage.

A list of principal banks in the chief tourist towns of California is given at the rear of this volume. The Travellers' Cheques issued by reliable banks, tourist agencies and express companies are a safe and convenient means of carrying funds. When properly countersigned these cheques are usually accepted in payment of bills as readily as currency.

Those who do not make use of such cheques will find it advantageous to have their local banker certify to their signature before leaving home. This precaution will avoid possible delays and inconvenience.

Language and Names.

The Spaniards bequeathed little of material use to present-day California beyond a few acres planted to olive and grape and a legacy of names. St. James and St. Joseph, St. Peter, St. Michael, St. Agnes and St. Louis the Bishop stepped from their saintly calendar at the Fathers' behest to beautify sites which were barren enough at the time of their baptising. For the English equivalents we read San Diego and San José, San Pedro, San Miguel, Santa Ynez and San Luis Obispo. The Gate becomes in California El Portal; The Wild Cats, Los Gatos; the Hot Spring, Agua Caliente;

The Oak Pass, El Paso de Robles; the Fisher-beach, Pescadero; The Chest, El Cajon; Pleasant View, Linda Vista; Of the Sea, Del Mar; Black Peak, Loma Prieta; Little Willow, Sausalito. Hotels choose Spanish names signifying On the Hill-top, House of the Desert, In the Forest, The Crowned.

Here we call a dry river-bed an *arroyo*; a lake, a *laguna*; a plain, a *vega*; a plateau, a *mesa*; a river, a *rio*; a measure of 33 inches, a *vara*; a wharf, an *embarcadero*; a cow-boy, a *vaquero*; a priest, a *padre*; a fort, a *presidio*; a festival, a *fiesta*; a town, a *pueblo*; a court, a *patio*; a city square, a *plaza*; a ravine, a *canyada*; a gorge, a *canyon*; a farm, a *rancheria*; a corn-meal dumpling, a *tamale*; a red bean, a *frijole*; a house, a *casa*; a clay house, an *adobe*.

To properly pronounce names which commonly arise one must know that the Spanish *j* and *x* are aspirated (San José = San Hosā; frijole = frihólā; Calexico = Caléhico).

As in all Latin languages, *i* is pronounced *ee* (camino = cameeno); *a* is broadened to *ah* (Capistrano = Capistráhno); *e* preceding a vowel or at the end of a word becomes *ā* (Mateo = Matāō; adobe = adobā); *u* is pronounced as *oo* (laguna = lagóonah). The letter *g* is gutturally aspirated after a manner possible only to the Latin throat (Los Angeles = Lōs An'khēlēš, never Lōs

Anjelēs). In Spanish words, every vowel is pronounced (real = rāāl; tamale = tamáhlā). *Ll* = *ly* (Cabrillo = Cabréelyo).

One comes frequently upon Indian proper names: Siskiyou, Yreka, Hoopa, Modoc, Tehama, Yolo, Yuba, Napa, Tuolumne, Yo-Semite, Mono, Kaweah, Temecula. These jostle on the crowded map Mendocino and El Dorado, Squaw Valley and Dry Town, Clipper Gap, Coppstropolis and Sonora, Granada and Grizzly Flat, Sultana and Grub Gulch, Indio, Gazelle and Chinese, Java and Johannesburg, Odessa, Lucerne, Malaga, Siam and Aberdeen.

Climate and Seasons.

In a country where climate is capitalised by the hotel-keeper and the land agent no less than it is immortalised by the poet, the vagaries of dust-winds, bleak "trades" and white fogs are suppressed by the loyal citizen, or, if admitted at all to the stranger, are attributed to a rival town — never to his own. It is counted a sort of meteorological treason if a San Diegan grant that melancholy days do sometimes fall upon that "sun-kissed" clime. A resident of San Bernardino or Riverside takes but guilty cognisance of the hurricanes of sand which whip in from the desert. Fresno's summers are never, according to Fresnoians, other than idyllically balmy. San Fran-

cisco's mists "beautify" but never depress, her west winds which blow tantalisingly ten months of the year "refresh," rather than chill. . . . Boston confesses to her nor'easters, Chicago to her lake winds and fogs of smoke, St. Louis to her July heat. Of climatic defects the Californian may complain one native son to another—but never openly if a possible "home-seeker" or a tourist be near enough to hear. This is because the State is still hungry for population, and seasonal perfection is California's lure.

The stranger is to blame for much of this concerted discretion. He demands that unlimited sunshine and gentle zephyrs without cessation shall attend his every step once he has crossed California's borders. In defence he will depose that his expectations have been nourished on the pap of the too-hospitable pamphlet and the orange-tinted product of discriminating and optimistic cameras.

Forewarned as to certain precautions in regard to the California climate, the traveller need not suffer disillusion, and winter ills. First among the deceptions practised upon the Easterner (an Easterner being any resident of that considerable territory east of Nevada) are temperature records as gauged by the thermometer. Columns of tabulated figures prove that it is unusual for the mercury to fall below 32 degrees during an entire Southern California winter, that the mean Janu-

ary temperature is 55 degrees. But this says nothing of the pall-like cold of shadows and of houses more comfortable without than within. If the newcomer's enthusiasm for the winter sun leads him to discard warm clothing he may very easily contract dangerous colds when he leaves the sun for the shade — the burning California sun for the sinister California shade, the sun which renders tropical one side of the street, whose shadow, darkening the other side, sends us shivering to our woollen coats.

Even in summer, acclimated Californians are wary of the dusk spaces. Like the Spaniards, they prefer the downrightness of sun-heat to hidden evils in the cooling shadow.

Strangers are also deceived by the statement that, since the winter is mild, little heat is required in the houses. They find, however, that in rooms not warmed by the sun, prosy steam heat is grateful, even though, just outside the window, palm-fronds may lie athwart fuchsia-vines that climb roof-high. Hotels, once cold as Burgos, are learning this. "Heat all day," is advertised as an inducement to winter guests in Los Angeles. There are, moreover, summer days on the coast which demand the comfort of an open fire when the afternoon breeze springs up. One may carry trunks of thin clothes to San Francisco which are

never unpacked, which are as superfluous in July and August as in February.

In all parts of California the mornings and evenings are crisp, or raw, from December to March. At noon, summer reigns—if the sun shines. Swimmers laugh in the surf, golfers throw off their jackets. By three or four o' the clock those who are sensible put them on again.

The rains fall gently for the most part, and often in the night, the daylight hours remaining clear for long periods in favoured years. The "rainy season" is the most misunderstood feature of the California climate. Actually, it often rains less than during the eastern winter. The days when the sun remains hidden entirely are rare. One comes to the conclusion that the adjective "rainy" is applied in contrast to the summer's unremitting dryness. Occasionally a rainstorm persists for several days. But this is not the rule.

The rains begin earlier in the north than in the south, and last longer among the mountains than in the valleys. Normally, more rain falls in December and January than in November and February. Throughout the winter there are on an average two full days of rain out of every twenty in Southern California. Beginning with May the total rainfall, north and south, averages less than an inch each month of summer and early autumn.

The mean annual rainfall for the State is 22 inches. 1911 was a wet year. Nearly 80 inches of rain fell in Alpine County, 35 inches in Mendocino County, 26 inches in San Francisco County, 18 inches in the Counties of Monterey and Los Angeles, 11 inches in Fresno and San Diego Counties, and not a fraction of an inch in Imperial County. The floods of 1914 were as abnormal as they were destructive. The normal rainfall of San Francisco is about 25 inches, of Los Angeles, 20 inches, of San Diego, 10 inches. St. Paul, Minnesota, has an average of 30 inches, New York, 20, St. Augustine, Florida, 55.

Santa Clara County is said to have the highest percentage of clear nights and days, year in and year out, of any California County. For this reason Lick Observatory was built upon one of its hills. In substantiation of a similar claim, denizens of the San Gabriel Valley cite the establishment of the Carnegie Institution's Solar Observatory on Mt. Wilson, 5000 feet above Pasadena. In San Diego the sun shines for at least part of the day 355 days in the year. Only once in its weather records has the temperature gone below 32°; very rarely does it linger in summer above 90°. In that most equable of all winter climates "summer melts into winter, day into night." The January average is 57°, that of July, 65°.

Behind the Cuyamacas in Imperial County, and on the Mojave Desert the winters are dry, mild and windy. It is not unusual for the summer thermometer to attain 120° , and it grants but slight surcease even after the sun goes down. In the central valleys which furrow the State one can depend upon winters that are practically frostless, and upon summers that are very hot, but not prostrating owing to their dryness.

The towns within thirty miles of the coast have milder winters and cooler summers than those further inland. This is variously ascribed to the action of winds, local fogs and the Japanese current. Many scientists deny to the *Kuro Siwa* the virtues once attributed to it, and maintain that it exerts but a slight influence upon the climate of California's coast.

Los Angeles has cooler summers than New York and winters warmer than Nice. The mercury touches the freezing point on an average of once in three years only. Alligators on a suburban ranch refuse to hibernate as is their custom in their native habitat. They enjoy the sun too much.

At Avalon, 25 miles from the mainland on Catalina Island, it is Indian summer from January to January. Warm in winter, it is only a few degrees warmer on the other side of the year. Bananas grow on the sheltered east shore of the

Island. On the peaks which thrust upward from the centre of it, winter nights and mornings are frosty.

Santa Barbara's days are sunny for two-thirds of the year. The average annual temperature is 60° . In August it may reach 90° , but even then one will need wraps when driving. Here, as elsewhere on the coast, sea mists and west winds cool the air in summer, and winter evenings are often cold.

Monterey divides its seasons into two springs — one spring during which rain falls and another spring when it is always dry, when one may plan weeks ahead for outings whose announcement need never bear the words, "weather permitting."

San Francisco is on the same parallel as Lisbon and has many climatic peculiarities in common with it. May and November have the same temperature, 57° being the average. September is the warmest month, January the coldest. Between the two there is but 11° variation in a normal year, though on one March day in 1914 the mercury showed 96° . When Atlantic coast thermometers register 90° , those of San Francisco usually show the perfection of summer temperatures, 70° . And yet few will agree that San Francisco has a perfect summer climate. Mornings are apt to be foggy — afternoons unquali-



ON THE RUSSIAN RIVER

fiedly chill. The winter is much the pleasanter season for, strangely, the winds are less insistent then.

The greatest difference registered by the climatometers of superior and southern California lies in the degree of rainfall. It is one of the contradictions of the California climate that in the Sacramento Valley oranges ripen and can be marketed a full month before they are ready to be picked in the citrus zone about Riverside. The fig and the olive mature in a belt which, if drawn eastward, would pass through Denver, Pittsburg and New York. This fact exacts faith in the statement that it is "not latitude, but altitude and distance from the sea that determines the climate of a given place in California." Some one says there are as many climates in the State as there are counties. Of counties there are fifty-eight. But expert computation has resolved the Californian climates into six, each of which is governed by local influences.

Certain localities are cooled in summer by fog-veils which screen the sub-tropic sun, others are shielded in winter by the abrupt circling of a mountain wall. In *The Silverado Squatters*, Stevenson speaks of the warm wind which every evening "about nine o'clock blew down the canyon, fanning it well out, airing it as a mother airs the night nursery before the children sleep . . .

a wind purely local: perhaps dependent on the configuration of the glen."

San Mateo County, which receives the brunt of the Pacific winds, has the same thermal average as a section in the extreme north of the State, whereas other Bay Counties, protected in their position, share the balm of the Sacramento Valley. One may emerge with his skis from the Yosemite to gather orange blossoms 80 miles away at the Merced end of the Valley Railroad; descend from the snows of Shasta to camp in the open at its feet.

California is loveliest at "that favoured moment in the year when the rains are over and the dusty summer has not yet set in." By the end of February the air is tempered by the touch of spring. Billows of wild flower-colour begin to spread and deepen across the landscape, fording canyadas, surging up mountain-slopes, flooding the valleys with a torrent of hues. . . . By June the country-side has assumed the bronze and yellow garments of summer; her tints fade into those of the short autumn "when the brown hills and purple mountains are waiting for the rain clouds."

CHAPTER II

HOTELS — RESTAURANTS — CUISINE

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Hotels — Camps — Apartments.¹

THE first guest-houses of California were the Missions where the *padres* received wayfarers who, arriving on foot or by horse or mule, sought a night's hospitality. Fine gentlemen were housed in the priests' quarters, those not so fine in the arched wings where the Brothers slept. Food and a bed were free to all.

Standing before the sun-tinted walls raised by Indians' hands, we picture scenes of arrival at Mission doors. We see the gleam of wet flanks, the flash of inlaid bridle, and dark slim hands lifted to the lips in halloo and greeting; we hear the answer of swarthy helpers and hurrying monks, the creak of doors opening into cool bare rooms, the scurrying of fowls, the hum of the kitchen, and, if it be night, the far-off strum of Spanish strings to the drone of neophytes about the *patio* fire.

When the guest had stayed his time, he left an

¹ See list at rear of volume.

offering on the chapel altar. Or, if he had nothing to give, if his saddle-bags were thinning and his purse but a leathern mockery, the Fathers saw that he had meal and money to go on with, and perhaps a rush-braided flagon of the Mission wine. Often the traveller left these monastic inns richer than when he arrived. Sometimes whole troops of soldiers descended upon the scattered villages, and they were cared for too.

When ranch houses arose on the plains that were granted to Spanish and Mexican settlers and, later, to those of other countries, the custom of the Franciscans was observed in private homes. The doors were flung wide; the house, for the time, became the stranger's in fact, not only in the elaborate phrase which lays all that a Spaniard owns at his guest's feet. He was welcome at round-up and feast, and at the daily board; the hospitality proffered was broad as the acres of his host's *rancheria*. On a table, negligently placed and covered with a napkin, stood the heap of guest-silver. And no one watched how much or how little of the store the departing one found it convenient to take.

Travel on the highways increased; adventurers, men-of-arms, traders, planters pressed from north to south, and back again from San Diego as far as Sutter's Fort. Within the latter's stockades many found shelter upon their arrival from the

land across the mountains. Bleak were the tales of bears and Indians, of snow-tragedies and gold-seekers' pains that were exchanged about the hearth of the Swiss boniface, Emperor of New Helvetia.

The Spanish *fonda* made its appearance on southern roads. Loops of red peppers festooned the walls — dried *chiles* no redder than the lips of the señoritas who served *colachi* and the peppers *con carne* to hungry horseman and pedestrian. The master of the inn was paid in *pesos* and Mexican dollars. The language, the cooking, the jokes, the music were Mexican. Occasionally a monk came sadly and sat in a corner. The Missions were tottering, the *pueblos* deserted. No longer rode cavalcades to their portals, sure of an outstretched, welcoming hand.

Now, long pack-trains hastened on to the gold belt. Camps and rude hotels grew over night. Some of them offered cots beneath a roof of brush. A breakfast of sugared coffee, sardines and biscuit was given for an ounce of gold dust, and a bottle of ale for but little less.

In 1847 there were a dozen rough buildings in the village of San Francisco, a few corrals for animals and, for the rest, acres of sand dunes.

With the coming of the argonauts, clay and mortar houses were converted into hostelryes. The City Hotel was the first to bear a name. The

two-story Parker House was leased in the early gold-rush for \$15,000 a month. Ships abandoned by crews gone mad for gold were seized and their cabins rented at Brobdingnagian rates.

The fashionable hotel of 1849 was the St. Francis at Clay and Dupont Streets. Its vogue was surpassed by the Oriental in 1851. The Russ, the Lick, the Occidental and the Cosmopolitan preceded the Palace, which upon its completion in 1875 was called "the largest, most costly, most commodious in the world." Thus early did Californians begin to assume that all that was best in their State was the biggest and best in the world. But the Palace was truly a gigantic and home-like caravansary, known to wanderers everywhere. When the fire of 1906 ate into its great court and left standing but a veneer of walls pierced by blackened window-frames, many in far lands mourned it for the cheer it had given.

Above the stricken city smouldered the Fairmont. The new St. Francis was a ruin. Scarcely one hotel of good class survived the disaster. But now all the old names and many new ones are displayed on San Francisco's hotel signs. Not a shabby corridor remains. The city is not only renovated, it is made new. No community of its size has so many modern hotels of superior appointments.

Oakland and Berkeley possess houses new and

imposing and Sacramento and Stockton have conspicuously good accommodation for travellers. There are pleasant taverns on Mt. Tamalpais, at San Rafael and Belvedere, and at San Mateo, San José, San Luis Obispo and Ventura on the way south.

In every day of twenty-four hours scores of tourists and settlers, prospective and prospecting, arrive in Los Angeles. To meet their needs a number of spacious hotels have been erected. They rise many stories in height, some have lobbies of onyx, all have baths of tile, and the charges are fair for fair service. The Van Nuys, the Alexandria and the Lankershim are the most pretentious. The Hollenbeck has an old-time air of hospitality. Even in the houses of moderate price one finds every American convenience. A few rent rooms only and have no restaurant service.

As in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento and other large towns, the rates are ordinarily based on the European plan, and vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 a day and up to \$3.00, according to the hotel, for rooms without bath. Many new hotels are built with a bathroom adjoining every room or every two rooms. For such accommodations, even in San Francisco, terms may be as low as \$5.00 a week in a house new and decently-kept, but laying no claim to pretence. One may, on the other hand, pay several times five dollars by the day for

a suite with dining-room and butler's pantry, but no meals, at San Francisco's trio of hotels which offer, besides customary service, the luxuries of gymnasiums, sun courts, and roof gardens, of club and tiffin rooms adorned with fine woods and tapestry and bowered in palms.

The day rate for room and board in comfortable city hotels is from \$3.00 to \$4.00.

Nearly all the better houses have a free motor 'bus at the railway stations. Some influence patronage by paying the cab fare of the arriving guest.

One of the notable hotels in a State remarkable for its hostelries is the one recently constructed at San Diego by the son of Ulysses Grant who, when President, signed the transfer of 47,000 acres of town lands to San Diego. In later years General Grant's widow and sons made profitable investments in San Diego real estate. The U. S. Grant Hotel is the symbol of their success and an augury of their faith in the city which keeps the gate of our southwestern seas.

There are other excellent hotels here. The San Diego has lately been built at a cost of half a million dollars.

For many years this city, the oldest of California's municipalities, was known for but one hotel, and that lay half an hour away on a sandy promontory edging both the sea and the bay. No less

to-day than when a distinguished writer found its atmosphere more gratifying than he could describe does the hotel at Coronado Beach retain its name for beauty and repose. Its indefinite architecture spells roomy charm. Irrelevant balconies, turrets, windows, pavilions survey pleasant scenes — a tropic park, a court of palms, the green of a sportsmen's field, the curl of an inviting surf, the wash of breakers through whose spray long vistas show of reaching headlands.

In all the State just one pleasure-hotel equals the Coronado's renown. That one, also, lies close to the sea, bedded in verdure, drawn aloof from the dust and sloth of placid Monterey. English visitors compare the gardening at Del Monte to that of their feudal parks, and the welcome of the hotel itself to the greeting of a princely host. Even the fly-by-night tourist who flits from Los Angeles to San Francisco and out of the State does not pass by Del Monte.

Across the bay on Santa Cruz beach stands the Casa del Rey, a modern interpretation of the ideals of California's first builders. The enclosed bridge which joins the hotel to the casino might span the white-walled chasm of a Spanish street; the windows of the court are placed in the irregular Spanish fashion. The House of the King is one of a long procession of hotels from Bartlett Springs to the "House on the Hill" at Redlands

which are Hispanic in feeling — strong, light, and plain. The new Arlington on Santa Barbara's heights takes its inspiration from the monastery which still harbours a company of Franciscan *frays*. On the shore of the old gentle town there is another hotel Spanish in external design, the Potter, which faces both the hills and the sea.

The "Mission Hotel" pre-eminent is the Glenwood at Riverside, an inn with a soul, expressing California's best-loved traditions. The fluted roofs, the court, porticos and arched campanile, the cloister hall, beautified by ecclesiastical carvings and embroideries and containing a noble organ — all have been planned to one purpose: to restore an image of days when America was to Californians a foreign land, when friars from Cadiz and Majorca played the host.

The Inn is the centre of Riverside life, the patron of its Mission pageants, the creator of the sunrise pilgrimages to the peak of Rubidoux; from the orifices of its bell-arch swing the Christmas chimes as the Tree Procession passes like a brilliant serpent among the magnolias and date-palms on the festal Eve.

The uncommon joys of the Glenwood are sold for a moderate price. If the old custom obtained and the parting guest made an offering commensurate with his satisfaction, it would without doubt often exceed the four or five dollars a day which

is asked. One need not pay more than \$3.00 to \$5.00 at any of the best resort hotels, and \$30.00 or \$40.00 a week will command the choicest rooms at many places. These terms are of course inclusive of meals and full service.

Pasadena has three famous hotels, the new Raymond, successor to the one which burned, the Maryland, a delightful retreat open all the year, and the Green, huge-spreading and wingèd, overlooking acres of flowers. Near-by, at Oak Knoll, is the Huntington, christened with memorable ceremonies early in 1914. This hotel together with the Tavern on Echo Mountain, the Hollywood Inn, and the country inn at Beverly Hills near Los Angeles, the sea shore hotels Virginia at Long Beach, Windemere and Arcadia at Santa Monica, Venice and St. Mark's at Venice, Redondo at Redondo Beach, and the Stratford old English inn at Del Mar comprise a group of Southern California *casas des huespedes* whose patrons are offered every open-air amusement — golf, tennis, polo, the use of saddle-horses, and the pleasures of sea-shore and neighbouring hills. Some provide sleeping-porches, and many have tenting accommodation. Others own lodges which if not in the wilderness are at least well removed from rushing throngs.

The inns of California forest and lake are without number. Usually a central building of rustic

design contains a dining and recreation hall, while about it, or withdrawn among the trees, are individual bungalows or tents where the guests sleep. There is something infinitely refreshing about opening one's own door upon the fragrant morning rather than upon a breakfast-scented corridor, in taking a breath in the silence of a sylvan company before meeting the chatter of human friends.

The rates for lodging in these segregated cabins and for hotel board vary from \$10 to \$18 a week.

In the Yosemite and at Wawona near the Mariposa Grove one may live this informal life to perfection. At Lake Tahoe many hotels have adjoining tents in the woods. The Tavern at Tahoe City is an exception.

On stage routes into the great forest reserves, on motor highways, and in the regions frequented by fishermen and hunters, man's needs are met in simple, comfortable fashion.

The many hot springs and mineral waters of the State have been the excuse for building large hotels and sanitarium whose guests' diversions vary from golf to mud baths.

The establishment at Paso Robles has the most complete equipment of any hydro-cure in America. Further north are the Gilroy, Byron, Bartlett, Ætna, Napa, Shasta and Klamath Springs. The great Arrowhead Springs are the most famous in

the south. The terms for board and treatment are everywhere moderate.

Owing to their distance from supplies and the railroad, many of the rough and ready, semi-camping hotels make a charge which appears disproportionate to their service. At the Del Monte one can live for \$4.00 a day, and yet at many an inaccessible retreat he must pay half as much for a bed in a tent and meals which, though abundant and good, are oft-times served informally beneath the trees, and are far from Del Montian. In Connecticut or Michigan, similar accommodation would fetch half as much. There are, besides, heavy rail and stage expenses usually to be added.

At most places affected by vacationists there are house-keeping tents and cottages to lease. Furnished one- to five-room cabins of canvas or cobbles bring \$4.00 to \$15.00 a week. Food need not cost more than 50 cents a day per person. These terms apply to modest accommodations for a lone camper or a group of campers from the Tent City at Coronado and from Idyllwild in the southern mountains to the Geyser Country, the hunting and fishing grounds of the Feather River and the foot-hills about Shasta.

At populous beaches like Santa Cruz the rates may rise from \$6.00 a week for a single one-room cottage to \$42.00 a week for a villa that has fur-

nishings for eight. These have no housekeeping facilities. The occupants board at hotels or private houses, or at the casino.

An attractive cottage at Avalon will rent for \$60.00 a month in summer and for but a third as much in the equally delightful but less crowded winter season; at winter resorts these conditions are reversed.

Furnished apartments of three to five rooms in the main tourist cities may be leased for as little as \$15.00 to \$30.00 a month. These homey flats sometimes have gardens on their Mauresque roofs, and balconies and open courts bright all the year with flowers. One Los Angeles landlord owns many such houses. Some of them are planned for families having children, and provide playgrounds and gymnasiums.

Unfurnished city and suburban houses, small but modern and pleasantly situated, have a renting scale beginning at \$25.00. If furnished the rate is from \$35.00 to \$100.00 or more.

Tent houses of painted canvas with wooden roofs and floors cost \$150.00 to \$200.00 to erect. Vacant lots are often available at a low rental as temporary sites.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce issues a booklet which gives the cost of food and fuel in that vicinity. Living expenses are approximately the same elsewhere in the State.

Boarding-house terms range from \$10.00 to \$16.00 a week at resorts and in cities.

Restaurants.

The Seals' Roost, the Golden Gate itself was scarcely more renowned before the holocaust of 1906 than San Francisco's restaurants.

Queer, gorgeous, or just epicurean, a Latin flavour pervaded them all from the Poodle Dog, whose morals declined as the stairs mounted and whose name even in New York is generic, to the *bourgeois* Louis' and the Palace grill. Eating was ever a fastidious rite to the true son of St. Francis,—it mattered little whether the tables were dressed with crystal and damask, or drawn in marble lengths from wall to saw-dust aisle.

Most of the old haunts have been restored, or imitated, in the risen city. But few have retained their aforetime ingenuousness or their benevolent prices. In mellower days the *patron* came to ask your wants because you had for so long dined beneath his roof that you had become like a family friend. You inquired for the little Pierre and Zou Zou . . . patted the family spaniel . . . commiserated the illness of Jacques, your waiter . . . greeted the chef who looked in to receive your praise for sauce or cobwebbed bottle . . . exchanged a jest at the *caisse* with the well-banded Madame beaming above her satin bosom . . .

abstracted a quill from the porcupine globe at her elbow and strolled, at peace with the world, to the chess table and a waiting crony.

Now, alack, there too often sits in Madame's place, a money changer, impersonal and blonde, whose registering bell tolls the passing of old-time San Francisco.

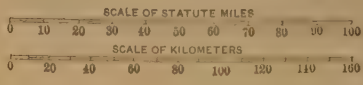
Down on Broadway are Italian basements and their mellifluous menus which afford a good meal for 50 cents. On Market Street, familiar names invite entrance to new-gilded portals. One climbs the clean stairs of rebuilt Chinatown to drink tea brewed in glazed bowls, to crush the bossed shell of the lichee nut and prod with a two-tined fork sugared roots and the rind of the melon. Or one dawdles over a *pilaf* on a tilting balcony beneath a red and yellow flag.

The diverse nationality, the number and average excellence of the city's 800 restaurants bear witness to the inbred fondness of the San Francisco family for dining out. Celestial, French and Italian, Swiss, Spanish and German art is exercised in the preparation of California's abundant produce.

Cabrillo's high-decked vessels have a replica in the ship café at Venice, the beautiful sea resort near Los Angeles whose sponsor is Albert Kinney, friend of Helen Hunt and builder of dreams. It was his thought to moor by the sea-wall this white



CALIFORNIA



County Towns C Railroads Canals

caravel, to fit it with anchor lamps and nautical furnishings and to place on the deck musicians in 16th-century capes and the hats of the Spanish minstrel. Sea food is a specialty here, as it is in the Arcadia's grill at Santa Monica where nets and fishing-tackle cover the walls. There is also a piscatorial restaurant on the end of the Bristol Pier at the same famous beach. The Breakers on the Million Dollar (Fraser) Pier is a really sumptuous Santa Monican café.

The *hacienda* of the Verdugo family, once the centre of Spanish hospitalities on the ranch which was to become the site of Glendale, has been reconstructed as a restaurant where one tastes Spanish dishes in their highest perfection. The original Verdugo served as a soldier at San Diego and Monterey. In the early years of 1800 he was Mayor of Los Angeles, and came to live on this grant of land at the base of the mountains. It is reached now by motor boulevard or by electric car from Los Angeles. Tables are laid in the sun-flecked pergola or on the beamed and latticed verandah.

A successor to this most typical of California's Spanish restaurants has arisen in Los Angeles under the management of the original genius of the Casa Verdugo. But its tinkling music, its cooking and decoration cannot beguile one from the memory of the one at Glendale.

Opposite the Los Angeles Court House there is a likeable little Spanish Kitchen where one may dine well for two-bits. Americanized foreign dishes are served at Campi's near the Plaza, and native Chinese cooking is the reason-for-being of one or two places on South Main Street. The "cafeterias" are first-aids to the hurried. Provided with a tray the patron chooses from a savoury board what viands his appetite prompts and betakes himself to a broad-armed chair or shiny table to consume them. Passing out, he pays a punched check at the desk. Some of these eminently clean, waiterless resorts boast a patronage of thousands in a single hungry day. Such establishments have obtained a great vogue in bustling South California, which has been dubbed by supercilious San Francisco, "the cafeteria belt."

Modish Angeleños affect the excellent restaurant of the Van Nuys Hotel, and the grill of the Alexandria whose decorative theme is Mission Indian.

Motorists sustain a multitude of open-air restaurants on well travelled routes. Among them are a number whose appeal is an individual cuisine or an original setting.

The little Mexican *fonda* in San Gabriel village has an occasional *gringo* guest. Beneath the spreading grape-tree near the Mission, tourists rest, and quaff the juice pressed from its glowing bunches.

San Diego's best-known restaurant is the Grant's Bivouac Grill, hung with military trappings and frescoed with battle scenes of America, Europe and Asia in memory of the great General.

On the roof of a high bank building is a café whose specialty is the view of San Diego and the bay, and of the distant hills in whose laps lie the inns of Grossmont and Lakeside.

The sloping gables of the Estudillo house in the Old Town shelter a genial nook with the atmosphere of days when San Diego was an outpost, a rendezvous for brigands, priests, and soldiers.

Cuisine — Fishes — Fruits — Wines.

From the *beotah* of the Indian to the Spanish *enchilada*, from the *pinole* of the brown man to the *ravigote* of the Fairmont, 'tis a long route. By it has the California cuisine progressed — from mush of acorn-meal and ground-barley soup to terrapin dressed with cognac and truffles; from chicken, the *gallina* of the Spaniard, fried with cinnamon and nuts to King Pompano in a *papiotte* ruff and to frosted sweets served with grape-fruit and beaten cream.

When the missionaries came to Alta California they found the aborigines grinding acorns in cemented baskets with a rubbing-stone. They taught them, instead, the savouriness of *chiles* and

maize. For the mescal roasts of the Indians' *fiestas* they substituted the barbecue.

At the mid-day meal the Fathers ate soup afloat with meat islands and corn cakes with sauce of onions and olives. From the monastery kitchens came stews of pork with chopped *chiles* and garlic, and red beans fried with cheese.

Many of these dishes appear on the California table of to-day. *Chile con carne* being interpreted means peppers with meat. The Spaniards and Mexicans dipped strips of beef in red pepper brine and laid them to dry in the sun before cooking. But the modern way is to brew the meat with the chopped *chile*. In the mountains venison is eaten to the accompaniment of red beans (*frijoles*) and *tortillas*, a kind of hoe-cake.

At the Casa Verdugo they make a sandwich of boiled squash and cheese which, dipped in egg batter and fried in hot fat, takes on a golden crispness. "*Chiles Piedad*" signifies Mexican peppers, peeled and seeded, and thereafter stuffed with diced meat, onions, raisins, mushrooms and olives, and seasoned with garlic, sage and clove before being fried a pale amber. The blend of warring flavours is more successful than the recipe would indicate.

The *tamale* is commanded after the theatre by the adventurous, or by him of the dreamless digestion. A peppery mush of corn meal and minced

meat is wrapped in a blanket of husks and put to steam until cooked, just as the Turk steams meat and rice within vine leaves. Chicken is sometimes used in place of pork or beef. Even sea-gulls lend their flesh to the enrichment of the *tamale*.

At Pasadena hotels one may order an omelette made from the tasty egg of the ostrich. Leaves of the thornless cactus are delicious when breaded and fried, or boiled like spinach.

The Channel Islands yield the nutritive abalone, a mollusk which is dried and shipped in great quantities to China. Californians also are learning to appreciate the chowder of the *halioti* or abalone as well as the oval mother-of-pearl shells which enclose the tender meat.

The coast-waters abound in sword-fish, in mackerel, anchovy, bass, and salmon, in succulent crawfish, huge crabs, and tiny, coppery oysters. One Dungeness crab is sufficient for a meal, but of the Olympian bi-valve, forty are needed for a stew. Victor, who is to the St. Francis what Escoffier is to the Carlton and Oscar to the Waldorf, thinks the California sandab superior to sole. He prepares it by rolling it in milk and flour and frying it in unsalted butter. When it emerges, brown and redolent, he proclaims it "good enough for any King." The sandab is very small and cheap, costing but six or seven cents a pound.

The clams of Pismo have helped make this coast town famous.

In fresh or salt water there is no fish more exquisite than the Truckee Trout, pink as young salmon, daintiest autocrat of lake or river. It appeals most to gourmets when baked in paper-bags that have been saturated with olive oil. At Tahoe, trout breakfasts are a feature of the Tavern's menu. Shasta resorts serve to perfection the Dolly Varden Trout. Both this species and the Rainbow are found at their best in the rapids of the McCloud River. When the Rainbow Trout enters salt water it becomes a steelhead, and coarsens in fibre.

White goats are eaten in California and found very good. In the Iberian Peninsula they are, of course, a staple roast. Native epicures consider super-excellent the flesh of the pig which runs half-wild in the Shasta Valley, and feeds on both corn and acorns until fat for the killing. Game is abundant almost everywhere, from canvas-back to meadow-lark.

The Chinese prepare toothsomely (to the Oriental taste at least) pig's and duck's heads, steaks of the halibut, pork dumplings, and rice macaroni. *Chop suey* is fashioned with bamboo root and water nuts, celery, beans, onions, pork or chicken and mushrooms fried in peanut-oil,—that savoury fat of whose superior qualities Amer-

ican cooks are still so neglectful. *Chow mien* is a paste of flour and eggs, fried in oil and served with shreds of ham.

Some varieties of California fruit are undeniably disappointing even when picked by one's own hand from the burdened branches. Peaches are often bigger than they are sweet or juicy. The Washington or Navel orange is not at its best until April when most tourists have returned home. The best cost 40 to 50 cents a dozen, windfalls, 2 cents a quart. Oranges and lemons which are to be shipped are usually picked green and "sweated" four or five weeks while they ripen and take on colour. Many who come to California find the juicy, pink-cheeked apricot the most satisfying fruit that grows in its orchards. Its half-sister, the nectarine, is a worthy relative. The loquats or Japanese plums, the pears of the cactus and avocado, the persimmons, the pomegranates, the custard-apples or cherimoyas, the pineapples, dates and bananas which mature in the frostless belt, the guavas and the strawberries which are ripe nearly every month in the year, the blackberries which may be picked from June to December, the cherries, peaches, grapes, apples, figs and melons which grow to luscious size, the quinces, prunes, lemons, limes, oranges and grape-fruit, known also as pomelos — these showy fruits heaped in California markets can scarcely be

equalled for colour and profusion in the stalls of the Riviera, where supplies are drawn not only from native groves and vineyards but from the tropic shores of Africa. We are told that the yield of California's trees and vines per acre is twice that of any other land.

In this climate the green-grocer's baskets are full the year round. One hears of seven-pound radishes, of onions two feet about the middle, and of pumpkins big as a very large man, but is content to eat the more delicate products of the garden that the prize-winning careers of such phenomena be not checked, that Land Show competitions for corpulent vegetables may bestow upon them the laurels they deserve.

California olive oil is bottled pure, unmixed, as is the French and Italian with "white oils" used to correct acidity and to cover the natural taste of the olive which is not agreeable to the Continental palate.

California cooks add raisins to the stuffing for game and fish, and make of the seedless variety a cocktail by covering the raisins with tomato catsup after they have been soaked in native sherry and mixed with blanched almonds. To promote the raisin as a food — savants say that of all foods it is the ideal — the thirtieth of April is observed throughout the State as Raisin Day. Upon that date it is expected of every loyal in-

habitant interested in one of California's great industries that he shall partake of as many dishes as possible in which the dried grape is a constituent part.

The Spanish city of Malaga gave to California the white Alexandria Muscat which, with the Muscatel Gordo, became most in favour as a raisin grape; many millions of pounds are annually dried in the sun of Fresno County alone.

Fine table grapes are grown in nearly every county of the State, all the varieties known to Europe and to North and South America being possible of cultivation. Certain northern districts grow best the Flaming Tokays. The Emperor Grape of one famous farm near Fresno develops bunches over a foot in length. Escondido in San Diego County boasts unequalled Muscatels.

The first grape-vines grown in California were brought from Spain by way of Mexico and planted by the friars in 1771. Three years later they began to make wine from the large variety which took the name "Mission." But the product was raw and alcoholic, the new soil not being adapted to the successful growing of these Spanish cuttings. Nevertheless the Missions, especially in the San Gabriel, San Bernardino and Santa Ana Valleys, continued to work the vineyards and at the vintage season the Indian boys bared their feet and trod out the juice in the wine vats.

In 1848 there was near the Ciudad de Los Angeles a vineyard having 30,000 vines which produced 1000 barrels of wine and 300 barrels of *aguardiente* a year. The Madeira, says a writer of that day, was very superior, "the *vino tinto* execrable." Southern California, having a climate like that of Southern Spain, was then and has always been best suited to the production of sweet wines: Port, Angelica, Madeira, Malaga, Tokay, Muscatel, Sherry. From the Russian River section of Sonoma County come the choice dry wines of the Sauterne, Burgundy, Bordeaux, Medoc, Rhine and Moselle type, these wines needing more natural moisture than dessert and tonic wines.

The present prosperous state of California viticulture dates from the year 1860 when a capable commissioner was appointed by the legislature to visit European wine districts and select varieties best adapted to the California soil. Thousands of cuttings were distributed by the State Agriculture Society. In 1880, the *phylloxera vastatrix* began its scourge of the vineyards so laboriously developed. Resistant wild vines were then planted, the various European cuttings being grafted on them.

Zinfandel is the *vin ordinaire* of California tables. It is a light, very dry claret supposedly of Hungarian stock and is sold for 25 to 40 cents a quart

bottle in the restaurants, or for 60 to 80 cents a gallon in bulk.

The Italian-Swiss vineyards of Asti, Sonoma County are best known for wines of the Chianti type. Recently this colony has produced an excellent champagne. From the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys come Sancho Panza's Valdepeñas and the heavier wines whose cultivation these valleys share with the South.

A million gallons of sweet wines were pressed in the State's wineries in 1891. A recent year's records show a yield of more than 22,000,000 gallons, of which the greater part was Port, Sherry, Muscatel and Angelica. Of all varieties California produces annually about 50,000,000 gallons. The quality now compares favourably with similar grades of European vineyards, though California prices are much higher.

It is one of the blemishes of California that potable water is scarce in many sections of the State. San Francisco and Los Angeles have recently undertaken to correct this deficiency in their respective communities, but in many towns it is wisest to make inquiry concerning the hydrant water before imbibing. There are a number of mineral springs whose owners export agreeable bottled waters. Ordinary spring water may be bought for 10 cents per 5-gallon jug.

The fermented juice of the grape, a staple of the country, cannot be sold in many counties because of prohibitory laws.

CHAPTER III

THEATRES AND CONCERTS FESTIVALS — SPORTS

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Theatres and Concerts.

MONTEREY, the "Old Pacific Capital," is notable for many first things in the history of American California — the first flag-raising, the first English school, the first newspaper, the first Congress, and the first American theatre.

Richard H. Dana, Jr., recorded in 1835 that Monterey was "a great place for cock-fighting, fandangos and various kinds of amusements and knavery." Spanish plays were given in a long, low adobe which still remains a Monterey landmark. Jenny Lind was one of the first to appear in the theatre of the American intruders who in 1846 seized the Mexican seat of Government for their own. In 1847 she was heard in concert there.

The Eagle Theatre at Sacramento had great renown among the miners. Thrice a week performances were given in a tent.

San Francisco had in 1852 nine theatres — five American, one German, one Spanish, one French,

and one Chinese. The inter-racial tastes of the adolescent city and its opulence resulted in a light-heartedness and love of entertainment which has always been characteristic of San Francisco. Among the notable performers who visited the city within a few years after the first influx of the argonauts were Keene, Barrett, Forrest and Edwin Booth. What early scenes attended even so simple a procedure as buying the tickets! The weighing of dust, the wrangles over a grain or two, the clamouring of impatient voices behind the scrupulous one, the scramble for seats. . . . And to what mobs did those mummers of the 50's play — lawless as they were emotional, exclamatory, rough-booted and primal,—it is not difficult to imagine the incidents of their approval or denunciation.

The San Francisco stage has witnessed the first successes of probably more singers and actors, both American and foreign, than any city in the country outside of New York. Even this exception San Franciscans may question. It was here that the brilliant era of Madame Modjeska's career began when she was engaged to play in the old California Theatre where John McCullough was lessee and manager. This house, which has passed into tradition, was the scene of the city's greatest dramatic events, just as the Grand and the Tivoli sponsored opera.



LAKE TAHOE

First-class companies are booked now at the splendid new Cort Theatre and at the Columbia. The new Tivoli on Eddy Street near Market gives opera at low prices.

The Alcazar and the Orpheum on O'Farrel Street, the Savoy on McAllister Street near Market, and the Empress and Pantages on Market Street are the leading stock and variety houses.

Public-spirited patrons of music have subscribed \$800,000 for an Opera House which will form a part of the city's new civic centre. Of its 5000 seats, 3000 will be sold at popular prices. The Opera House will also contain a municipal conservatory and will become the educational heart of the city's musical life. A great Auditorium is also included in the group about the square before the new City Hall.

The plaza is to be the scene in the future of the Christmas Eve open-air concerts at which world-renowned artists have sung. In former years the concourse has centred about the Lotta Fountain.

Symphony concerts and recitals are held in the Kohler and Chase and Scottish Rite Halls.

The once-famous Chinese theatre on Jackson Street is now no more, never having been rebuilt after the fire owing to lack of an endowment. In the Italian theatres effective plays and operas are sometimes given.

Ye Liberty Theatre is the Oakland home of good-class plays and concerts. To Idora Park one goes for frivolous diversions. The new Municipal Auditorium on Lake Merritt has seats for 13,000.

The Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley is built in a natural amphitheatre at the foot of a mountain east of the campus, after the plan of the one at Epidauros in Greece. It was dedicated in 1903, the initial performance being *The Birds*, played by University students in the language of Aristophanes, the playwright.

To this stage against the hill-side came Bernhardt when she learned that the well-loved and adoring city was in ashes — her people in mourning. "They need me," she cried. "They must not sit grieving. I will go to them. I will play as never I have played, to distract them from their calamities." And a few days after the unforgettable April eighteenth she came from across the continent and gave before an audience of 8000 — many of them homeless and fortuneless — an interpretation of *Phédre* of which only such a woman at such a moment was capable.

Many great ones have since acted and sung on the Berkeley *logeion*, but Bernhardt was the first one of so excellent a fame to tread its sky-lit stage.

On every pleasant Sunday between August 15th and December 1st, and March 1st and May 15th

public concerts are given in the theatre, and here the splendid symphony orchestra of the University is heard at stated seasons.

California's favourable all-the-year climate has fostered the arrangement of many *al fresco* auditoriums in the forests of the State and near the sea. The most renowned woodland theatre is that in which the Bohemian Club gives its annual Jinks in August, among the sequoias near Cazadero in Sonoma County, a short way north of San Francisco. Every alternate year (1915-17-19) *Nazareth*, the "Passion Play of Santa Clara," is produced by students of the Roman Catholic college near San José, olive trees, oaks and hills forming a setting for this work by a distinguished alumnus.

There is a forest theatre at Carmel-by-the-sea near Monterey. A short distance from it is the coast Chautauqua at Pacific Grove, where concerts and lectures are given to vacation throngs. A bosket is the scene of theatricals in which guests of the Hotel Redondo at Redondo Beach take part, assisted at times by professional players.

The Venice auditorium has 2500 seats. A large sum is spent every year upon the music given here. Standard plays are produced by an excellent stock company at the Long Beach theatre on the Pike, and Chautauqua courses by prominent instructors

and entertainers are an established feature of the summer season.

There is a Greek theatre on a private estate near Los Angeles; another is planned for Griffith Park on the outskirts of the city. Famous orchestras discourse sweet sounds in the Greco-California audience-hall on Catalina Island. At Claremont is the Greek Theatre of Pomona College, and at Monrovia there is still another.

At San Gabriel opposite the Mission a theatre has been erected for the performance of a pageant-drama which illustrates the moving incidents of the years 1769 – 1847, Father Serra being the central figure in the first acts. It was originally intended that the spectacle be given at Riverside, but this site near one of the most historic of the Missions, and within a short ride by the electric cars from Los Angeles was thought more suitable, and more accessible to tourists. It is the intention of the managers of this play to give it during the early weeks of each year on this great stage. But it will also be presented from time to time at the principal theatres in Southern California.

Los Angeles, having twenty theatres and over a hundred motion-picture houses, disputes San Francisco's claim that it is the best "show town" on the coast. It goes further. It announces itself "the best theatre town in the country, meaning by 'the best' the equal of New York in in-

terest and bold advance," and affirms that "everything a theatre-goer wishes from Strindberg and Maeterlinck to musical burlesque can be had here at all seasons." "While we brag of our crops," continues a journalist-spokesman, "it has come about that the growth of dramatists and local histrionic notables has kept pace with the output of lemons and sugar beets."

Los Angeles theatres are open all the year, for the summer is never too warm nor the ardour of the theatre-going population ever too cool to make necessary their closing. Many plays have come to success here before being shown in the East. "Two-dollar drama" is seen at the Majestic, the Mason, the Morosco and the Auditorium. The Burbank (prices 10 to 75 cents) has a capital stock company.

The experiment of a Little Theatre is new to Los Angeles. Plays erudite and of a tenor unpopular, in the sense that they do not appeal to the populace, are to be undertaken with the patronage of an ambitious list of guarantors.

In contrast to this theatre's miniature quarters and its large aims are the blithe resorts of the vaudeville Muse, the glittering Orpheum, the Empress and Pantages', and the Hippodrome which "runs" six "shows" a day and sells its 3000 seats at 10 cents each.

Several concerts a season are given by the Los

Angeles Symphony Orchestra with the assistance of visiting artists. The Woman's Orchestra has a reputation second only to that of the Symphony. For its three annual concerts soloists of international prestige are also engaged. The Ellis Male Choir and the Lyric Club of women singers have the best standing among the two dozen local singing societies. Besides these there are eleven other musical clubs in the city, and nearly a thousand professional musicians. The Sunday Concerts of the Music Teachers Association have a large and appreciative following.

The Temple Auditorium is a lofty structure abutting two streets. It contains three concert halls, one of which has 3000 seats, and serves as the Los Angeles Opera House. In the Simpson and Symphony Auditoriums both chamber and choral concerts are heard.

The Spreckels Theatre of San Diego has recently been built at a cost of a million dollars. A new stock theatre, and the Savoy and Empress Variety theatres meet the amusement needs in their individual fields.

Seven musical clubs, and local orchestras are heard in frequent concerts.

At Point Loma, across San Diego Bay, dramatic festivals, including the Greek classics, are produced by the Theosophical colony in their beautiful out-door playhouse overlooking the Pacific.

California has become within a few years the chief arena of the country for the creation of "celluloid drama." Motion-picture managers find here not only winter sunlight but every scenic aspect as a background for their productions.

Festivals.

That California comes naturally by her fondness for fiestas, floral and historical, on water and land, one may confirm by perusing the chronicles of early travellers who make mention that the days of the Spaniards and Mexicans seemed, reversing the old saw, to consist of no work and all play, that the men appeared to be always decking their half-wild *alazans* for a barbecue, the women plucking roses for a *baile*, or draping their gallery railings with gaudy *reposterios* for a Saint's Day *desfile*. Santa Barbara was especially famous for its fandangos. "It was always easy," writes a gallant, a lieutenant of New York Volunteers, "to get up a ball in five minutes by calling in a guitar or harp player." And easier still, no doubt, to enlist in horsy Santa Barbara riders and guests for the festival attending the horse-market. Easy, too, to enlist merry hands and feet for a sheep-shearing or vintage revel, and banner-bearers for the church procession which was sure to be sealed with a dance. "All classes danced upon the same mud floor. . . . At

church and fandangos Californians all found a level."

At weddings, the music of *cachuca* and *jota* twanged without ceasing for three days and nights. Christenings were celebrated by a salute of pistols as the babe and its attendants left the church, and by much drinking of red wine. At funerals there was "feasting, fighting, praying, and a camp-fire before the house if the weather was cold." On Christmas Eve, Spanish and Mexican families hung lanterns about the inner court of their houses and gave gifts. On September 16th the Indians gathered in the villages and with their painted dances to Sun, Water and Moon, their oratory and games of *taker sia* made cause with their Mexican neighbours over the anniversary of Mexico's independence from Spain and the birth of the Republic. In remote settlements the priest's semi-annual visit to "confess, baptise, marry, bury, and administer communion" was seized upon as an opportunity for carnal orgies which lasted for days. But of all old California's rubied revelries none could compare with the round-up, the *rodeo*, the festival of the horsemen.

The Spaniards, "intrepid cavaliers, managed their steeds with remarkable adresse, neglecting for this exercise all other work." Bidden to the estate of a lord-of-many-acres, men groomed their horses, not forgetting to fasten a rose for their

bridle's rosette. Women oiled their tresses, shook out their gayest silks, and their shawls with the long wisps of fine-knotted fringe; from their chests they chose the heaviest chains, and ear-rings of coral and pearl. When they were arrived at the *hacienda* where they were to be guests for several days, they found a platform already built for dancing and for viewing the feats of equestrian prowess. Each guest brought his own cowboys — his *vaqueros* — and a string of mustangs for the games and the "drive."

On the morning of the round-up the cattle on a thousand hills were sought and driven in to the ranch corral, and while the barbecue stones were heating in the pits and great haunches were being laid on willow frames and banked with earth and left thus to roast,— while maidens were giving a last touch to the *mantilla* or pasting most effectively the artful beauty-patch, in the corral among the sweating men and animals the young calves were being thrown and branded on their fawn-like thighs with the ranch-mark of the host.

The barbecue over, the tests of horsemanship began. One writer describes the loosing of a bull in the pen, the roping of its legs and the equally fearless un-roping; the casting of nimble *riatas*, the struggle, the charge and downfall of the befuddled beast. . . . Bear and bull fights they

had, too, when, by good luck, a grizzly could be enticed from the mountains. Usually the bear won, unlike the tiger in similar contests held in Mexico.

Scenes of lariat-throwing, horse-breaking, branding may still be witnessed on the cattle-ranges of Saint Louis the Bishop County, near Salinas. Wild steers are ridden by daring cowboys; feasts upon the roast ox follow in the evening, and flirtation and dancing.

Many California communities celebrate days written in their history with pageantry which recalls brave events in the past, and the progress of the commonwealth during seven decades. Admission Day, September 9th, is a State festival. San Diego commemorates the landing of Cabrillo; San Francisco, the discovery of its bay. This feat being popularly attributed to Portola, first Governor of California, the October carnival bears his name. But if history is exact, it was not Don Gaspar, late Captain of Dragoons in the army of Charles III, who on October 30, 1769, first beheld the bay from a height above Montara, twenty miles south of San Francisco, but a party of his soldiers who, while deer hunting, came upon this prospect. The spot from which they viewed it is marked by a monument. Portola, never a heroic figure, accepted the discovery with passivity thinking it to be but the Bay of Pines at

Monterey for which he had been searching. It was Father Crespi, his chaplain, who realised its importance, and who, sitting his mule on the rise in sight of the new-found harbour, swore, raising the cross at his girdle, "By this sign we conquer, and claim that future empire which this day foreshadows."

The San Francisco fête is called the Mardi Gras of the Pacific. Up and down Market Street pass the floats and costumed processionists in fantastic, gorgeous array. And when the day fades, the lights, the confetti, the merry fooling of the crowds recall New Orleans at its maddest, or Nice about the Casino Square on the Tuesday before the first day of Lent. One could wish only, that the personage whose memory San Francisco delights thus to honour were more worthy of it all. Why not have called it Crespi Day, or named for Figueroa, founder of the city, a festival like this?

Ceres is the patroness of many radiant fiestas — the February Orange Show of San Bernardino; the Orange and Rose Festival of Redlands; the Prune Festivals of Santa Clara County, celebrated about the first of April; the May Day of Los Gatos and San José; the Carnival of Los Angeles, with its concerts, games, and grotesque parades which render praise for the gifts of spring; the Sweet Pea Fairs of San Luis Obispo

County; Ventura's Bean Day; the Apple Show at Watsonville and the Placerville Pear Show; the San Rafael and Santa Rosa Flower Carnivals; the Citrus Fair at Cloverdale; the Vintage Fair at St. Helena; the Fiesta Arborea of Chico; Escondido's Grape Day; the Raisin Festival at Fresno; the October Land Show at San Francisco; the Sacramento State Fair, held in September. The Harvest Festival of Bishop, Inyo County, has a great central pavilion built of alfalfa bales.

Of California's Flower Tournaments, those at Santa Barbara and Pasadena are the most elaborate. The streets of the Channel City bloom in April; Pasadena, spread on a mesa below the snowy crests of the Sierra Madre, laughs with rose-delight on the New Year's first day, flaunts her petalled banners against the slopes of wintry hills.

In the morning the flower-carriages defile, in the afternoon follow the Chariot Races at Tournament Park. The best blooded horses of California are entered for these events. Driven by horsemen in Roman costume who stand in Roman two-wheeled carts, the plunging quadrigas go flashing by, wheels grazing, foam flying, charioteers calling hoarsely, leaning far out over the taut ribbons. . . . Each entrant has his partisans, the horses are known by name. The fleet thud of hoofs is lost in the shouts of those

who look on. . . . At last the course is run, the judges press the laurel upon a streaming brow, and the victor and his panting steeds stand forth to receive the plaudits of the crowd.

The Pasadena Tourney is worth a long journey to see. It is the perfection of Flower Revels. And never once, as so often on the Mediterranean, has the weather interrupted its ceremonies in the twenty-five years since the founder of the Valley Hunt Club, Dr. Charles F. Holder, and his associates conceived the parade.

Sports.

The topography and bracing temperament of California are responsible for the variety and virility of her sports. Surpassing horses and athletes are bred in this generous climate, which knows no "closed season" except for the huntsman and the fisher.

The baseball season opens in March; at Christmas the university teams are still booting the pigskin across the gridiron, while their Brothers of the Snow, well ear-muffed and sweatered, are skating on the flooded meadows of the Yosemite, tobogganing at Quincy, or snow-shoeing at Lake Tahoe.

The Olympic Club of San Francisco has an annual New Year's swim off the beach near the Cliff House. Water baseball and polo are played

every winter's day at Avalon. The yachts and motor-boats of Tiburon and Sausalito, of Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego are never out of commission. California hopes that many eastern owners will come through the Canal to find winter moorings for their craft within her tranquil harbours.

Pacific Coast Yacht Clubs take part every other year in an ocean race of 2200 miles from San Pedro to Honolulu and back, a contest unequalled in yachting contests.

Off San Diego there is nearly always a flock of sail-wings beating the rippled waters, or rising, like herons from a swamp, above North Island into waves and currents of the air. The Government has chosen this sandy flat in the bay for an aerial station because of San Diego's freedom from erratic winds. The aërodrome outside Los Angeles is the scene of many record trials.

The Coronado Country Club opens each year with a golf tournament on its 18-hole course and offers cups for championship and handicap events. From January to April occur the polo matches in which visiting teams from England, Canada, Hawaii and "the States" compete for trophies; in February, tennis tourneys are held.

Polo is in high favour from November to May at Burlingame, Santa Monica, Santa Barbara,

Pasadena and Riverside. There are few winter days when the ponies are prevented by the weather from leaving their stables.

From December to June is the best golfing season. There are good courses in conjunction with many of the large hotels. Particularly well known are the clubs of Sacramento, San Rafael, Oakland, San José, Burlingame, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside, Catalina Island and San Diego.

The tennis tournaments at Del Monte, at Long Beach and Nordhoff elicit the best talent among the famous racket and ball experts of California. On the courts of Golden Gate Park and the California Tennis Club, San Francisco, one may see champion play the year round.

At Del Monte the guests indulge in archery and bowls, and participate as spectators or drivers in the annual automobile meets.

The motor track at Pismo is one of the fastest in the country. But at Santa Monica the superlative of speed is attained. In February, along the beach and down palm-bordered Nevada Avenue flee the racing-cars manned by their goggled pilots in contest for the Vanderbilt or Grand Prize cups.

One of the motor events of the year is the race from Los Angeles to Sacramento. The desert

race between Los Angeles and Phoenix, Arizona, is an annual endurance test.

The Sport of Kings has of late years in California been checked by republican legislators, though this State claims pre-eminence as the birth-place of fast horses because of the exceptional fodder available at all seasons, and the opportunity the climate affords for open-air exercise.

The Spanish mustang was taken to Florida by De Soto and into Mexico by Cortez and his followers, and introduced later into California by the soldiers and friars who, when they did not walk, were dependent upon the enduring beasts for transportation between the widely separated ranches, *presidios*, and towns. Without the cayuse, we are reminded, the Spaniards could not have explored so great a tract; horses, therefore, entered largely into the civilising of California. Once they used to run wild, "common as hares." Fremont in his *Geographical Memoir upon Upper California*, speaks of starting up a band of mustangs running loose on the plains of Stanislaus Valley in the winter of 1843-44. Bayard Taylor mentions a piebald belonging to Col. Fremont upon which he used to ride from San José to San Francisco, 55 miles away, in seven hours. To Los Angeles, caravans of merchants used to come from Santa Fé to buy horses, exchanging woollen stuffs and blankets, "two blankets for each horse."

Horse-racing was known at Los Angeles as early as 1852, when the stake was a thousand head of cattle and a thousand dollars.

"Electioneer," antecedent of over 150 record-breaking trotting-horses, has a monument on the Palo Alto farm where he was trained. The sire of "Major Delmar" was a Californian, likewise "Suñol" and "Lou Dillon," the latter having been bred by Pierce Brothers at Santa Rosa, Sonoma County.

Though the great studs of Senator Stanford are now shorn of their every hoof and velvet nostril, there are still a number of successful farms which breed blooded Arabian and Kentucky horses.

Coaching with six-horse teams is one of the exciting diversions of Catalina Island. The Hunt Clubs of San Mateo and Los Angeles Counties have frequent meets. The Valley Hunt whose house is on Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena, is the oldest in Southern California and has especial renown.

Hunters who pursue their game on foot find good sport in the canyons and mountains and on the scrub-oak and chaparral moors of all California. Residents pay \$1.00 for an annual hunting license, non-residents, \$10.00, and aliens, \$25.00; the year expires on June 30th. The total number of permits issued in a year is about 150,000. The State is divided into seven fish and game districts. Con-

cerning the laws governing each one the State Board of Agriculture, Sacramento, will give information.

Among the larger animals found are the brown and the black bear, the silver and the red fox, the wild goat, the Big Horn sheep, the lynx, the puma or mountain lion to whose ferocity are annually sacrificed thousands of deer, the elk and antelope, the coyote, and the mazama, a beautiful hybrid of the High Rocks — far too beautiful, too inoffensive to kill. It has the head of a goat, the wool of a sheep, the agility of a gazelle.

Squirrels, rabbits, beavers and ground-hogs are among the lesser game. Quail, plover, grouse, partridge, snipe, ring-neck pheasants, wild turkeys, doves, pigeons, the sage-hen and every sort of wild goose and duck are found within convenient journeys from all principal cities.

Knights of the rod and reel find abundant fishing in the lakes and streams of the Counties of Siskiyou, Shasta, Plumas, Sierra Nevada, Placer, Mendocino and Tuolumne, in the McCloud, Feather, Truckee, Smith, Eel, Russian, American, Kings and Kaweah Rivers, up San Gabriel Canyon, in the San Bernardino Mountains, and down the coast from Crescent City to Oneonta.

About Ukiah giant fresh-water bass are taken; the McCloud and Truckee Rivers and Lake Tahoe are fished for their trout, the Sacramento and



TROUT POOL, FEATHER RIVER CANYON

San Joaquin Rivers for their perch and salmon, the Bay of Monterey for its 50-pound chinook or King Salmon, Coronado Bay for its bass, and Catalina coves for their blue and yellow-fin tunas, their black and white sea-bass, sword-fish, albacore and yellow-tails. Besides the fish mentioned, the chub, dace, carp, cat-fish, pike, sculpin, sucker, roach, eel, rock cod, pompano, shad, bonito, barracuda, sturgeon and anchovy are found in California waters. The Rainbow Trout is the sportsman's ideal fresh-water fish, "gamy but catchable." It is iridescent, speckled, symmetrical, has a delicate flesh, and averages 3 to 4 pounds in weight. Though not native to the region above the centre of the State, some southern streams have been stocked with it.

At Point Reyes, on the coast north of San Francisco, the California Anglers' Association meets for its yearly tournament.

CHAPTER IV

CHRONOLOGY

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HUMBOLDT and other wise men have recorded their belief that the original settlers of this western coast were Asiatics who may have crossed by the straits now called Behring, or before these straits were formed — before the separation of this continent from Asia. The Indians of to-day have a legend that they “came from the north.” The finding of the Calaveras skull indicated to scientists that so long ago as 150,000 years people from the Orient dwelt in the interior of California. Chinese chronicles mention the tradition of the disappearance of Tatar and Mongol explorers, whose barks are thought to have been blown by tempests to these dim shores. The head formation, even the language of the California Indian, has been found similar to that of the Tatar.

According to Torquemada there occurred four great migrations from this upper territory into what is now Mexico. These tribal emigrants were the Tulticas, the Chichimecas, the Acolhuas and the Aztecs. By the Gila and Missouri Rivers they also invaded the land to the east of the mountains,

and by other water-ways they doubtless passed to the great tract beyond the Mississippi.

But though California was one of the first regions of this continent to be populated, it was unknown to the white man until half a century after Columbus, ignorant of the Norsemen's voyages, proclaimed himself discoverer of a new land.

Just eight years had passed since his first voyage from Palos when an expedition whose navigator was none other than Columbus' own pilot, Juan de la Cosa, set out from Cadiz for the Caribbean Sea. The commander was the autocrat Rodrigo Bastidas. In his crew was a young adventurer named Vasco de Balboa — the same who, hearing later from the Indians of a great sea west of Darien, pushed his way through a baffling wilderness to the summit of a peak near what is now the Pacific gate of the Panama Canal.

His blood-hound, Leoncico — “so brave a helper that he was given the rank of Captain,” — was at his side as, “grasping the Spanish flag and drawing his sword . . . he stood in full view of the wonderful ocean.” He named the expanse the South Sea, and claimed it for Ferdinand, his King, husband of Catholic Isabella. It was Magellan who, seven years later, called it the Pacific, at the beginning of the explorations in Mexico and South America which definitely drew

Spain's interest to these Pandora-lands of the New World.

The peninsula which the Gulf of California separates from Mexico, was discovered by Cortez and his followers in 1524 when on a mission for Charles V of Spain. Its topography deceived them into the belief that the pensile strip was an island. Having in mind the fictitious tales of Amadis of Gaul and his son, Esplandian, which all literate Spain had been reading since 1510, it is supposed that one of his men jocularly named this unlovely coast for the fabled "Isle of California," which was placed in the romance "somewhere near the Indies," and whose amazons bore arms of unalloyed gold. Centuries later, California, the true land of gold was to be renamed *El Dorado* for another imaginary country in South America.

Some etymologists attribute the origin of the name California to the Indian words *kali forno* which indicated "sandy coast" or "native land"; others maintain that it sprang from *calida fornax*, "hot furnace," or *cal y forno*, "lime kilns." Still another theorist cites as the root the Arabic-Iberian word, *Kalifon*, meaning "the realm of a Kalif," or Chief, and therefore "a land of vast treasure." He affirms the letter *c* to have been erroneously substituted for *k* and believes the *r*

and *ia* of Kalifornia to have been added for euphony.

Francisco de Ulloa continued to designate the peninsula and what he presumed lay north of it as an island during his journeys in 1539. Even so late as 1709 English maps named this portion of the coast an island, but Spanish geographers had discovered the error nearly a decade before.

From Navidad, Mexico, there departed in June, 1542, a Portuguese navigator whose two ships, the *San Salvador* and the *Victoria* had been outfitted by Cortez, then Governor of Mexico, in a final effort to solve the mystery of the lands beyond this western sea.

Toiling up the coast of Lower California, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo came upon a harbour where he brought his caravels to anchor and sent canoes in to the shore. His log makes mention of the "large cabins, and the herbage like that of Spain," of the "high and rugged land," and of the latitude, which was $33\frac{1}{3}$ degrees.

Thus is recorded the first impression of Upper California by its discoverer, Cabrillo. The bay he named for Saint Michael was called by a later voyager, San Diego.

When they had treated with the Indians, the tiny fleet sailed north, feeling its way among the Channel Islands to Monterey and putting ashore to

greet more of the friendly natives. Continues the log: "While wintering in this Isla de Posesion (now the Island of San Miguel) on the third of January, 1543, departed from this present life Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo . . . from a fall which he had on the same island . . . by which he broke an arm near the shoulder." His body was probably buried on the sand-swept island at what is known as Cuyler's Harbour.

Little thought Cabrillo that of the new land brought by him under the Spanish flag, his dust was to become a part! It is a lamentable commentary upon California's loyalty that his deeds are but sparsely commemorated. Only San Diego of all the State celebrates officially the date of his arrival in her bay, September 28, 1542.

The discoverer's companions continued to explore the coast as far north as the present boundary between California and Oregon before returning to Mexico.

A generation later came the *Golden Hind* bearing Sir Francis Drake, and scoured these waters for Spanish galleons laden with treasure. Off Point Reyes, north of San Francisco, he anchored. The chalk cliffs reminded him of Britain, and forty-one years before that other New England was named by the Pilgrims, the intrepid pirate-warrior called this western land Nouva Albion. Though he took possession of it for Queen Elizabeth, she

never claimed it. If she had, what would have been the history of North America?

In 1521 the Portuguese voyager Magellan (Magalhães) had found for Spain the Philippines.

So many of the ships which brought rich cargoes from these "Spice Islands" were waylaid by British plunderers, or were wrecked on the rocks of the Alta California coast, that both Philip II and his successor, Philip III, began to show interest in the discovery of havens where these vessels might hide from tempests and pursuers. Vizcaino was despatched (1602) on this errand and reported the harbours of San Diego, San Pedro, Monterey and the Channel Islands.

He christened Monterey for the Viceroy of Mexico, and gave the names they still bear to the harbours he re-discovered.

After 1694 no more exploring parties were sent into Upper California. Fifty years elapsed before the missionary campaigns of Mexico were carried into the long neglected territory to the north.

In the meantime many English voyagers and the Russian, Vitus Behring, had aroused Spain's enmity by hovering about the borders of her misty possessions.

The coast above Monterey had been but roughly surveyed. Little was known of the Indians.

Spain felt the moment ripe to decisively establish her domination, lest rivals take advantage of her ignorance and assume rights to which they had no claim.

Accordingly, the King's ambassador in Mexico, Don José de Galvez, was bidden to send forward missionaries and soldiers to whom should be entrusted the civilising, the Christianising and subjugation of Upper California. Don José was a native of the little town of Velez on the outskirts of Malaga. He had been a student of Alcala University and was a man of great wisdom. This he proved by choosing as his chief missionary one Junipero Serra, a monk native to the Balearic Isle of Majorca who had held the chair of Philosophy in the Lullian University at Palma, the island capital. From a youth he had wished to minister to the natives of the far-off colonies of the Spanish crown. When the opportunity came for him to leave for Mexico he was accompanied by Fray Juan Crespi and others of the same Majorcan monastery.

Arrived in Mexico, he taught in the College of San Fernando and became known as a man of great influence among the Mexican Indians who were, however, much more tractable than those among whom he was to labour in his new field.

Following the policy of Queen Isabella who had promoted the decree of Pope Alexander VI rela-

tive to the spreading of Catholicism in the New World, Father Serra and his missionaries were sent with the military expedition under Portola.

The company reached San Diego and established there on Sunday, July 16, 1769, the first of twenty-one missions, whose organisation consumed fifty-four years, during which time Spanish rule in Upper California rose to its zenith, and declined. The last Mission was founded at Sonoma in 1823.

The monks were all of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, that "Mirror of Perfection and Husband of Poverty" who in the 13th century banded his disciples under vows of unrelenting self-denial.

The Indians were degraded and indolent. With difficulty they were gathered into the *pueblos* of which the Missions were the controlling agency, and taught cleanliness, agriculture and the crafts. Occasionally they rebelled at the lash, or with native savagery massacred and burned. But for the most part the oddly-assorted communities lived in peace and often on terms of deep affection.

The military occupation of the country was celebrated on June 3, 1770, when, after a despairing search, Portola came at last to Monterey Bay, of whose existence the Spaniards had long held record. The town of Monterey became the ecclesiastical and military capital. Second in importance to it was the presidio and mission at San

Francisco d'Assisi, established in 1776, and the posts at San Diego and Santa Barbara.

In 1781 Los Angeles had a population of 46 persons; in nine years their number had increased to 140.

It was about this time that despatches reached the Governor at Monterey warning him of the possible appearance off those shores of the *Columbia*, flying the ensign of the "new American Republic," but it was not until 1796 that Monterey actually saw the colours of the United States in her bay, floating from the mast of the *Otter*, out of Boston. Vancouver had already visited the coast and made a journey inland. The Russians were crowding southward from their settlement in Alaska which had been established in 1798, and more American trading-vessels were sighted on their course northward in quest of furs. In 1803 the United States completed the Louisiana Purchase and two years later Lewis and Clark reached the Columbia River on their journey of discovery for the Government. The Russians' colony at Fort Ross was founded in 1812. And now began Mexico's struggle for independence with which the mother country found herself incapable of coping. Even less was she able to fend the shores and boundaries of her more northerly possessions from the foreigners whose designs she feared.

In 1822 Mexico proclaimed itself a republic and

the Californias, Lower and Upper, paid tribute to the new flag. The twenty-five years which followed embraced a period of shifting allegiance and internal contest during which Alta California demanded and enforced greater independence from Mexico, and Los Angeles and Monterey were alternately named as the capital of the increasingly restless territory.

The Missions were secularized by order of Mexico in 1831.

In 1839 John Sutter intrenched himself on his grant on the Sacramento River. His fort at New Helvetia became the resort of the American settlers who made the overland journey. Lieut. J. C. Fremont was at the head of a party which reached California in 1845. The young Georgian had previously been commissioned by the Government to survey and report upon this region and its advantages for immigrants. His ambition led him to assume more than an engineer's prerogatives and he became embroiled with the Mexican Governor who resented the unexplained movement of strangers in his territory.

In 1846 there were 300 American inhabitants in Upper California. The United States was in dispute with Mexico over Texas. The unsettled mind of California as to its own government fired the resident Americans with the hope that this rich domain might be annexed for the States. The in-

cidents of General Vallejo's capture at Sonoma, the subsequent proclamation of the "American Republic of California" and the raising of the Bear Flag on July 4, 1846, anticipated by a few days only the American occupation of Monterey by Commander Sloat. Without resistance the United States emblem was accepted by the little settlement of Yerba Buena which, founded in 1797, was the nucleus of the city of San Francisco. Sonoma, New Helvetia, Santa Barbara, San Pedro, Los Angeles and San Diego also yielded to the newcomers without defence. But Los Angeles eventually rose against invasion and not until January, 1847, was American supremacy established.

By a treaty of peace signed February 2, 1848, the United States acquired New Mexico and California from Mexico for \$15,000,000.

In January, 1848, James Marshall, a native of Hope Township, New Jersey, who had come to the coast in 1844 and had taken part in the "Bear Flag Revolution," was constructing, as an employé of Sutter, the mill-race for a sawmill on the American River when his operations loosened yellow particles which proved to be gold. Before December of the same year gold dust to the value of \$6,000,000 had been taken from the placers of California. A messenger was sent by water and horseback to New Orleans. From there the news was telegraphed to Washington, where the word

was received December 5, 1848. The following year about 100,000 immigrants reached California from the east. A few years later the American population had increased to 300,000.

San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville and Stockton were the supply dépôts for the army of miners.

California's first Constitutional Congress convened at Monterey in 1849. In 1850, on September 9th, the territory was admitted as a State and Fremont became one of its senators. Sacramento was made the State capital in 1854.

The extraordinary conditions of California life resulted in riots and abuse of the laws, which the Vigilance Committees of San Francisco and other towns were able to control only by confronting the desperadoes with their own methods.

In 1860 began the Silver Era which disseminated vast wealth within the boundaries of the State and made possible its agricultural and industrial development.

The first California railroad, the Central Pacific, was completed in 1869, trans-continental communication being established when its rails met those of the Union Pacific at Promontory, near Ogden, Utah. A few years later San Francisco and Los Angeles were joined by a railway.

Important State legislation led to the adoption of a new constitution in 1879 which broadly af-

fectured working conditions, education and taxes. From this period the history of California resolves into labour and racial controversies, and politics, often of a discreditable character.

CHAPTER V

SAN FRANCISCO

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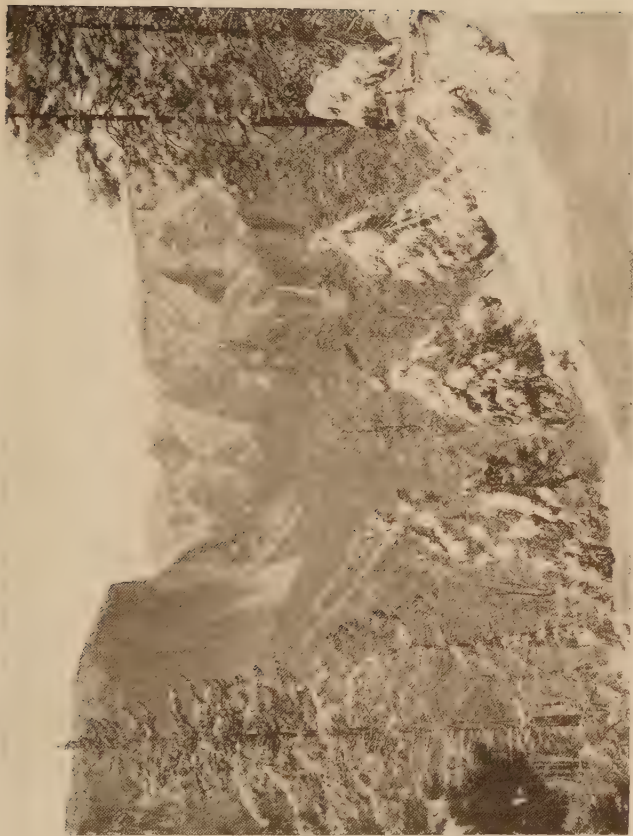
A PRINT which represents Yerba Buena in 1846 shows two parallel lanes climbing stiffly from the water-front to a single cross-street, and thereafter losing their identity in the gullied pinnacle which surmounts the bay. A few houses preëempt corner lots. The sandy outskirts, blotched with dark herbage, roll off to the Twin Peaks. In the bight ride a half-dozen square-rigged craft; the largest is the *Portsmouth*, from which Commander Montgomery came ashore to fly from the plaza pole the standard which signified the passing of the tiny settlement from Mexican to American control.

The cove side of the plaza was given the name of this United States naval officer, and the plaza itself became Portsmouth Square.

In 1847 the Presidio, the Mission, and the Village of the Pleasant Herb were united under the one name, San Francisco. During the year, the shipping register showed a conspicuous increase in the number of trading-vessels entering the narrow

portal which Fremont named the Golden Gate in his report to the Government concerning surveys which he had made since 1844. "It is called Chrysopylæ on the map," so we are told, "on the same principle that the harbour of Byzantium was called Chrysoceras (the Golden Horn)." His description of the bay is worthy to be set down, "a bay celebrated from the time of the first discoverers as one of the finest in the world and justly entitled to that character even under the seaman's view of a mere harbour. But when all the accessory advantages which belong to it — fertile and picturesque dependent country, mildness and salubrity of climate, connexion with the great interior valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, its vast resources for ship timber, grain and cattle — when these advantages are taken into the account with its geographical position in line of communication with Asia, it rises into an importance far above that of a mere harbour. . . . Its latitude is that of Lisbon, its climate is that of South Italy; settlements upon it for more than half a century attest its healthiness; bold shores and mountains give it grandeur; the extent and fertility of its dependent country give it great resources for agriculture, commerce and population."

Another early reporter describes the bay as "a



FEBRUARY IN THE YOSEMITE
EL CAPITAN, HALF DOME, BRIDAL VEIL FALLS

broad inland lake, communicating by a narrow channel with the ocean. This channel, as the tradition of the aborigines runs, was opened by an earthquake which a few centuries since convulsed the continent."

The five hundred residents who in 1847 made up the community of San Francisco had as great confidence as Fremont in the future activities of the bay and contiguous country. They were already discussing a means of enlisting the interest of the East when Marshall's fruitful blasts shook the whole continent and sent the names "California" and "San Francisco" flaming from tongue to tongue.

New York streets quickly thronged with "a new class of men in broad felt hats, loose rough coats and high boots." The bakers of sea-bread kept their ovens hot day and night. Makers of oil-cloth, bowie knives and seasick nostrums could not fill the demand. "On an average, two or three vessels leave this port daily for California," so we are informed by the *Pocket Guide to California*, printed at New York in 1849. Its advertisers recounted the merits of mining tools, stoves, mess-hampers, tents, daguerreotypes, emigrant wagons, snuff, salt-water soap, phrenologists, and Mexican stage lines; they addressed their readers as "Adventurers to California!" and "Gold

Hunters!" and arrested their attention by the further interjections, "Californians, Look Out!" "Ho for Eldorado!"

The little town on the Pacific Coast which in 1847 had been "almost a solitude" was less than two years later crowded with eager faces, its dunes hidden by tents, "muslin sheds," and shacks of clay and wood. The bay whose slumbering waters had but a short time before known only the plash of the Indian's paddle and the occasional sail of an adventurer was now a surge of masts. Portsmouth Square became the community hearth-place about which life centred, where tales of gold were spun, where sales were consummated, laws were formulated, *alcaldes* nominated and justice meted out. The City Hall fronted the Square on Kearny Street between Clay and Washington Streets, those vertical paths of the old print. The postoffice was near by in an adobe. When a mail steamer was in, the line to the delivery window extended down hill and across the plaza to the water's edge. If the window closed before all had reached it, they mobbed the doors until it went up again. In July, 1849, there was one brick building on Montgomery Street.

For months which lengthened to years San Francisco was a *mêlée* of rushing men and fevered transactions, of gambling, distorted values and thronged wharves.

Meanwhile new streets were graded and named, hills were moved to make way for them, and the water front extended by filling in the cove to the point where the ferry-house now stands.

Four costly fires had swept the populous section before 1852. The invariably swift recuperation of the town prompted the Council to place upon the municipal seal the phoenix, that feathered phenomenon of Arabia which emerged immortal from a bed of flames. How prophetic was this deed only those can know who walked the smoking miles of broken streets in 1906 and who have, in this year of grace, looked upon rejuvenescent Market Street and the thoroughfares which tap it on both sides from the bay to Van Ness Avenue. Swept clean of dingy structures and unsightly alleys, the city has no rival in its modernity. In eight years \$300,000,000 has been spent to make it new. It is the fifth richest of our cities, though but eleventh in size.

The tremblor which wrenched asunder gas and water mains and unleashed the fire Furies also set in vibration a high-power motor of zeal and courage which energised the city, gave it new health and life beyond what it had ever known.

Above Chinatown on the edge of a bank there stands a Green Bay Tree which, though burned to its heart, has sent out from its blackened trunk glistening new shoots. The Bay Tree and the

Phoenix — these are the emblems of San Francisco *sempervirens*.

The City of St. Francis spreads across the tip of the elongated promontory which sweeps upward from Santa Cruz. Along the outer line beats the Pacific; Point Lobos is at the turn; half way across the upper edge extends the presidio, whose furthest reach, Fort Point, defines the southern wall of the Golden Gate. The north side of the channel is formed by the coast of Marin County. Behind stand Tamalpais and less prominent hills of the Coast Range whose rending is believed to have created this outlet to the ocean.

The grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition stretch along the water between the presidio, or military reservation, and San Francisco's North Beach. Telegraph Hill towers on the inner curve of the rounded projection. The ferry dépôt is below it on the water-front, facing east. The body of water between the promontory and the mainland is San Francisco Bay.

Oakland fronts the Giraldesque tower of the ferry-house. Goat Island lies midway between the two cities. Alcatraz Island, the Castle William of these waters, is west of it, and Angel Island, further north, is close to Tiburon. The latter is a ferry terminal on the Marin shore.

Ferries from all points on the bay lead to the *embarcadero* at the foot of Market Street. On

either side the great dépôt are docks of bay, river, coastwise and trans-Pacific steamers. The odd-numbered piers are north of the tower, the even-numbered south of it.

All the continental railroads bring their passengers to San Francisco by ferry except the Sunset and Coast Routes of the Southern Pacific, whose station is at Third and Townsend Streets, in the section south of Market.

The wharf is also the rendezvous of many of the street car lines. Those which do not run to it directly make connection by transfer, except the municipally-owned Geary Street line, which goes from the ferry to Golden Gate Park via Market Street. The cable roads up hilly streets are a distinctive feature of San Francisco's surface car system.

Every section of the city of interest to the tourist is accessible by one or more routes of the United Railroads, the California Street Line or the Union Street Line. Twice a day, at 10:00 and 2:00 o'clock, a sight-seeing car leaves the ferry wharf for a comprehensive tour of the city; the fare for the 38-mile trip is 75 cents. The Peck-Judah Company at Third and Market Streets also has a daily sight-seeing service by automobile, fare \$1.00. They also conduct a Trip to Chinatown in the evening.

Few cities have a more confusing plan than San

Francisco. Market Street is an oblique line crossing the city in a general southwesterly direction. To the south of it are streets parallel or at right angles to it. The numbered streets begin near the water and pursue a regular course until Twelfth Street is reached. Thirteenth Street crosses Market. Thereafter the successive numbers run from west to east instead of northwest to south-east, with the result that Twentieth Street has its terminal at the Union Iron Works on a line with Seventh Street. The city's surveyors further confused matters by interrupting the progress of the lesser numbered streets to the bay by interpolating a transverse block of thoroughfares named for half the States of the Union, and consummated the confusion by avoiding all geographical sequence. Missouri, Connecticut, Arkansas, Wisconsin, Carolina, Rhode Island, Kansas and Vermont Streets follow in the order given.

It is fortunate for the stranger that this jumbled quarter has little concern for him unless he make a visit to the famous ship-building yards of the Union Iron Works, which face the Central Basin and are reached by "Kentucky Number 16" car.

North and west of the main duct of municipal commerce whose slant so complicated the labour of the cartographers, lies a great tract mapped in rectangles, simple to comprehend when one becomes

accustomed to the divergent angles formed by the thoroughfares in making their contact with Market Street. Golden Gate Park comprises an oblong extending for three miles from Stanyan Street to the Pacific.

The storied hill known as Twin Peaks lifts above the land extremity of Market Street.

The old Franciscan chapel at the junction of 16th and Dolores Streets is in the outlying business and residence quarter south of Market which is called "the Mission."

Since the fire, Fillmore Street and Van Ness Avenue have become shopping centres, though once considered far out. The latter may be compared to lower Fifth Avenue in its evolution from the most sumptuous of residential streets to a region lined with stores.

The principal retail establishments are downtown on or near Market, between McAllister and Kearny Streets. Union Square and the Dewey Memorial are at the heart of all that is most exclusive in shops, hotels and amusement places. The Fairmont has withdrawn to the steeps of Nob Hill — the afore-time seat of the silver mine and Central Pacific nabobs. At the corner of Jones and declivitous California Street, which only the cable car is brave enough to essay, the magnificent Protestant Cathedral is rising. Chinatown and the plaza are at its feet.

The city is no more famous for its bay than for its eminences. Telegraph Hill, which straggles abruptly upward to the right as one approaches from Oakland, formerly carried on its shoulder the semaphore which signalled the arrival of incoming vessels to crowds waiting below. A walk around its sides, scarred now by the gouge of contractors' shovels, yields sunny pictures of rickety galleries a-bloom, and of gay wares arrayed before dusk, garlicky shops.

The Kearny Street cars bring one close to its base; from there precipiced paths — steep aisles to another world — lead past embattled nooks. In one, a Genoese mother idles with her children. Yonder is a young madonna who wears a Sicilian head-kerchief and stitches on little garments of yellow or pink. If the sempstress but raise her eyes she may profit by the view — the city marching briskly in long, new-built files; the Bays of San Francisco, San Pablo and Suisun rife with the pennants of many nations; the estuaries of two great rivers pouring out their tribute of deep-laden boats; the rainbow fleet of the fishermen — her husband is with them as they push out from the wharf just under the hill; she sees misty blue heights glooming behind Alameda and Oakland and away behind Sausalito and San Rafael; she looks down on the close-drawn shores which leave but a narrow way between bay and ocean, and be-

holds the ocean itself hurling a thunderous spray on the cliffs of Point Lobos. A king's house may have no richer prospect than these harbours on Telegraph Hill.

A short distance away is the hill where the Russians used to bury the dead of their colony, and where, later, fine homes were built in the midst of gardens.

In the Russian Hill district at Lombard and Hyde Streets, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson resided after her husband's death. San Francisco has no memory more redolent than that of her adopted literary sons — Ross Browne, Hittell, Henry George, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Stoddard, Stevenson — who tasted fame, some of them for the first time, while living and working within her borders.

Stevenson had met Mrs. Osbourne in France while making his Inland Voyage in a canoe. After she returned to her home in California, he came over-seas when he was about thirty to be near her. His journey from New York is described in *Across the Plains*, which was written following the Christmas season of 1879 when he came from Monterey to San Francisco and found lodgings at Number 608, Rush Street, in a lank, ungainly house since torn down. He frequented the old rooms of the Bohemian Club on Pine Street. His love of the sea drew him to North Beach among the "tall

ships," with their "brown-skinned, soft-spoken, sweet-eyed native sailors" of the South Pacific. He went out to the Cliff House, and climbed the shelving sands of Rincon Hill, there to meet Charles Warren Stoddard. During their quickly-born intimacy he "first fell under the spell of the islands," so he confides to us. The vivid scenes about Portsmouth Square appealed to his humorous, human sense. He describes it as a centre of mixed crimes and nationalities, "Chinese and Mexican gambling hells, German secret societies, sailors' boarding-houses and dives of every complexion of the disreputable and dangerous." Prowling about for material which his inimitable hand afterwards shaped into tales of horror or tales of pure charm, he became, in his own words, "a frequenter of shy neighbourhoods," a lounge among the turbaned Hindus, the Japanese and Kanakas, the Chinese, English and Portuguese sea-farers who sunned themselves on the plaza.

On May 19, 1880, he and Mrs. Osbourne were married at the parsonage of the noted Presbyterian minister, Dr. William Scott, on Sutter Street near Union Square. Almost immediately they left San Francisco for the Napa Mountains and there became, with their son, Lloyd Osbourne, "the Silverado Squatters."

Braced on either side by the railing around a bushy grass plot is the shaft surmounted by a

careening galleon which stands on Portsmouth Square "To Remember Robert Louis Stevenson." His creed, "to be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less . . . to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation . . ." is cut above and around a dribbling spigot. It were not meet that a memorial to Humanity's Brother should convey no service.

The forum of old San Francisco is at the gate of the vanished Chinatown, and of the new. The region of which Dupont Street is the vertebra was once the seat of Wealth and Fashion. When Fashion moved to the hills, the Chinese, who first came to San Francisco at the time when all the world was rushing thither, possessed themselves of the fantastic frame houses, and shrouded their scroll-work and pinnacles with Oriental subtleties that made of this street of fallen glory a bit of Canton.

The fire dispossessed the yellow men. San Francisco said they should not return. But Oriental tenacity won. Dupont Street is still the Broadway of Chinatown. The new quarter glimmers with electric lights and boasts sanitary passageways. Pagoda towers adorn fire-proof blocks which the subtlest art cannot beautify until fog and smoke have wiped their face with gentle hand, until the ribbed globes of paper lanterns, the tattered bulletins of the Tongs and gala banners

glow and flutter against a softer mat than safe and cleanly vitrified brick.

The time-consuming trades of tinker and letter-writer seem illy placed on cemented door-steps. One misses the panels of mystery that once rolled darkly down from worm-eaten lintels — panels of gloom which one pushed through to reach the hollowed treads of stairs that dropped sidewise from the wall, that creaked up to pungent rooms of jade-setter and embroiderer.

The markets are less changed. Stalls are fringed by the same garlands of dried livers and gelatinous mosses; tall baskets hold the same tender roots and secretive bulbs; the same supple saffron fingers sort lily-pots and lettuce.

And the faces are the same, though shorn of their queues. The fire blotted out customs even as it burned away cellars that dripped with crime, that were, according to the guides, evil as they were enthralling. But the faces do not change . . . thin lips, wise and contemptuous; inscrutable, up-sloping eye-lashes; bony jaws and foreheads that show high lights like white glints on porcelain, one sees them still before the ideographs of the street bulletins, or grouped in sly doorways, or glancing down the new-paved streets.

Merchants who used to wear stiff skull-caps with a button in the middle like the knob of a stew-pan lid, and silken jackets over trousers which tapered

at the ankle like a midshipmite's, are more often seen in these republican days, when the new flag of China substitutes the black-and-orange, in clothes which are uncompromisingly American.

The married women of good caste may be known by their dark apparel. Those who cling to Oriental custom wear a long sack over a divided skirt which meets the turned-up toes of padded shoes. Their locks, glossed with a mucilaginous dressing, are twined with bright ribands on feast days. Babes are wistfully roguish, enquiring and solemn, whether they wear spangled fillets and embroidered caps, or disillusioning hair-bows. Once they were carried forth to be admired bundled in layers of soft weaves and brocades. Too often now these Chinese stuffs are discarded for serge and nainsook. But cheeks, creamy as fresh-risen puff-balls, are pressed, as always, close to fathers' cheeks, brown, like puff-balls grown old.

Elder brothers disport themselves in coats and trousers of cloth, instead of in baggy tubes of satin banded with sequins and embroidered tunics slashed on the sides to show shirts of pale-coloured crêpe. But still one sometimes catches a glimpse of frail Celestial virgins, stealing by with down-bent head, their hair loosed in an ebony braid, the heels of their shoes poised under the arch of simpering feet.

On New Year's Day, February first according to

the Chinese calendar, there are booths, banners, fire-crackers, lanterns, incense, processions, visits, feasts at midnight. For three days business may go to the dragons. Every one pays his debts at this season, or suffers disgrace. Every one puts on his best clothes and spends as much as he can.

The joss-houses belong to different societies who become the idols' patrons. There is a joss for sickness, war, good luck. Some gods will accept only sacrifices of meat and wines, others are vegetarians. Service is never held *en masse*. Worshippers come as their need impels them. Before the altar they toss the fateful bamboo slips. As they fall, so lies their luck.

The five bearded images of the Lung Gong temple no longer sit in their tinselled embroideries. New figures have taken the place of those which burned, and there are new lacquer bowls and sculptured ebonies. The "Queen of Heaven," too, holds her court in a newly decked temple.

Perchance a funeral procession may pass as you descend the joss-house steps. The priests and hired female mourners follow in white robes the body laid on a high bier. Imitation paper money is strewn in the street, and paper prayers which should "fly up" fall ignominiously down, to be trampled and muddled in the gutter until swept into a street cleaner's pan.

On Good Lady Day and Hero Days there is end-

less tea-drinking, bell-ringing, candle-lighting and jangling of devil-chasers, and sundry terrific sounds from *yun*, *diak* and *gnoo*.

The precarious balconies of Jackson Street are only memories; the theatre is gone — moving pictures substitute the long-drawn drama. One says there are not so many dens where lean devotees toast their opium and pack it in brown pipes; the abascus computes less often the sum of one's purchase than the business-like pencil of a grammar school youth.

But the highbinders and the restaurants abide. A highbinder is a highwayman who steals life instead of dollars, a hireling paid to avenge wrong, a Chinaman's short cut to justice, as he interprets wrong and justice. The Red and Green Band of the Thirty-six and the Tsing Pong of Peking and Canton still have their counterparts in San Francisco.

As before, there are restaurant windows which overlook Portsmouth Square, where one is served with hot yellow tea and candied cocoanut, and perhaps a cake made of pork and almonds and melon seed meats baked in balls of spiced flour. The tea and the sweets are but excuses of course. Really the eyes and thoughts of the patron are not upon dainties to please the taste, but upon pictures that satisfy other senses. At a near-by table a portly merchant is ordering sharks' fins for his

China wife. Sharks' fins at two dollars a pound are caviare to the native palate and are eaten with epicurean gusto. The mother holds a baby which reaches fat hands toward the table. They give it sticks of sugar-cane to nibble — better food for two-year-olds than fins of sharks. A blue and ivory young autocrat sits with his back to a carved teak screen. They bring him *sham shu*, rice brandy, and a bowl of turnips boiled with oysters, slender chop-sticks crossed upon it. . . . The thrum and sing-song of unmelodic harmony accompany the tap of the implements on the bowl's sides. The musicians are grouped in a far corner. Near them a withered manakin plays *dar tin gow*, Chinese dominoes, with a partner half asleep.

The name of the restaurant may be "Balcony of Bliss," "Garden of Almonds," "Chamber of the Odour of Distant Lands." Shop signs in the street below imply "Peace and all Good Fortune," "Prospering by the Grace of Heaven," "Customers Flocking Like Clouds." Drug stores bear over their doors the confident phrases, "Assured Health," "Vast Age Hall," "Flowery Font of Healing." Within, prescriptions are filled which call for pulverised horn, herbs which come baled in the holds of Chinese ships, and roots grated to powdery fineness.

The hotel at which one stays will recommend a guide for a tour through this "Americanized Chi-



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DESCENDANTS OF THE FIRST SETTLERS, YOSEMITE
VALLEY

nese city " of 10,000 inhabitants, but, in the day and early evening at least, the stranger may, if he prefers, pursue his curious way unattended. Unless he approach a counter to buy, or pause to admire Heaven's Pledge in her parent's arms, he will pass unnoticed.

At the junction of Market with Kearny and Geary Streets, a corner called in other days " Cape Horn " because it was so windy, there stands the fountain given to the city forty years ago by Lotta Crabtree in gratitude for affectionate loyalty throughout her career. Situated in the midst of colossal office buildings, it is one of the very few links binding the old San Francisco to the modern. A tablet has been placed on the fountain to remind posterity that on a certain Christmas Eve a sister artist sang here to 100,000 people.

Four blocks nearer the bay is the bronze Donahue monument, which is dedicated to mechanics in memory of Peter Donahue, founder of the Union Iron Works. The sculptor, Douglas Tilden, was born in Chico, California, in 1860. Fever left him deaf and mute when a small child, but a divine justice matured within him the power to express his soul in plastic forms. The fire spared these figures manipulating the huge punch in whose maw is an armour-plate. The modelling of the workmen is alive and full of power. San Francisco has other

tokens of Tilden's genius, among them the Native Sons' Monument at Turk and Mason Streets, the Soldiers' Monument, the memorial to Father Serra in the Park, "The Ball-player," and some original pieces shown at the Exposition.

In the ferry building are the rooms of the California Development Board, also a tourist bureau and permanent exhibits of California's resources. This section of the city has a goodly portion of beloved landmarks. Further out Market Street one comes to the towering leviathans of stone and steel which celebrate the city's re-birth.

No loss has been more lamented than the destruction of the Mark Hopkins mansion which contained San Francisco's most worthy art collection. Only fifty paintings were saved from the flames. These with recently added gifts are now guarded in the San Francisco Institute of Art, a new building on the corner of California and Mason Streets.

"The Discovery of San Francisco Bay," by Arthur Mathews, Schreyer's "Arabs," a landscape by de Haas, and Benjamin Constant's two Byzantine studies are among those which remain from the original collection. Especially interesting are the landscapes — the oaks and mountains of William Keith, dean of native art, the "Corot of California," whose death occurred in April, 1911. Twenty of his pictures have been placed in the Art Institute of Chicago.

The California School has produced a preponderant number of painters of nature. Among them are Thaddeus Welch and his Austrian wife, who put upon canvas the purple lights of the Marin Hills. Ernest Peixotto has caught with his brush and pencil many romantic angles of his home State. C. D. Robinson is most happy in his paintings of the redwoods, Tom Hill in the rocks and green-robed heights of coast and valley. Goddard Gale, Miss Lee and Miss Hunter have given us many scenes about Carmel. Matilda Lotz, Julia Wendt and Arthur Putnam have unusual talent in depicting animals; the last two are sculptors. Edwin Deakin, a Californian born in British Manchester, has for a generation been recording the vanishing beauties of the widely-separated Missions. Arthur Mathews has influenced a group of pupils of whom Martinez and Piazzoni are well known. Many of California's artists bear foreign names. Keith himself was a Scotchman who came to the Coast in 1859. Sauerwen, whose specialty is Indian life and the Missions, Eugen Neuhaus, an expert in the handling of tempera, Puttuff, William Wendt, the Wachtels, Sammann, Mannheim, Bierstadt have increased our indebtedness to the Teutonic nations. Heath and Gamble like colourful meadows and skies; Benjamin Brown, Lees Judson, Lungren, Dixon, and Francisco paint the canyons and deserts, the valleys,

woods and sparkling atmosphere of the land they love, and Partington, Coulter and Donovan have given us vigorous marines. When one has named this list he has left still unsung the merits of as many more whose works reveal with beautiful sympathy the devotion of the artists of California to her incomparable Out-of-Doors.

In private and public galleries and in the exhibition rooms of Sutter and Post Street art stores one may find the canvases and sculpture of a great number of disciples of the California cult, many of whom are alumni of the old Institute in the Hopkins mansion, whose pupils have achieved excellent things in Paris and New York as well as at home.

The Pacific Union Club and the Fairmont Hotel complete a trio of notable structures at California and Mason Streets, of which the Art Institute makes one. If the sight-seer leaves Nob Hill by way of Mason Street he will pass the handsome clubhouse of the Native Sons of the Golden West below Post Street, and pause a moment to interpret its ornamental low-reliefs of burnt clay which recite a brief chronology of California. One block west are the beautiful new houses of the Olympic Athletic Club for whose salt baths water is piped in from the ocean, and the Bohemian Club, the most temperamental organisation of temperamental San Francisco. Not to be a member of it ar-

gues one less gifted in poetry, prose, music or the unspoken arts than its traditions require.

Taylor Street passes the site of the old Tivoli in its progress from the Bohemian Club to Market. At Fifth and Mission, a block south of the chief highway of business, is the Mint, to which admission is free any week-day morning before 11:30 and from 1:00 to 2:30 in the afternoon. The Federal Building containing the Post Office is two blocks beyond, at Seventh Street. The new City Hall, with a tower and façade which resemble the ones destroyed, faces the square near the gore formed by Van Ness and Market Streets. It is the most conspicuous edifice in the Civic Centre group, the plan of which embodies a Library, a Convention Auditorium, an Opera House, a Museum of Art, and a State Building. The plaza is named for James Marshall, in tardy gratitude for the fortuitous service he performed on that January day at Coloma. He, like Sutter, died poor and embittered.

Past the Tilden monument erected to Californians who served in the Spanish-American war, one continues out Market to Dolores Street, where, on the rise over which sheep and cattle once ranged, Junipero Serra established the Mission settlement which was sixth in the chain he forged. When his emissaries came upon this site, a willow-edged stream watered the meadows. They named it in

ecclesiastical parlance, "Our Lady of the Weeping Willows," and though the Mission did honour to St. Francis of Assisi, it assumed the name of the brook and became known as the Mission of Sorrows — Dolores.

The staunch adobe walls of the chapel, built in 1782, stood with scarcely a tremor during the earthquake, though a modern church beside it crumbled and fell. The flames blew their hot breath upon the arched and pillared portal beneath the tiled eaves, but a Hand stayed them, and the emblem of San Francisco's earliest civilisation was spared in the midst of devastation.

It is permitted to enter and look about the chapel if one is accompanied by the parish priest or his delegate. The bizarre decoration of altar and rafters, the bells and the belfry in which they hang, thonged with hide to sturdy beams, are now as Spanish craftsmen left them.

In the cemetery rest ten thousand dead beneath a jungle of vines. Between the years 1776 and 1862 this was the only Catholic burying-ground in the community. The grave of Luis Arguello, who, born in San Francisco in 1784, became Upper California's first Governor under Mexico, is marked by a tall shaft. Bret Harte has related in rhyme the mournful tale of Concepcion de Arguello, sister of the Governor, and the perfidious Russian, Chamberlain to the Tsar, who in 1807

wooded and left her. The stone which commemorates Don Luis, first-born of California's famous sons, divides interest with the ornate monument of a gangster and assassin whom the Vigilantes of the Second Committee brought to boot. The *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*, edited by James King, affirmed in its edition of May 14, 1856, that the hoodlum leader known as James Casey had been an inmate of Sing Sing prison, and that during certain recent elections, he had "stuffed himself through the ballot-box as elected to the Board of Supervisors from a district where it is said he was not even a candidate." The word hoodlum, be it known, was originally contrived to describe the California rough or bully. Hoodlumism in San Francisco had reached its apogee when these words left King's pen. By this measure can one gauge the quality of his citizenship. A day had not passed following the appearance of his brave, nay, rash editorial, when he met Casey near the corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets. Casting off his cloak and levelling a navy revolver, the latter sent a shot through the editor's breast.

The militia were called to quell the riot of those who would have lynched Casey, though his victim was not yet dead. Armed citizens met on the plaza and were dispersed, according to the account of the *Alta California* of May 15th, by the

Dragoons, Blues and National Lancers. The Vigilance Committee, impelled to desperate action, organised and moved on the jail. The militia refused to oppose them and assumed civilian dress. The Governor arrived and found 2000 citizens in arms. "With glistening bayonets" they moved up Sacramento Street to the jail, and, loading an artillery piece, aimed it at the door. The sheriff had not thirty defenders. He brought out Casey, who, ironed and complacent, was taken to the rooms of the Vigilantes on Sacramento Street. A few hours later he was joined by Charles Cora, who had been confined after killing a United States Marshal. The power of the civil officers was usurped by the grim committee, who had confidence in their capacity to free the city from its mire of iniquity. They promised to give their prisoners a jury trial of Committee members, but all procedure was secret.

On May 20th, despite the skill of "a dozen talented physicians," James King died. . . . Business was suspended. Bells tolled. Thousands from San Francisco and inland towns viewed the body, and two days later, tremendous crowds followed it to the cemetery on Lone Mountain, that desolate, tranquil summit which lifts high above the city a cross.

During the funeral no time was lost at "Fort Gunny-bags." Under guard of "3000 stand of

muskets and two field pieces " a gallows was raised in front of the Committee's rooms, and the " fatal rope " attached to a roof beam. Fainting, as he kissed the cross and prayed for his aged mother — whom in life he had forgotten — Casey felt the noose slip 'round his neck and knew that the stoical Cora was beside him. The enormous throng below uncovered as the platform was cut beneath the murderers' feet. When the deed was done, the Vigilance Committee " stacked their arms and mingled with the citizens as usual." They had put down " a reign of vice long and patiently borne."

The Park of the Golden Gate, to which one turns for verdant distraction, was once a waste of dunes and squatters. In 1871 the city took possession of it for a recreation reserve. It had then, so we are assured, nothing but the view to recommend it. But San Franciscans needs must have a park, a noble park, beautiful beyond the beauty of other cities' parks. So they spread loam to cover the sand and they planted the seeds of wiry grasses such as one sees on the Belgian dunes, then blue grass, trees, shrubs, vines and flowers. They fashioned hills, and dredged out valleys through which to flow the waters of many lakes; they brought beasts and birds from mountain-top and desert to roam the hedgèd sward, and having simulated nature's every nuance, they began to erect museums,

auditoriums, stadiums and monuments to add vigour to the landscape.

In order to facilitate access to the beautified acres, a drive has been laid west from Baker Street, a short way from Market and Buena Vista Park. Within a few moments one has left the stridor of trade and the clambering sky-scraper—the *gratte-ciel* of the French, and entered, not a serpentless paradise, for there are reptiles no doubt in caged houses, but a Garden with which Adam and Eve would have been captious indeed to have found fault.

The visitor will enjoy more completely the diverting features of the park if he explore it afoot, but if time restrict him to carriage or automobile he will, even in passing, harvest memorable glimpses of tree clusters, of pools and water-falls, of Dutch mills and Japanese gardens, of youth sporting on wide greens, and of Grecian portals from Nabob Hill set *in memoriam* against a screen of verdure. Nearly all that one has heard most about is in the eastern half of the enclosure. To the left of the Drive, if entrance is gained by the Baker Street Panhandle, are the deer park, the arboretum containing trees of many climes, and the play and tennis grounds. The bird-house, conservatory, museums, music temple, athletic field, tea and zoölogical gardens are to the right. Almost in the centre of the park Stow Lake spreads its sheen

about the base of Strawberry Hill. Huntington Falls, named for the Cræsus who made possible their cascading, unfurl a foamy ribbon from a height above the lake. Within sight of these limpid shores stands the Runic Cross which another benefactor, George W. Childs of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, caused to be set up in memory of the "first Christian service of the English tongue on our coast," (June 24, 1579), the "first use of the Book of Common Prayer in our country." The scene of the actual service was thirty miles north, near Point Reyes, where Sir Francis Drake brought to anchor the *Golden Hind*, the first English ship to circle the world.

The Museums of Natural History, Relics and Paintings (reached by several car lines bordering the north edge of the park) are housed in the Art Building of the Midwinter Fair of 1894, an imposing pillared edifice to which there is free admittance every day from ten to four o'clock.

Every period of California life is reflected in the collection of antiquities, which include heirlooms from the Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans, Russians and Americans. The chaise of General Vallejo is in the Pioneer Room, and thousands of photographs, portraits and daguerreotypes of early settlers. Spikes, too, from the *San Carlos*, first ship to enter the Golden Harbour. Here is a copy of the first California paper printed in English (Mon-

terey, August 15, 1846), and the press from which San Francisco's first newspaper, *The Star*, was issued. Souvenirs of Napoleon and mediæval armour interest us less than the bell which rang the tidings of California's ratification as a State, September 9, 1850, and the paintings executed by native sons and daughters.

The new building of the Academy of Sciences, which contains a remarkable Natural History collection, is near the Memorial Museum. A little way from here one may hear on clear afternoons and evenings good music by an orchestra which sits enthroned in a Greek Temple. The Japanese pavilion affords tea among distorted trunks and pools a-gleam with darting gold and silver.

Near the windmills which so ornately pump the park's water supply, Amundsen's stout ship *Gjoa* has run to its last haven, run aground in fact, but not ingloriously, for admiring hands rolled it here from the shore. The timbers which ploughed the ice of the Northwest Passage, do they complain to be thus trapped and riven from the sea?

At various points of vantage among the trees or along the drives are statues memorial to Presidents McKinley, Garfield and Grant, to the authors Schiller, Goethe and Robert Burns, to Francis Scott Key, and to the preachers Starr King and Junipero Serra, one reared in Unitarian New England, the other in a Majorcan convent.

Toward the west the park contains other lakes, and mounds sown with hairy paintbrush, blue and yellow lupin, sand verbena and fig marigold. The road past the buffalo paddock leads to the cliffs and the open Pacific, where the surf creeps seductively or breaks boisterously according to Neptune's mood, and makes sport for the myriads of black dots which, from a distance, seem to flock like penguins on the sands.

The Cliff House is reached from the park by the boulevard, or from the city by half a dozen car lines. The hotel-resort which previously surveyed this notorious view withstood the quake, to burn a year later. The beach seems bare for want of its florid towers. A square of concrete now embodies the restaurant whose culinary soul has four times transmuted from one Cliff House to another. From an æsthetic point of view, this latest incarnation cannot be commended as an advance upon the old.

Madame Patti, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dion Boucicault, Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Louis Stevenson and others of like celebrity, including five Presidents of the Republic, have dined or breakfasted in sight of the amphibean sun-worshippers whose eerie cries and poses draw multitudes hither. The clever brochure on San Francisco Trolley Trips, issued by the Chamber of Commerce, says "the *Zalophus Californianus* is not the animal

that gives sealskin sacques. His coat is rough and hairy and looks better on him than on any one else."

The sea lions are wards of the city. San Franciscans, their visitors too, regard them with the sentiment which rises unbidden in the presence of a landmark.

One ascends the incline to the grounds of the Sutro estate to loiter down by-ways among trees and sculptured fauns, and to linger on the parapet there to try, if he can, to assimilate the varied panorama of the sea and its islands, of hills crowding down to the shore, and of the ocean highway alive with merry-makers on foot or a-wheel.

Below the terrace is the Giant Tub in which San Francisco, when deprived of bathing in the open by the chilliness of the water, takes its salt plunge. The Sutro Baths are well up on the scale of those "biggest" things which California does so well. Beneath its glass roofs the population of five towns of five thousand inhabitants each could find room: some to bathe, some to look on, some to stroll in the cheerful corridors, some to find distraction in the museum which exhibits the crafts of primitive peoples and cases full of stuffed beasts and birds.

On the Point Lobos shore which rounds inward toward Lincoln Park and the Presidio, auras of foam rise about the wave-harassed steeps. The

sure-footed make their way to an escarpment from which there is a combination of views that silences words.

It is said that the beach from the Cliff House to the Golden Gate yields 125 varieties of sea-shells.

The Presidio of the present — what an amazing contrast it offers to the first post established on this strategic site in 1776 by the band of purposeful adventurers who bespoke it for Spain! They could no more have conceived these well-marshalled troops of another flag, these batteries lurking behind grassy parapets, these comely avenues and lawns, than they could have imagined a flock of man-birds in the air above them, or the funnels of a steam-driven ship entering the near-by harbour.

The garrison park of 1500 acres still guards the adobe, oldest clay house in San Francisco, which was erected by the first *commandante* and is used now by the Officers' Club.

There is an agreeable path near the bay to the fortifications of Fort Point at the southern pillar of the Gate. Permission to view the guns is gained at the Administration Offices.

The return may be made by way of the golf links and so back to the barracks and parade grounds. The breeze is brisk and tangy, the prospect everywhere pleasing, the blare of military bugles inspires a patriotic thrill, and, unless the Govern-

ment's guests defy certain signs anent the use of cameras in forbidden places, they will not be molested as they wander the roads and hilly trails.

Those who reach the parade ground by 10 o'clock on week days will be in time for guard mount. On Sundays the ceremony takes place an hour earlier. Thursdays and Fridays are dress parade days, the hour 4 o'clock.

From the north side of Golden Gate Park not far from the museums, a drive-way about a mile in length gives direct approach to the Presidio grounds near the golf links. The Presidio and Ferries (Union Street) car line runs from the wharf into the reservation. Several other lines touch the outer precincts.

The Presidio quarter has become a favoured residential district, rivalling Pacific Heights, the section between Russian and Nob Hill.

Delightful hours may be spent visiting the markets, and the shops, many of which expose foreign wares. Sutter, Powell, Post, Grant, Kearny and Stockton Streets will prove especially alluring to the tourist.

For a last comprehensive outlook upon San Francisco and its surroundings, one cannot do better than to go by the Hayes Street car, Number 6, via Market, to the high ground where are situated the massive buildings of the Colleges of Medicine and Surgery affiliated with the University of Cal-



AMONG THE SEQUOIA GIGANTEA, GENERAL GRANT
NATIONAL PARK

ifornia. The prospect alone is worth the journey. And if one is interested in Egyptian, Grecian, Peruvian and American ethnography he will be further rewarded by a visit to the Hearst Museum, which is open until 4 o'clock every day except Monday.

For steamer connections from San Francisco see Chapter I. For rail connections to Sacramento, Shasta Springs and Lake Tahoe, see head of Chapter VII; Stockton and the Bret Harte Country, Chapter VIII; the Yosemite, Chapter IX; Fresno, Kings River Canyon, Sequoia Forests and High Sierras, Chapter X; San José, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Santa Barbara and Missions, Chapter XI; Los Angeles and tributary points, San Diego and the Desert, Chapter XII.

CHAPTER VI

BAY AND UPPER COAST COUNTIES

San Mateo — Alameda — Contra Costa — Napa — Lake —
Marin — Sonoma — Mendocino — Humboldt.

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Millbrae — Burlingame — San Mateo — Menlo
Park — Palo Alto.

UNLESS the traveller have at his command a space-annihilating motor, he will be brave indeed to attempt all of the innumerable short tours which may be made from San Francisco.

San Mateo County is accessible by automobile, railroad and trolley. All routes border the broad estates of her millionaires, though their immaculate charms are often screened by twisting drives and adroitly planted trees. The Ogden Mills ranch is at Millbrae. Burlingame occupies part of the old grant of the San Mateo Rancho. The club house of golf and polo fame is deep-porticoed and shaded by eucalyptus trees. From the town of San Mateo there is a morning stage to Pescadero and Spanish Town (Half Moon Bay) by a beautiful road which dips among the hills and passes the Spring Valley Lakes on the way.

The beach at Pescadero, which is on the projected line of the Ocean Shore Railroad (station, 12th and Mission Sts., San Francisco), is a museum of sea-mosses; here, too, are found wonderful pebbles, scintillant with the lights of agate, carnelian and opal. This shore railway, which will eventually go through to Santa Cruz by way of the renowned grove of redwoods, carries one 30 miles from San Francisco to Half Moon Bay in full sight of the ocean and its crag-bound coast, passing through several favourite summer resorts, Salada Beach, Rockaway, Montara, Moss Beach, Princeton and Granada, and continuing to Tunitas (38 m.).

Beyond San Mateo is Menlo Park, where, on the old Flood estate, is now installed the Dairy College of the University of California. Redwood City is the county seat. At Palo Alto (30 m. south-east of San Francisco), we leave the train and go by electric car to Leland Stanford Jr. University, erected on an estate of nearly 9000 acres in the Santa Clara Valley to keep green the memory of Senator Stanford's heir and namesake. The buildings, nearly all of which have been restored since the disaster of 1906, are arranged about a series of quadrangles. In the centre of the red-roofed pile of buff sandstone rises the tower of the chapel upon which Mrs. Stanford

lavished carving, sculpture, frescoes, mosaic and stained glass.

The courses of the University are free to women and men who are residents of California. The library has 250,000 volumes. The sports field which has produced so many famous track athletes, is 45 acres in extent.

The Southern Pacific continues beyond Palo Alto to Mayfield, from which point a line goes direct to Los Gatos and Santa Cruz. If the traveller goes to San José from Palo Alto (17 m.), he can also reach Santa Cruz by a branch to Los Gatos. The road proceeds south from Santa Cruz to Watsonville Junction (Pajaro) and Del Monte Junction (Castroville). At the latter, a spur turns west to Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove. Distance, San Francisco — Monterey, 116 miles via Mayfield; 126 miles via San José. The trips indicated in this paragraph can be made by rail or motor as day excursions from San Francisco. The towns are described in Chapter XI.

Oakland — Berkeley — Alameda — Mt. Diablo — Byron Springs.

A Los Angeles engineer has devised a structural plan for a Colossus-bridge which shall stride from San Francisco to the Oakland shore. Ten piers 600 feet high are to support it; one will rest on Yerba Buena (Goat) Island. The cost of it and the length (\$30,000,000 — 9½ miles) will surpass even the Firth of Forth Bridge and the Roman bridge near Merida in Spain. Three decks will each have four highways upon which railroad

trains, trolleys, vehicles and foot-passengers will be accommodated. When the Rush Suspension Bridge, which is to be built with private capital, is accomplished, we shall no longer be dependent upon the ferry boats, and Oakland and Berkeley will be "just over the bridge" instead of across the oft-times fog-impeded bay.

Oakland's site was originally a grove of oaks owned by the Peralta family. To-day it is covered by the buildings of a splendid, nearly-new city. The earthquake prospered rather than injured it. It became first the temporary shelter, then the established home and business-place of many who had lived in the sister city. Broadway is the main business street. There are fine houses in East Oakland and the Piedmont District. In the heart of the city is Lake Merritt, an inlet of the bay, upon whose sylvan shores are homes of the fortunate.

The automobile which leaves the Hotel Oakland every morning at 10 o'clock and for which seats should be reserved in advance (fare \$1.50), covers more satisfactorily than the self-conducted stranger could do the idyllic roads of the city and its suburbs, including Berkeley and Piedmont. Thrice the distance may be covered at two-thirds the cost by taking a Key Trolley Trip ticket at the San Francisco dock at 10 o'clock in the morning. At the ferry terminal across the bay, elec-

tric cars and a guide await the boat's arrival. The morning route of the Key trip includes a glimpse of Alameda as well as the towns aforementioned. The afternoon route is somewhat shorter.

The Oakland Library at 14th and Grove Streets is notable for its decorative panels by Arthur Mathews; the Municipal Museum for its South Sea and Indian curiosities. In the Piedmont Park Gallery we have an impressive example of California's enthusiasm for fine pictures of varying schools. The Russian canvases shown at St. Louis were purchased and brought *in toto* to add lustre to this gallery, whose catalogue already contained the names of Henner, Dupré, Paulus Potter, Rembrandt, Rubens, Correggio, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Joshua Reynolds, besides scores of Americans, and, in particular, Californians. Among the Russian paintings is "The Storming of San Juan Hill by the Rough Riders, led by Theodore Roosevelt," and depicted by Vereschagin. Uncanny combination! The great Slav is also represented by the portrait of a priest. Pirogov gives us one of his lively scenes, "A Bridal Procession," Demisov-Uralsky some dreary landscapes. Roerich, who has done for Russian churches what Deakin has done for the Missions, contributes the largest one-man collection in the gallery. Makovsky — when did he ever paint aught but misery? Here

we have his "Vagabond" and "Tired of Her." Miss Akimova's "Finland Evening" neighbours Gamble's joyful "Spring in California," and Deakin's "Corner of a French Kitchen" and Tom Hill's lovely "Redwoods." A portrait by Repin is hung near the "Yosemite Valley" by C. D. Robinson, and near two of Alexeiev's characteristic pictures of Russian life.

A canvas by Charles Nahl interprets the Goyaesque episodes of a "Sunday in California in the Early Days"—music, quarrelling, flirting, horse-breaking, drinking in the *fonda* arbour. "Tamalpais" and "A Grey Day" are by Thad Welch, he of the Marin Hills, and there is a majestic Keith picture of the Californian Alps. Hahn and Kahl, Yelland and Partington, all Californians, are here, and many others, there being several hundred canvases in the collection.

Berkeley, which is of itself a community worthy to be visited for its Hotel Claremont, its Country Club and Leroy Avenue and Ridge Road homes, is best known as the seat of the State University. Here it may be said on the authority of a California statist (all Californians are facile in quoting figures relating to their State) that this commonwealth, after Massachusetts, has more college students than any in the Union.

The campus of the Berkeley school was laid out upon the carefully deliberated plan of a French

artist; though it lacks the ripe beauty of an older community of buildings infested with tradition and great names, one feels, as he roams about the oak-shaded lawns, that here is a scaffold upon which great achievements will fasten and climb. The Mining Building near a grove of blue gums, the Chemistry Building from whose portico each graduating class leaves upon its farewell tour of the campus, the ivy-covered home of the Faculty Club, the Hillside Club, the President's house, the gymnasium, the memorial gates and bridges, the creek, the lily pond, the Botanical Gardens, Tilden's Football Monument, the Greek *theatron*, each contribute an element of beauty and interest. In the library are treasured manuscripts, among them the first draft of *The Heathen Chinese*. Bret Harte held the University's Chair of Recent Literature in 1870. Sir William Ramsay, Hugo de Vries, Jacques Loeb, and Professor Arrhenius, the Swedish physicist, have lectured before the annual Summer School. The names of Frank Norris and Jack London are on the roll of the university's literary alumni.

South of Oakland on a steep hill above Fruitvale is the eccentric domain of the Indiana poet who was baptised Cincinnatus Hiner, but was known at home and abroad as Joaquin Miller. For twenty-five years he lived here on the site of Fremont's camp and planted trees, 80,000 of them,

and dreamed, and wrote verses, mostly about the west and California. A rough square tower on "The Heights" is his monument to Fremont. A round tower is raised to Browning's memory, and there is a pyramid for Moses. These were his heroes. His own monument, designed by Tilden, is in Oakland Park.

Alameda and the towns south of it constitute a fecund belt which girdles desirable estates and prepossessing cottages. Early morning finds the roads a-rumble with carts whose scented loads are destined for San Francisco's basement markets in Bush and Kearny Streets. Italian, Japanese and Chinese growers cull their posies from a net-work of ranches in Alameda, San Mateo and Santa Clara Counties. Some walk to market carrying a brimming basket at either end of a pole supported on the shoulder. Before noon they come back again, baskets empty, the profits of their haggling stowed in their jeans, or beneath the crowns of broad hats.

Mt. Diablo was so named by the Spanish for a mysterious wizard of the hills who used to appear in Indian war dress to those who had vision acute enough to see him. The isolated peak commands the country behind Oakland in Contra Costa County, 40 miles east of San Francisco. A Key Route electric train, Oakland - Sacramento, passes near the foot of the mountain, but it may also be

reached by taking the Southern Pacific to Danville, where there are hotels and livery stables. A 10-mile drive up a new road through oak groves and remarkable rock scenery is rewarded by a view which, in bright weather, extends from Shasta in the north to Whitney in the south, from the Farallone Islands to the Sierra wall. In Pine Canyon or near the top there is excellent camping-ground.

A few miles further toward Stockton is Byron Springs, to whose "Mission" hotel the ailing and the holiday-maker resort. Here are seven curative springs and an environment which compensates even those who must have recourse to them.

Local steamer excursions from San Francisco have already been mentioned under this heading in Chapter I. The reader is referred to a pamphlet, "Trips by Train, Trolley, Boat and Motor," given to those who apply at the Chamber of Commerce, Merchants Exchange Building, or at the California Development Board rooms in the San Francisco Ferry Building. This bulletin gives a multitude of details concerning neighbourhood tours, both conducted and independent.

Vallejo and Mare Island.

En route to Vallejo, the steamers of the Monticello Line hold their course past the island where

goats used to browse the mint herb, the *yerba buena* of the Spaniards; now the buildings of a naval training-school gleam white on its sides. Off Tiburon, Angel Island narrows the channel which swells further north into San Pablo Bay.

At Vallejo, passes are obtained for the Navy Yard on Mare Island. It is said that a white mare of General Vallejo having been thrown into the bay during a ferry-boat disaster, climbed upon this island, which was thereafter called *Isla de la Yegua*, Island of the Mare.

Admiral Farragut supervised the original planning of the Yard in 1854. His house, shaded by tall trees, is still there. The present commandants live in a spacious residence of Colonial design. There are about 1600 employés in the naval construction and repair shops. The souvenirs about the grounds, the museum near the Administration Building, and the venerable *Independence* with its high wooden poop all teach a vivid lesson on the country's history.

Napa — St. Helena — Calistoga — Geysers and Lakes — Sonoma.

The Napa Valley electric road, which leaves from Vallejo, has come into being since the May day in 1880 when three travellers crossed "the contractions and expansions of that inland sea, the Bay of San Francisco," on their way to hoped-for

health for one of their number, the bridegroom, "R. L. S." They passed, as we may, up the lovely valley to Napa and St. Helena, a region known best for its mineral springs and miles of vineyards, and came to Calistoga in the lee of Mt. St. Helena. Stevenson wrote, "Her great bald summit, clear of trees and pasture, a cairn of quartz and cinnabar, rejected kinship with the dark and shaggy wilderness of lesser hill-tops."

He and his wife and step-son found a shack, "three rooms plastered against the hill," in "a deserted mining-camp, eight miles up the mountain." "There, sir," he wrote to Colvin, "we are to fish, hunt, sketch and study." In this "land of stage-drivers and highwaymen," they lived until the end of July, when they went to Scotland. Some months later *The Silverado Squatters* was begun in Switzerland and finished on the Mediterranean.

A wood-cut illustrating the interior of the cabin shows Stevenson in a familiar attitude, propped with pillows and writing in one of a "triple tier of beds where miners once had lain."

The site of Silverado is now overgrown with grape-vines, but many of the characters he described are still remembered by the people thereabouts.

Calistoga is the touring-point for the marvelous

Petrified Forest ¹ of oaks and cone-bearing trees which is a short drive to the west, and for the Geysers of Sonoma County (stage 26 m.). There are more than a hundred of these spouting springs, and in the canyon the earth about the infernal hissing rifts is hot to the feet.

Many pleasant roads lead from Calistoga to resorts whose life centres about the healing waters which flow so abundantly in this volcanic soil. To the north is the lake country, where San Franciscans camp and hunt, fish and climb in the summer. Clear Lake is the Lake Tahoe of the northwestern counties. From the town of St. Helena a road reaches the lower projection of this body of water, which lies like a floor of glass between the Blue Lakes and Mount Hannah. On its east shore is the landing for Bartlett Springs, whose carbonated alkaline waters are sold throughout the State.

From Napa Junction there is connection via Schellville for Sonoma, Agua Caliente (Hot Spring), and Santa Rosa, the latter being at the junction of this branch and the main Northwestern Pacific road, Tiburon-San Rafael-Ukiah. From San Francisco, Sonoma is more conveniently reached by going by the main line as far as Ignacia and there turning off to Schellville.

The last of the twenty-one Missions was established at Sonoma about the time Mexico was freed

¹ Automobile meets morning train on its arrival at Calistoga.

from Spain. Some portions of the cloister and church remain. To the latter's adornment the Russians of Fort Ross made contribution. The feather-work of the Mission monks was especially famous.

The site of Sonoma, and all the surrounding acres to the number of 86,000, were granted by the Mexican Government to Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, a "native son" who was reared in Monterey and whose niece was the first white child born in Yerba Buena (1838). He had a magnificent homestead not far from Sonoma, the town he founded. The name of the *hacienda*, Lachryma Montis, had its origin in the legend of an Indian maid whose lovelorn tears gave rise to a spring in the mountain. Though the great house is deserted now, it was once the scene of imposing hospitalities and feudal splendour. A Swiss chalet contains a collection of antiquities recalling the years before the *Americanos* came. A comparatively modern house is the home of the remaining members of General Vallejo's family.

To his house on the Sonoma plaza near the Mission Church came Fremont and a swashbuckling crew to seize the gentle Spanish officer, whom his pictures show to have been a man with broad brow, kind eyes and straight, smiling lips.

Guilty of no crime, friendly, even, to the invad-

ers, he was taken under guard to Sutter's Fort and kept a prisoner for many weeks.

Meanwhile his captors had proclaimed the "American Republic of California," and their flag had in turn been supplanted by the Stars and Stripes (1846).

The "flag of the grizzly, the star and the bar" was created "to meet an emergency at a critical moment in California history." William Lincoln Todd, nephew to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, drew in the centre of a torn sheet the bear. He then made a star in the upper left corner, which so closely suggested the Texan flag that it was decided to add a bar, for which was contributed, so the records detail, the red flannel petticoat of the Mexican wife of the American express rider between Sutter's Fort and Sonoma. Thereafter the Californians called the Americans "The Bears." In 1911 the Bear Flag became the official State emblem.

From Sonoma one may continue to Santa Rosa, or return to San Francisco via the boats from Vallejo or Tiburon.

Sausalito — Tamalpais.

The steamer which leaves the Mission Street wharf at the south end of the Ferry Building affords a close view of the shipping and wharves, the prison island of Alcatraz, the Expo-

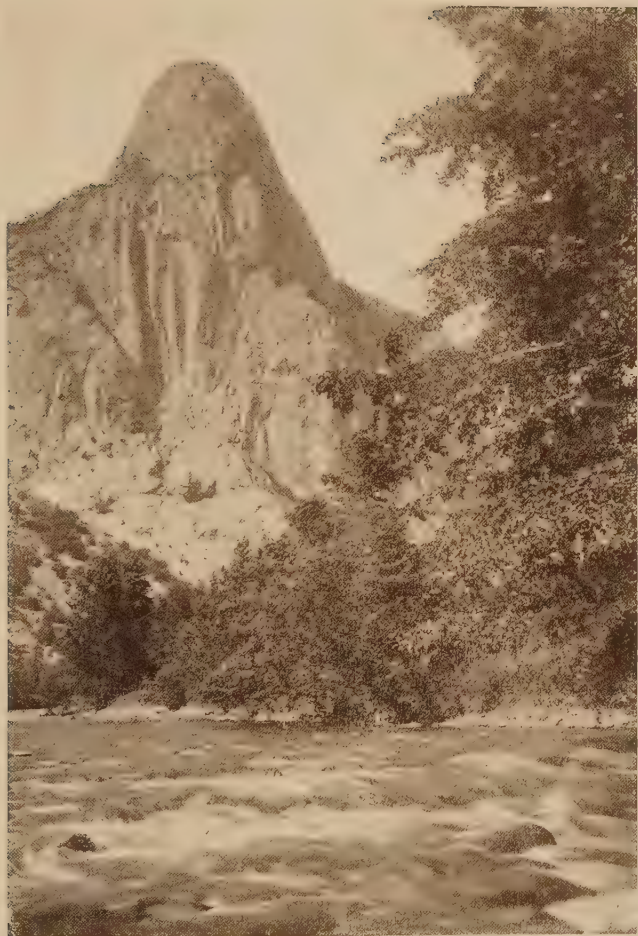
sition grounds at Harbour View, the batteries on both sides of the harbour narrows, and the residential and industrial settlements on the broken northern coast.

Sausalito of the euphonious name is one of the prettiest of these sunny shore towns. Its sloping gardens let down ladders wreathed with roses for those to climb who dwell in the trim houses above. In summer-time, be vies of yachts, launches and house-boats foregather in the coves between Sausalito and Belvedere.

But Sausalito is chiefly significant to the tourist as the starting-point for the railways which give access to Mt. Tamalpais, "the blue," "the tripeaked," the hill of Tamal-land.²

The half-hour trip from San Francisco having been accomplished by a direct route across the straits, the journey proceeds by electric train to Mill Valley, another enchanted nook of the Marin Hills, and from thence by a broad-gauge railroad to the summit of the volcanic cone, which, rising 2600 feet above the water, surveys half the State. The hair-pin railroad, which has more curves in proportion to its length than any ever

² Connecting ferry-boats leave San Francisco 9:45 A. M. and 1:45 P. M. Trains arrive Tamalpais 11:40 A. M. and 3:45 P. M. Leave Tamalpais 7:20 A. M., 1:40 and 4:45 P. M. Special schedules Saturday and Sunday. Return fare, \$1.90, including Muir Woods, \$2.90. Tavern rooms, \$1.00 a day.



TEHIPITE DOME, KINGS RIVER

built, mounts through forests containing trees of both the sub-tropic and the temperate zone. Between the crest and the sea, in a depression on the hill-side, the Muir Woods spread a dark cloak which covers the flank for four or five miles. This retreat is reached by a loop from "the Double Bow Knot." The beautiful sequoia forest is preserved in its primitive state, according to the will of the donor, William Kent, who, in 1907, gave the Woods, named for John Muir, to the nation.

Just under the topmost reach of the mountain is the tavern where the wise will remain at least a night, the very wise many nights and days to commune with a view whose physical features were amazing enough without the enhancing grandeur of storm and moonlight, of sunset and fog drifts, flaming with colour and light. Sometimes Nature shuts you in with just the sky and the mountains for companions. The world is drowned beneath a flood of cloud. Great waves of mist come pushing toward the peak; the black crests of other mountains loom like islands in a restless surf. You are aloof, alone. . . . When perhaps for two days your eye has beheld no water, and no land except the scrubby slopes about you, then the winds sweep in from the Farallones, blow hard upon the fog sea, rend it into rags of vapour, and cities which have lain unseen rise smiling in the sun.

San Rafael — Petaluma — Santa Rosa — Russian River and Coast Resorts.

A tri-cornered, 150-mile trip scheduled by the Northwestern Pacific begins at the San Francisco wharf early every morning and terminates there in the evening. The return fare is \$2.20 to \$2.80, according to the day of the week. The route is: San Francisco — Sausalito — San Rafael — Petaluma — Santa Rosa — Fulton, west to Guerneville and Monte Rio, south to Tomales — Point Reyes station — Sausalito. North of Santa Rosa the road continues into Mendocino and Humboldt Counties.

By motor, Sausalito — Petaluma — Ukiah — Willits — Dyerville (or Ukiah — Mendocino — Dyerville) — Eureka — Oregon line, 434-454 miles.

San Rafael is a rather haughty though thoroughly lovely Mistress of Flowers. Cypressess, latticed retreats, pergolas, tree balconies, musical rivulets compose her hill-side domain.

Her name descends from the hospital Mission of Saint Raphael the Archangel, established in this sheltered valley in 1817, and commemorated today by two or three lonely pear trees which, like the still fruitful olive trees of San Diego, were planted by the Brothers of St. Francis.

Petaluma is the richest town in the prosperous County of Sonoma. It is known to California as the birth-place of many who became rich through various enterprises. But Petaluma — the name is Indian for "duck pond" — is most widely known as an incubator of baby cocks and hens. For twelve months in the year the world's most pro-

lific chick-hatchery turns each morning into its runways over 3000 new balls of canary down. A great number of farms have from 500 to 30,000 feathered earners; the profit on each hen averages a dollar a year. All told, the grey and white hordes consume as their daily portion over 600 tons of food. In a year, the hens of Petaluma leave in their nests more than 12,000,000 dozen eggs. One shudders to think of the size of the omelette were the Duck Pond to be shaken by brusque seismic disturbance.

Besides 3,000,000 infant chickens, 85,000 dozen older ones are annually shipped on the poultry freighters which leave Petaluma from the landing at the head of San Pablo inlet. And yet the demand in California alone is not supplied. In addition to the 360,000,000 eggs produced elsewhere in the State, there are many million more imported from outside sources, besides hundreds of carloads of pullets and fowls.

As California has less than 3,000,000 population, her appetite for the products of the hen would seem to be abnormal if one failed to consider the number of tourists she entertains at all seasons of the year.

In Santa Rosa, a delightful type of the small but affluent California town, there lives a modest man with the firm, sensitive face of the practical dreamer.

Forty years ago, some time before he left Massachusetts for a climate more convivial to his work, the botanist-magician took upon himself the regeneration of the wild South American potato, antecedent of all its kind. From the wizened reddish tuber he evolved one that was large and white-skinned. Thirty of them filled a barley-sack. This creation, according to governmental reports, "has added \$17,000,000 a year to the value of the agricultural output of the United States." Not content with this benefaction, he matured with painstaking science a species of the *prunus domestica* whose size and perfection has enabled the State of his adoption to produce three times its former crop of prunes, emphasising the dictionary's secondary definition: "A plum is a large fortune."

After years of experimenting in which he was assisted by his brother, formerly a professor in the University of California, this foster father of the fruits and flowers has rendered edible the pear and fleshy leaves of the desert cactus, whose reservoirs of liquid have hitherto been denied to man and beast because of hostile thorns. The fruit of the spineless cactus has been compared in its juiciness to the watermelon, in its flavour to the united flavours of the mango, peach and strawberry. The nutrition of its hinged, silken leaves surpasses that of other fodder for cattle.

Burbank has married the plum to the apricot, divorced the corn from its cob and the melon from its seed, has deprived the potato of its eyes, changed the complexion of the blackberry. For him the field marguerite has broadened its span, and tripled and blanched to a more immaculate white its petals.

The fadeless Australian star flower, born of his genius never to die, is comparable to the imperishable fame of the Conjurer of Santa Rosa.

Immense hop ranches extend for miles about Fulton. In September they give work to regiments of pickers who live in tents. At night, when the drying-houses overflow with the silver-green cones, men and maidens dance beneath the starred sky. The beginning and end of the season are marked by festivities in which all the countryside joins.

Between Guerneville and Monte Rio (going west on the Northwestern Pacific), the Russian River, the *Slavianka* of early settlers, and the majestic redwoods appear in robust beauty to vary the scene. A grove beyond Guerneville was chosen by the Bohemian Club for their Camp Vacation. Near the space set apart for masques and woodland rites is the heroic figure of an Indian executed by Robert Aitkin, one of the best of California's sculptors. He is also the author of the McKinley memorial in Golden Gate Park and of the ornate monument which is to be the Bohemian club's tribute to Bret Harte.

The region hereabouts and below Monte Rio near the coast is thickly populated by holiday-makers in the summer-time.

Fort Ross, north of the outlet of the Russian River, is

reached by stage from Cazadero. It still boasts the remains of buildings which sheltered for thirty years the colonists of the Russian Fur Company. The stronghold was established in 1812. A lively trade was carried on with the Mission fathers, even though the Russians' designs in California were regarded with suspicion. Their flag was hauled down in 1839 when Captain Sutter came into possession of the property.

The hotels at Duncan's Mills (Moscow) and at Inverness on Bodega Bay offer the charms of both shore and hills. West of Point Reyes station is the bay named for Sir Francis Drake, who is believed to have made this his winter anchorage considerably over four centuries ago.

Fulton — Asti — Cloverdale — Ukiah — Lakes and Watering-places — The Redwoods — Eureka.

The railroad continues on its main route north from Fulton along the Russian River, touching summer resorts and prosperous villages. Automobile roads connect Healdsburg and Calistoga, the Petrified Forest, the Geysers and Cloverdale. The latter town, situated among orange groves, is the railroad station for many well-known springs.

On the way to Cloverdale is Asti, the pivotal point for a colony of Italian vine-growers who live in surroundings which recall their native land. Their houses have terra cotta roofs, and windows set deep in white walls and barred with iron grilles. The songs, the trellises, the balm of the air, the

trees, the bared feet and brilliant kerchiefs speak of Italy.

At Asti is the oft-quoted wine-well which is capable of holding half a million gallons, or ten times as much as the still more noted tun at Heidelberg.

Besides the 2000 acres planted here to grapes, the Swiss-Italian Company has other vineyards further south.

Near Ukiah, in Mendocino County, is the home of a naturalist whose life-work is the study of lilies. His garden is a paradise of slender growths springing from the hearts of bulbs. Carl Purdy has still another hobby — the mythology and mechanics of Indian basketry.

In Potter Valley there is a settlement of Poma³ Indians, the People of the Red Earth, which name is applied to a score or more affiliated tribes. Authorities dispute their supremacy as basket-makers: there are tribes in southwestern counties which are marvelously expert. But when found by the Americans, Mr. Purdy contends, the Pomas were making baskets “of the highest perfection ever attained anywhere.” The woven receptacles carried their babies, their seeds, their water and their fire-wood. *Bam-tush* traps caught their game, and in mortars woven of dark sedge-roots and gleaming grasses upon a frame of willow-shoots, they ground their *atole*. The designs of

³ Sometimes wrongly spelled Pomo.

arrows, lizards'-tails, scorpions, triangles, lightning zig-zags and spotted snakes reflect not only nature but immemorial tradition. Very fine baskets are adorned with feather-work, coins and abalone shells. But even the humblest *dala* is wrought with infinite "beauty, pains, skill and variety."

Here are my ivory grasses; once they clung
To mountain ledges where the great clouds hung.
And these slim jetty ferns their stems unwind,
By deep-down cañon springs with dark moss lined.
And here are weeds and limber roots up-strung.

I weave my baskets; all the high and low
Of my wild life in these wild stems I snare

.

And many a mystic thought doth shape and flow,
Setting itself in picture firm and fair.⁴

Ukiah is the gateway to a vast recreation ground of forests and fishing-streams, and venturesome trails for horseman and pedestrian. Stages make week-day trips through the redwoods to summer inns and to points on the coast — to Blue, Laurel Dell and Upper Lakes; to Vichy, Saratoga, Witter and Orr's Springs; to Poma and Potter Valley (25 miles); to Point Arena and Mendocino (47 miles). At the two last-named places the roads from Ukiah touch the highway which connects the

⁴ *The Indian Basket-Maker*, by Anna Ball, in *Out West*.

coast towns between Cazadero and the Oregon border.

Fort Bragg has rail connection with Willits (on the Northwestern) via the California Western Railroad, whose winding route is starred by untamed scenes of river and mountain. The Noyo is one of the streams of Northern California most beloved by the camper, the huntsman and angler.

In the green solitudes of these wild-wood spaces one may roam far on paths which give no sound beneath the foot — among brown shafts topped by soaring branches, along stealthy little streams bearing their secrets to the sea, over hill-tops which glimpse the rugged summits of the Coast Range. Miles upon miles of towering sequoias are here now for our enjoyment. But ogre-mills are devouring them fast, slicing their lengths into huge steaks, splintering them into tooth-picks. Not long ago the Federal Government gave to one mill 2,000,000 acres of trees for a sum which approximated \$2.00 for each acre.

The railway is pushing through to join the line which already runs south from Eureka. But the tourist will regret its completion if it deprive him of the motor-ride which for 70 miles follows the Overland Highway between Longvale (152 miles north of San Francisco) and Fort Seward. The stages of the Scenic Auto Route (San Francisco

office, Phelan Building) connect with trains arriving on the Northwestern Pacific.

The road to Fort Seward passes near Round Valley Indian Reservation of bloody fame, and through the green of the foothills in view of looming heights. The connecting section of the railway will pursue the picturesque course of the Eel River. One of the finest concrete bridges in America spans this river near the foot of Humboldt Bay.

Eureka, opposite the entrance of the bay, has a harbour 14 miles long which has been dredged of its sand-bar and now welcomes ships of any tonnage. It is the "Land's End of California," a clean, energetic, fast-growing city. One wonders from what source a community so far removed from the interior of the State draws its life, until he goes down to the water-front and takes count of the lumber-boats loading at its piers.

General Grant, when a young man, was stationed at Fort Humboldt, and Bret Harte edited one of Eureka's first newspapers.

Good motor-roads join Eureka to Red Bluff and Redding on the Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific.

In a remote corner of Del Norte, the farthest-north county of the California coast, there are marble caves which are said to equal those of Fin- gal, and the Australian grottos of Jenolan.

CHAPTER VII

SACRAMENTO, MT. SHASTA, LAKE TAHOE THE FEATHER RIVER CANYON

Sacramento — Shasta Springs — Sisson. Sacramento — Lake
Tahoe via Placerville, and via Auburn.
Sacramento — Hawley.

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SAN FRANCISCO — SACRAMENTO — Several attractive routes unite San Francisco and the capital. The boats which ply the Sacramento River between the two cities (125 m. See Local Steamers, Chapter I) are comfortable stern-wheelers of fair speed. They bring one into close touch with the groves and truck gardens of the bottom-lands, a tract of great area reclaimed from tule (rush) marshes, walled against floods, and developed into one of the State's richest agricultural districts.

The automobile road between Oakland, Haywards, Livermore, Tracy, Stockton and Sacramento (130 m.) is exceptionally good.

An electric line, the Key Route from Oakland, reaches Sacramento via Antioch.

The Santa Fé makes connection from Stockton via Lodi over the line of the Central California Traction Company (52 m.); the Western Pacific over its own rails, Oakland — Niles — Stockton — Sacramento. The most direct way is from Oakland by the Southern Pacific. Distance via Suisun City, 90 m. Time, 3½ hours.

SAN FRANCISCO — SHASTA SPRINGS, via Oakland, Benicia, Suisun, Davis, Williams, Tehama, Red Bluff, distance 337 m. Time, 10 hrs. by Shasta Limited (Southern Pacific).

Daily. Extra fare. Lv. 11:20 A. M.; arr. 9:30 P. M. Other day and night expresses.

Shasta Springs - San Francisco, lv. 10:45 A. M. (Limited *de luxe*); arr. 8:50 P. M.

By motor, Oakland - Williams - Red Bluff - Shasta Springs, 286 m.

SAN FRANCISCO - LAKE TAHOE, via Davis, Sacramento, Auburn, Truckee, 208 m. Time, 10½ to 11½ hrs. by day and evening trains. Evening train from San Francisco arrives at Truckee in time to make connection for Tahoe City (15 miles), take breakfast at the Tavern, make the steamer trip around the lake, and connect for evening Overland Express to the east. All east and west-bound Southern Pacific trains on the Ogden Route allow a 10-day stop-over on through first-class tickets. Return fare, rail Truckee - Tahoe, steamer around lake, rail back to Truckee, \$6.00.

During the winter season, November to May, the branch train leaves Truckee for Tahoe City (head of the lake) at 3:30 P. M. on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

By motor, Oakland - Sacramento - Auburn - Tahoe City, 252 m.

En Route to Sacramento.

ACROSS Suisun Bay from Benicia (famed in early days as the home of the "Benicia Boy") at the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, W. T. Sherman, when lieutenant in the U. S. army, surveyed the "Ranch of the Sand Dunes," with "reserves for churches, a university, State capitol, et cetera," which its Eastern sponsors hoped would become the terminus of a continental railroad. The prospective city was given "the aspiring but awkward name," New York-of-the-

Pacific. As it was at the head of sea navigation, and at the mouth of grain and mining regions, great things were hoped for it, relates a writer of 1850. But the pseudo-metropolis declined in glory and became the insignificant settlement of Black Diamond.

Near Suisun City, Edwin Markham spent his childhood and youth. Incidents of his school-days are described by one of his teachers, Mr. S. D. Woods, in *Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast*.

The State Agricultural Farm is at Davis, the station at which the Shasta Limited and other north-bound trains turn off from the line to the east.

Sacramento, at the cross-roads of four overland mail routes, surrounded by an immensely productive acreage which adds to its wealth and population, and of especial interest because of the events in which it has had a share, is the capital of California by every right of position and history.

It is the one large city of the State with whose founding the Spanish had no concern. The Mexican Government conferred upon Sutter the possessions of which the site of the capital became a part. But there was never a settlement of Mexicans or Spaniards here.

Like San Francisco, Sacramento drew its first sustenance from a golden spoon. Sutter had chosen a domain upon a navigable river for purposes of trade. It was this river which constituted the main highway of transportation when the expanse to the northeast, hitherto barren of population, suddenly teemed with a multitude of men.

At the behest of Sutter the town was laid out by three young army officers in the employ of the Government. One of the three was William Tecumseh Sherman. There was not a house on the plain of present Sacramento in 1847. Eighteen months later, several thousand people had taken up residence there.

Three other towns were made the seat of State administration before Sacramento was named as the final choice in 1854. The first governor, Peter H. Burnett, was elected in December, 1849. John Sutter was one of several defeated candidates.

In 1867 the capitol was completed. Writers of the period proclaimed it "the most beautiful public building in the United States." Though we cannot to-day subscribe to this extravagant eulogium, every visitor admits the impressiveness of the well-proportioned dome, as, sheathed in gold, it lifts its stately height above a splendid botanical park. Here trees from every land flourish as

beneath their native skies. Of patriotic interest are the tree-monuments uprooted, each one, from some battle-field of the Civil War.

The State Insectary, situated in the park, breeds beneficent beetles which in time of pest are despatched to devour the destroyers in infected districts.

Some of the main thoroughfares still bristle with the minarets and cupolas of early California architecture. But the immediate neighbourhood of the capitol and City Hall Plaza show many modern banks, hotels and theatres.

The stations of the Northern Electric, Oakland and Antioch, Central California Traction ¹ and Southern Pacific roads are all within a few blocks of the steamer landing. The Western Pacific station is away from the business centre, at J and 19th Streets.

Chinatown and Japtown encroach upon the busiest quarter of the city, and have together a population of over 5000. The shops are attractive, but the Sacramento Oriental is a sophisticated product, capable, suavely self-confident. One gets an impression of excessive thrift, untempered by mystery or romance.

The river-front is astir with pleasure-craft, with steamers loading appetizing cargoes, with fisher-

¹ These electric lines offer the tourist a choice of excursions all of which will reveal vistas of opulent fields and homes.

men casting their lines for salmon and bass -- and catching them.

The Crocker Art Gallery, a noteworthy collection of paintings, reminds us that Sacramento was in 1861 the scene of a momentous conference between four of its active business men, one of whom was a grocer, two of whom were hardware merchants and the fourth a dealer in dry-goods. Stanford the grocer, Hopkins and Huntington the vendors of tools and gold-washers, and Crocker the draper, met to discuss with Judah, the engineer, the need for a continental railroad and the means for its construction. A railway, the first in California, had been laid between Sacramento and Folsom in 1856. In 1864 a line was extended from the capital to Newcastle in the direction of the Central Pacific's surveys for the overland route which was completed five years later in conjunction with the Union Pacific. The first time-card, issued June 6, 1864, was signed by Leland Stanford, President. Citizens were frank in their denunciation of the enterprise, which was commonly known as "the Dutch Flat Swindle."

One of the city's proudest possessions is the ostrich farm at 10th and W Streets. The pompous bi-peds prosper here, as does the orange, fully as well as in the South, owing to the sheltered warmth of this great trough of the Sacramento Valley, walled by two mountain ranges. The farm is one



A SUMMER CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS

of nine in the State, the value of whose combined annual yield is about \$300,000. This sum, considerable as it may seem, is only a fourth of the total valuation of Arizona's feather-crop.

At the third year, when the birds begin to mate, a pair is worth \$600 to \$800. In a season the placid brown female may lay as many as forty eggs, weighing about three pounds each. Her husband (the ostrich is monogamous) is black and ferocious, but helpful in the family ménage. It is his long, strong toe-nail, useful as both an implement and a weapon, which scoops the shallow nest in the sand. At night he relieves the mother in hatching. When six weeks have passed, an unerring impulse leads the parents to crack the eggs' tough shell, which the chicks' bills are too weak to open. Of brains, ostriches have a traditional lack. Their keepers aver that they are incapable of distinguishing even those who serve their needs. Nevertheless they walk with hauteur, as if carrying upon their backs emblems of vanity gave them the right to exact homage. Therein their pose is not dissimilar to that of many who don the fine feathers after they are plucked.

The camellia blooms in Sacramento during February and March as profligately as during the same months the pink and white petals blow in bonny Portugal. Linnæus named the species for

Camellus, a Moravian monk who was the first European to describe its native habitat in Japan.

In Sacramento's parks and gardens flourish the date-palm, the pomegranate and the bamboo. Over many a rose-hung wall and geranium hedge one catches a whiff of the tropics. Single oranges weighing two pounds and measuring seventeen inches in circumference were produced near Sacramento. When exhibited at St. Louis they took first prize for the largest ever grown. A certain fig tree in this region bears three crops a year, the sum of its fruit equalling a ton.

At the gates of the city and beyond are Tokay vineyards, pear orchards, hop-fields and asparagus beds such as Sutter in his most confident expectations could never have pictured when in 1839 he took unto himself all the acres that came under his vision and erected on the mound now enclosed within the city's limits ² the stockade which historians place second only to the Missions in interest.

It was said by Captain Sutter that he had been in 1830 an officer in the guard of Charles X and that he had lost his commission because he participated in revolution. Therefore, he related upon his arrival in California, had he left France to seek his fortune in America. Not all of the gallant adventurer's tales have been verified, but it is certain

² Corner 26th and K Sts. M Street or J Street cars.

that he did wander from Missouri to the Sandwich Islands and back again to Alta California before coming into possession of the Sutter Rancho with unlimited authority over it and its Indians.

La Californie, a book of travels written by a Frenchman in the late '40's, describes the fort built by the natives, who had been repaid in food, cloth, glass necklaces and other baubles. "A space 500 feet long by 150 feet wide was enclosed by an adobe wall 18 feet high by 3 feet thick, the whole being guarded by cannon." Twenty-four pieces of artillery had been acquired from the Russians. The garrison consisted of "one hundred Indians in uniform, well drilled," so Monsieur Hypolite Ferry tells us, "and organised in a military manner."

Sutter's generosity fitted out many relief expeditions for snow-bound immigrants. Starving, dismayed by suffering and mourning the loss of their relatives, the remnant of the Donner Party found shelter here in the winter of 1846-7. The previous summer the American flag had been raised immediately after the taking of Monterey.

The interior of the fort was rented to shopkeepers in 1849 for \$60,000. During the fevered years that ensued Fort Sutter was the crux of mining life. But the city of Sacramento grew away from it instead of about it. In 1888 only a neglected pile remained. The Native Sons of the

Golden West began its restoration, expending over \$50,000 upon it, including additional land. A museum is now enclosed within the rectangle.

The old fort, one of the hallowed landmarks of our country, looks no longer upon a rude plain harried by Indians and swarming with the uncouth figures of white men, but upon a park of well-nurtured flowers and pleasant paths winding over a lawn of smoothest green.

In Pioneer Hall are many mementoes, books and newspapers associated with early days. There are also owned in Sacramento the saw installed at Sutter's mill when gold was found, and other belongings of the city's first settler.

Sacramento's best route to the north in point of speed and luxury is by way of Davis (15 miles west), where the Shasta Limited from San Francisco is met at 2:20 P. M.

By motor, Sacramento-Shasta Springs, 239 miles.

On the Way to Shasta.

Two-thirds of the route is through the Valley of the Sacramento, a rich area of 6000 acres. This valley is believed to have once held the waters of a lake. Monotonous hills with corrugated flanks abut *vegas* which in summer-time show every tint of desolate brown, but change in the winter to a waking green that glows to emerald in the spring. Hot winds, endless barley-fields, flies, mosquitoes, sun-beaten roads and malaria

are other constituent elements of summer among the irrigated lands. The drinking-water, too, is a menace.

Williams, in Colusa County, is the station for the lakes and springs of Lake County, already mentioned as accessible via Calistoga and points on the Northwestern Pacific (Chapter VI). A rough stage road (motor-bus, 44 m.) leads west to Bartlett Springs.

At the upper end of the Valley near Corning is the Maywood Colony, founded 1892. About 45,000 acres subdivided into 10-acre tracts are planted to peach, apricot, fig, olive, orange, lemon, lime and almond trees whose fruit matures three to four weeks earlier than in Southern California.

Tehama is the junction of the San Francisco - Shasta Route and the Southern Pacific line, Sacramento - Roseville - Marysville - Chico - Tehama. Red Bluff is at the head of navigation on the Sacramento River. The cross-country highway to Eureka begins here. Anderson is a shipping point for fine figs and peaches.

Redding, at the extreme north end of the valley, is a thriving town built on hills which look away to Lassen Butte³ and Shasta, and far down the

³ This detached peak is covered by over a million acres of trees, is named for Peter Lassen, a path-finder who was one of the first to receive a Mexican grant in the valley, and is reached via two routes: By way of Chico and Sterling (branch railway), stage to Prattville, then by horseback or wagon to the foot of the mountain. Or by

trail of the Sacramento. It is the spending centre for the rich copper and gold-mining territory of Shasta County. A new highway goes west from here through Weaverville and the mining villages of the Trinity Mountains to Eureka.

The gorge of the Sacramento narrows and deepens, the line crosses perilous trestles and crawls along the ledges of the stubborn Siskiyou, conquered at last by man's skill. It is like getting into the sane, brisk woods of Maine to reach this north country, steep and dark with hardy trees.

The pinnacled cliffs of Castle Rock, the pine-belted spires of the Craggs catch the sunlight far above us. The Sacramento is a cord of silver in its rocky bed. Beyond, Shasta, the stainless, the lofty, barely draws aside her wooded skirts for us to pass.

Dunsmuir, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, each have their patrons among those who love forests more than cities, and the flash of scales and fighting fins beyond a city's dissipations.

At Shasta Springs, passengers are granted ten minutes' recess to breathe the air's cool fragrance, to listen to symphonic waters, singing through ravines, booming in far-off gullies, quavering in riv-

way of Red Bluff. Stage to Mineral, 45 miles. Camp at Mineral. Thence by horseback to Camp Rutherford, a day's journey. From here many trails lead to mountain lakes and geysers. Camp Rutherford to base Mt. Lassen (8,000 ft.), one day. Go on foot to top (10,750 ft.).

ulets down mossy banks. The spring at the way-side is free to all who will drink. In every sip one is conscious of the chlorides and iodides, the carbonates and bi-carbonates which are its base. Having once tasted, one is not so eager to join the throng the next time he passes this way.

An incline railway gives access to the hotel above the station where one may spend days of enjoyment, in view of Shasta, and in an immediate environment of exceptional beauty.

Mount Shasta is the culminating dome of the united Coast and Sierra Ranges. It celebrates their union. Further south they draw apart, keeping pace either side the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys until they meet again above the deserts. For centuries it marked the border between the French possessions on the north and the Spanish on the south. On old maps, it is called "Shaste." We have it from good authority that the French, mindful of its flawlessness, named it *Chaste*, pure. The Indians knew it as *Poo-yoh*. Fremont mistaking the French name for an Indian one, reported it to the Government as having been baptised Shasta by the aboriginals.

The Indians have a legend that this was the first mountain made by the Creator, that this was the supreme proof of his skill, and other peaks but imitated it.

Viewed from the north it bulks high out of a level

plain. At the base are forests, then woods and meadows creep up to the lava furrows which thrust their skeleton ridges through drifts of perpetual snow.

The ascent is more tedious than perilous. It is usually made in July, a new route being offered from Sisson by rail to Pierce (9 m.) on the McCloud River Railroad. Many climbers prefer to leave by horseback from Sisson (3500 ft.). For each member in a party of ten the cost for guide and a night in camp is about \$5.00, or \$20.00 for a person alone.

Starting at noon from Sisson the timber-line is reached before dark. Very early in the morning the departure is made from the over-night camp on foot; in seven or eight hours, the summit (14,400 ft.) is achieved. Here are steaming springs among the loose stones, and an iron shaft scratched with vainglorious autographs.

The snow about the crater, which is a mile wide and 2500 feet deep, is stained with sulphurous yellow. Sometimes cavernous rumblings warn us that the grizzly volcano is not dead, that it but slumbers heavily, and snores. Some day, will it rouse and drown in a molten flood the villages at its feet?

The crest of the Fuji-yama peak surveys all Northern California from Mt. Diablo, 246 miles away, to Oregon, from Lassen and Black Buttes to

the Trinity Range. On the northeastern and eastern face are living glaciers, grinding slowly downward upon their ponderous mission.

The descent to Nowona or Strawberry Valley is expedited by sliding the snowy chutes, with the alpenstock as a rudder.

At Sisson there is a great hatchery from whose 53 ponds daily distribution of trout and salmon is made to the streams of the State.

At Weed, above Sisson, a new line of the Southern Pacific turns off from the main route to the north, and continues beyond Lower Klamath Lake to Klamath Falls and Upper Klamath Lake, Oregon.

Crater Lake National Park (Oregon) is reached from the Falls by steamer and stage.

Ager, on the main line, is the station for Beswick and Klamath Hot Springs (20 m. by automobile stage, summer only, or by carriage if the hotel is advised in advance). The mud and sulphur baths of this resort are highly regarded; likewise the fishing and hunting on the Klamath River.

Sacramento to Lake Tahoe.

The Wishbone Automobile Route has its head at Sacramento. The extremity of each flange touches Lake Tahoe. The lower road follows the general direction of the Southern Pacific motor railway, Sacramento - Folsom - Placerville (45 m.), and continues from Placerville over the turnpike among scenes of famous staging and mining days. It crosses the turbulent South Fork of

the American River in view of mountain valleys and cascades, traverses sweet-smelling glades, goes by inns and summer camps, and mounts the majestic pass of the Sierras. Tallac (51 m.) is at the southernmost end of the lake.⁴ Tahoe City, on the California side of the water, is 25 miles further north, Sacramento - Tahoe City, 121 miles.

Those who go by rail from Sacramento to Placerville (3 hrs.) may remain there over night and take the early morning automobile stage from the Ohio House, reaching Tallac about noon, in time for the boat trip around the lake to Tahoe City. Stage fare one way, \$10. Return, \$15.

Placerville was originally known as Hangtown because of a triple execution which occurred here in the violent '50's. Hangtown was the destination of Horace Greeley when "Hank" Monk and his six horses conducted him upon the break-neck ride whose description by Mark Twain is one of the classics of California. Henry James Monk, the most expert of the early stage-drivers, was the original of one of Twain's characters in *Roughing It*.

⁴ At Igsoods, south of Tallac, the Alpine State Highway joins the Placerville road. This new motor route leads east through Kit Carson Canyon and southeast to Markleeville. A short distance beyond, one branch goes southwest across the mountains to the Calaveras Big Tree Grove (24 m.) and another, about completed, follows due east by south to the Yosemite (48 m.). The road to the Calaveras Trees continues to Angels and Stockton.

Eight miles northwest of Placerville, the Native Sons have erected a statue of Marshall overlooking Coloma and the American River, commemorative of the discovery of gold.

The road most travelled from Sacramento to Truckee (119 m.) and Tahoe City (134 m.) is the Ogden Route of the Southern Pacific. The upper road of the "Wishbone" (state highway) parallels the railway through grain-fields and orchards which farther up the canyon of the American River give way to interlacing hills. In these hills arcs of water are forced out of low nozzles to wring from the grudging rocks their gold.

Roseville is the southern terminus of the line which passes through Tehamæ and Marysville en route to Sacramento from Shasta.

Auburn has a delightful climate in which olives and oranges grow as thriftily as apples and strawberries. Beyond the vacation land about Apple-gate is Colfax where the Nevada County Narrow Gauge starts on its 23-mile journey to Nevada City, in the heart of old mining camps. Rough and Ready, a few miles west, is the locale of *A Millionaire of Rough and Ready* and other Bret Harte stories.

Near Dutch Flat was Red Dog, forty miles from "Roaring Camp," according to the creator of "The Luck." Alta, the next station, is the birth-place of the prima donna, Emma Nevada, who

adopted as her *nom de theatre* the name of her native county.

From Blue Canyon there is connection for Tahoe via motor-stage.

The cliffs at Emigrant Gap still show the iron spikes which supported the ropes when the wagons of the early home-seekers were lowered here across the gorge of the river.

Slowly mounting, keeping ever in view the surpassing scenery of the river and the Sierras, the train toils at last to the crest of the road and halts at the station called Summit (7000 ft.). From here the line begins to descend through a gulch of granite.

Below Truckee Pass on Donner Lake is a massive cross which was raised by the "Sons of the Golden West" to mark the scene of the pitiful sacrifice of the company of immigrants, known as the Donner Party, who perished here in the snow. In April, 1846, they left Springfield, Missouri, and arriving at Salt Lake, took the route to the south. Their experiences were indescribable. They were attacked by Indians, their cattle died, many of the party fell ill; but at last they reached this lake east of the Divide. They had been so much longer on the way than they expected that they found, when they attempted to attain the pass, that snow forbade their progress. They were forced to pitch camp in a wintry wilderness.

In their consuming hunger they gnawed at the hides which had covered their cattle. Mrs. Eliza Donner Houghton, the youngest of the desolate group, recalls in a recent book of memories the departure on December 16th of a small band who were to cross the pass, if possible, and secure aid for the weaker ones. Half of them reached the other side of the mountains, the others were lost on the way. Before relief parties came, Donner himself was dying of starvation. When camp was broken his wife refused to leave him, and he was too ill to be taken on the long journey. She remained, and passed away by his side. A few of the rescued reached Fort Sutter, where, as we know, they were tenderly succoured.

The story of the Donner Party was utilised by Bret Harte in *Gabriel Conroy*.

The road from Truckee to Tahoe City winds with a ravishing river through a vale juttied with rocks and clothed with pine and fir.

Tahoe Tavern is at the railway terminus. This is also the point from which the steamer leaves to circle the lake.

The "Big Water" of the Indians lies at the inner bend of the line which demarks Nevada from California. A third of it belongs to Nevada. It would have been gross partiality to have given it all to one State. Like a signet of malachite it is held in shining prongs of snow. The depth of its

bed, the height of the mountains which rise grandly from its shore, influence this lustrous sheet of silver-blue, green-blue, royal-blue hues.

Its azure carpet, bordered by peaks nine to eleven thousand feet high, is spread more than a mile above sea before the doors of numerous alluring inns and piney camps, whose guests hunt, fish, ride, motor, swim, row, climb, make trips to other mountain-rimmed lakes, play tennis and bowls, dance, spin tales about evening camp-fires, and grow ruddy in the Tahoe air. The rustic Tavern is as perfect as thought can make it. Many come here who are content merely to watch between its verandah posts the changing lunettes of lake and mountains — grey in the morning, clear white and blue in the revealing noon, flaring with the shades of fire at the sunset, wrapped at twilight in veils of dusk through which they drift into darkness, pricked by a thousand lights of cheer.

The steamer is a swift steel craft that carries us past meadows and beaches and bluff prows to the resorts on the west shore, to Emerald Bay and to the exclusive Hotel Tallac. A road runs inland to Fallen Leaf Lake, the loveliest gem in the neck-lace of waters about Tahoe. Mt. Tallac (9700 ft.) sweeps abruptly from its edge. The way to the top is just rough enough to give zest to a tramping trip. Horses are for hire at the Hotel Tallac.



THE MISSION CHURCH OF THE RIVER CARMEL, NEAR
MONTEREY. TOMB OF FATHER SERRA

The steamer continues on its 72-mile course via Al Tahoe, through Nevada waters to Glenbrook (Carson City is two hours away, by stage), northward under the shadow of sloping heights to Brockway Hot Springs and Carnelian Bay, and thus to its home port.

Situation and scenery aside, Tahoe deserves its fame for its fish alone. Immense trout, "cut-throats," not "rainbows," linger in deep pools on the lake bottom. Smaller, tastier brothers are caught in the Truckee River, the hampers usually being filled quickest at the end near Tahoe City. The California trout season opens June first, the Nevada season a month earlier. One can understand, therefore, the popularity of Glenbrook in May.

Besides countless trips to near-by lakes, excursions are made by Tahoe visitors to Independence Lake (14 m. from Truckee) and to Webber Lake about the same distance further on. The latter is reached by stage from Truckee to Corey's (28 m.) and by another stage from Corey's to the lake (10 m.). A dozen other trout lakes are in the vicinity and at nearly all of them there is living accommodation.

The stage road Truckee-Sierraville-Loyalton runs in the same direction as the branch of the Western Pacific (Boca-Hawley) which bridges the distance between its main line and the Southern Pacific Ogden route.

The name Hawley has been given to the station formerly known as Beckwith. East of Hawley, the Nevada, California and Oregon, a narrow gauge road, turns north to Honey Lake, and pierces a primitive stretch of land as far

as Goose Lake in the northeast corner of California (Chat - Pine Creek, 186 miles).

Feather River Canyon.

This regal chasm, whose arch springs from Oroville (due north by the Western Pacific from Sacramento) to Portola, near Hawley, is one of the supreme sights of the Wonder State. Its winding bed is companioned by the rails of the Western Pacific. The triumphant blast of the engine sounds at last against the mighty sides which for so long knew only the bellow of waters, hurrying to their end.

As already indicated, the Canyon is accessible by way of Boca on the Southern Pacific, or over the Western Pacific trunk line, San Francisco - Stockton - Sacramento - Oroville - Keddie - Hawley - Doyle - Winnemucca - Salt Lake City.

At Oroville, in the heart of a great tract of olive orchards, the altitude is little more than 200 feet. Steadily the line mounts by an easy grade to Las Plumas, where the power plant is located which generates electricity for the lighting of San Francisco, over 200 miles away. At Merlin (1756 ft.) the river is constricted by the shelving bank of the railroad to the width of a brook. Frequently the contortions of the track are so abrupt that the engine's nose seems about to plough through cross barriers formed by the mountains. This-

elled cliffs announce the approach to the town of Rich (2500 ft.), near which gold was "scooped by the handful." The Plumas River of the Spaniards flows through an El Dorado once gorged with treasure; over \$10,000,000 worth of gold-bearing dirt was cradled in the streams of the territory adjacent to Rich Bar.

Shaggy forests plunge down to the serpent track; the scene increases in savage splendour as the road climbs to Keddie. Here gruff hills overlook meadows that reach to an unwatered plain beneath the thrusting Buttes. This is the station for Indian Falls and the lime springs.

From Marston a railway descends the valley to the county seat. Quincy is a delectable little town. Sportsmen know it for its neighbouring streams, for the grouse, deer and bear which haunt its august forests, and for its winter pastimes. An automobile road winds south from here to Downieville. There it joins the highway from Oroville to Loyalton. Sierra County was the scene of Bret Harte's *M'liss* and *Outcasts of Poker Flat*, the latter the final test of his genius.

Blairsden, on the Western Pacific, and Clio are the points of departure for the farms of Mohawk Valley, for Johnsville and its apparently inexhaustible mine, and for the creeks and lakes which give to this mountain land its chief renown. Gold Lake and Long Lake have a greater altitude than

Tahoe. They fill deep bowls in the crests of the Sierras with their limpid blue. Sportive brooks feed them and trout abound. In all, nearly thirty lakes spangle this region. The railroad hotel at Clio is tasteful and new. For the tourist there is not a more pictorial land in all California than this.

At the eastern mouth of the canyon the altitude of the iron way approximates 5000 feet. Enormous vistas unfold about Portola and Hawley. Bewildering peaks consort with prim valleys and push close to the Middle Fork of the river which trickles here to a querulous stream.

CHAPTER VIII

STOCKTON — OAKDALE — JAMESTOWN — ANGELS CALAVERAS BIG TREE GROVE

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SAN FRANCISCO — STOCKTON, via Santa Fé, Southern Pacific and Western Pacific. Time, $3\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Distance by Santa Fé, 78 miles; by Southern Pacific and Western Pacific about 90 miles.

Via steamer on San Joaquin River (see under Local Steamers, Chapter I).

Via motor road. Creek Route Ferry to Oakland. Oakland via Foothill Boulevard to Haywards — Livermore — Tracy — Stockton. Distance, 80 miles.

All of these routes pass through a territory beautified by prosperous orchards and highly productive grain and vegetable fields.

SAN FRANCISCO — CALAVERAS TREES, via Stockton, Oakdale (Sierra Railway) and Jamestown. Through morning cars on both the Santa Fé and Southern Pacific. Time about $8\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. Passengers change at Jamestown for Angels, Murphys and Calaveras Trees.

Stockton.

“A VIEW of Stockton,” relates a famous traveller in 1849, “was something to be remembered. There, in the heart of California, where the last winter stood a solitary ranche in the midst of tule marshes, I found a canvas town of a thousand in-

habitants, and a port with twenty-five vessels at anchor! The mingled noises of labour around . . . almost cheated me into the belief that it was some old commercial mart, familiar with such sounds for years past. Four months, only, had sufficed to make the place what it was; and in that time a wholesale firm established there (one out of a dozen) had done business to the amount of \$100,000." Within five miles, "elk might be seen in bands of forty or fifty, grazing on the edge of the marshes, where they were sometimes lassoed by the native vaqueros, and taken into Stockton." Occasionally coyotes were seen "prowling along the margin of the slough."

The domain upon which Stockton has grown from "a canvas town" to a fine little city of parks, macadamised streets, pleasant homes and big enterprises, was originally owned by Charles Weber, a German who had served under Napoleon I and who arrived in California in 1841 from New Orleans. The town has its name from the bombastic commander who became first in authority under the United States military régime when, in July, 1846, Commodore Sloat was ordered back to Washington to report his seizure of Monterey.

It was in Stockton that Thomas B. Reed held his first and last position as a teacher. Van Dorn Hall, now demolished, was the scene of his youthful labours.

The city is at the head of the San Joaquin Valley, a level expanse 250 miles long and 50 miles wide, containing about the same number of thousand square miles as the Valley of the Sacramento. The river, which rises in the southern Alps, flows in a northwesterly direction, joining at Suisun Bay its brother stream, born of Shasta's snows.

San Joaquin County leads all California in the production of wheat. This fact will explain the presence in Stockton of a flour mill which in size gives precedence only to those of Minneapolis.

The reclaimed Delta lands about Stockton are broken into island farms which resemble in soil and appearance the polders of the Netherlands. Barges ply the canals which branch from the San Joaquin River and form convenient waterways for the transport of dairy produce and cereals, fruit and vegetables. The butcher makes his deliveries to the farmer's door by boat. Holstein cows peer over the levees. One needs only the clack of sabots and the sight of a big-bodied windmill with distraught tossing arms to convince him that this is Holland, not California.

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Bret Harte Land and the Big Trees.

The Calaveras Grove may be reached from Stockton by wagon-road via Milton and Angels, distance about 100

miles. (Stockton - Yosemite¹ by Big Oak Flat or Coulterville, about 110 miles.)

The rail route to the Trees is via Oakdale (32 miles below Stockton), western terminal of the Sierra Railway. By the through afternoon train Stockton - Oakdale - Jamestown, the latter is reached about half past four. Two hours later the branch train from Jamestown arrives at Angels (stage to Calaveras Trees via Murphys, 22 m.). The main line continues from Jamestown to Tuolumne through Sonora.

It was to Sonora that Bret Harte, a native of Albany, New York, came soon after his arrival in San Francisco in 1852. He mined in a desultory way, then worked as messenger for the express company, then left Sonora (so named because of the many Mexicans in "the diggings") to teach at Tuttletown. Bret Harte's Country lies along the elbow and forearm of California's eastern frontier. Localities involved in his mining stories are scattered, according to his rather faulty geography, from Plumas to Tuolumne Counties, but the graphic names of the camps in the latter county and in its neighbour to the north, Calaveras County, are most familiar to his readers.

The way from Oakdale passes through the apple orchards of the valley to the Sierra foothills at Cooperstown, from which point Table Mountain, associated in the minds of scientists with ethnical

¹ For regulations regarding automobiles entering the Valley, see head of Chapter IX

research, shows in the distance. From here to the end of the road and its branch, every gully and river edge bears the scars of the placers. Knife, pan, pick and cradle were the implements of the argonauts. The term "placer" is derived from a Spanish word indicating "surface," and is used in distinction to hydraulic and quartz mining. Gold was found in blue, red, black and white soil or gravel. Miners whose haste had prevented their acquiring a proper outfit utilised close-woven Indian baskets instead of pans.² The cradle was a wooden trough with a handle. Into it dirt was shovelled from the banks of gold-bearing streams. Water was then washed through the dirt, the cradle being shaken during the process so that the nuggets, dust or scales would settle to the bottom, while the liquid ran out the trough's spout. The precious sediment was continuously flushed until only gold remained.³ One man alone might reap \$500 a day with his cradle. There were three partners who moved a fallen tree. In one week they had dug \$5000 worth of gold from the soil beneath it.

Shovels sold at \$10, tin pans at \$5 apiece. Me-

² Primitive methods and conditions are described in an Official Despatch, August, 1848, by Col. Mason, who later became Military Governor of the State.

³ Much the same method obtains now in the river gravel or placer mines, which form half of the total number of gold mines in the State. The largest operating placer in the world is at Weaverville, Trinity County.

chanics and labourers received \$12 to \$15 a day. Indians once nude as babes, living on roots and acorns, were, so we are told in Buffum's *Six Months in the Gold Mines*, able in a few weeks to feast on almonds at \$16 a pound.

The train pulls up a steep rise to Chinese, the station for Chinese Camp, Jacksonville, Big Oak Flat, and gold mines still in operation. In a few minutes it arrives at Jamestown, a modern railway centre which no longer exists for the incoming and outgoing of the rollicking stage stuffed to its window-frames with boisterous prospectors. Once it had several thousand citizens and was known as Jintown because so many Jims lived there. Added years have matured the name, as they have tamed the community.

A short way off the railroad are Poverty Flat and Whiskey Hill. In this vicinity Black Bart, the gentleman bandit, pursued his vocation in the late '70's and early '80's. When, through the betrayal of a laundry-mark on his fastidious linen, he was taken captive, he confessed that he had robbed the Wells-Fargo Express agents, the stages and mines with an unloaded revolver as his sole menace. Another brigand, equally considerate, used to return a formal receipt to the stage driver for the treasure stolen, to exonerate the one on the seat from responsibility for its loss. We are reminded of Stevenson's highwayman who "had been

unwell, . . . the doctor told him to take something, so he took the express box."

Table Mountain is the long, level-topped height behind Jamestown. "I reside on Table Mountain," said "Truthful James" Gillis (one of the "Jims"), and proceeded to recount the cunning peculiarities of the Heathen Chinee. It was this narrative which brought Harte his first renown. Truthful James actually lived on Jackass Hill. As the owner of it he was introduced to Twain's public in *The Sage of Jackass Hill*.

The railway to Angels follows the Mother Lode, that great bar pregnant with gold which extends from Tuolumne north to El Dorado County. To the left of the road as it begins the ascent of the mountain is the Rawhide Mine, from which a million dollars' worth of ore is taken each year, or one-twentieth of all the gold now mined annually in the thirty-three gold-producing counties of the State.⁴ About here there are several other notable mines.

At Tuttletown, where Bret Harte wielded the rule, Mark Twain also clerked in a store. Twain, it is recorded, was once on the staff of the Virginia City *Enterprise*, but he so lampooned state poli-

⁴ The total value of gold produced in California since 1848 is approximately \$1,600,000,000. The greatest amount mined in one year was \$81,000,000 in 1852; the least, \$12,000,000 in 1890. For 20 years the average has not fallen below \$17,000,000 per year.

ticians that he became involved in a duelling challenge. According to Nevada law this was a punishable offence. To avoid imprisonment the satirical young reporter betook himself to San Francisco, and eventually became city editor of *The Call*. He was unsuccessful in subsequent mining ventures, and returned to literature for a living. With *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras*, he leaped into fame.

The switchback road winds so continuously, and in such short curves, that the cars are curtailed accordingly to prevent their swinging off the track. As we cross a canyon and begin again to climb, the Stanislaus glimmers far below. Beyond Melones and the river is Carson Hill, whose claim to fame is the great Morgan mine, which yielded of its hoard in 1851 a nugget weighing 195 pounds, and valued at more than \$40,000.

Angels, at the summit of the line, was so called because a miner related that he had seen in the trees, lighted by his camp-fire, a seraphic vision. With what jests his companions received the story we can well imagine. The name clung, though none was ever conferred which was less appropriate. The town to-day is a farrago of unsightly shafts sunk to the quartz mines below. With the rumble of stages in the air, the discussion of "lodes," "veins" and "panels" dominating the conversation about the general store, and the par-

aphernalia of mining cluttering the very streets, one gets a keen impression of the atmosphere which inspired in Bret Harte the writing of his immortal narratives.

The stage for Murphys connects with the evening train at Angels. By 9 o'clock the seven intervening miles have been covered and the traveller is comfortably installed at Mitchler's Hotel (2300 feet). At 5 in the morning (unless the month be December, January or February) the horses are at the door for the long up-hill drive to the Sequoias. It is but a mile or so from Murphys to the Mercer Cave, which is really a succession of twenty caves. The admission fee of 75 cents embraces a tour of over two hours through chambers and passages fretted with stalactites of astounding shape and hue. The vestibule of the cavern is comparable in its dimensions to a lofty church. Visitors pass from it to grottos pendent with fantastic icicles of lime, walled with a silver film, cascaded with brilliants, encrusted with coral lace. Circuitous corridors descend 150 feet as the plumb drops into the deeps of the earth. The exit is through a round chamber called the Dome, wrought like a Mussulman's *mihrab*.

This phantasy has been known to the world for about thirty years, and was discovered by one whose name it bears. Its popularity with wonder-

seekers is attested by the fact that it is now lighted throughout by electricity!

The country about Murphys is also distinguished by the possession of a second phenomenon, a Natural Bridge which may be reached by carriage in about two hours.

But the goal of goals for every one who visits this region is the concourse of giants in the Calaveras groves. The stage arrives after a tedious ascent of 2400 feet at the Big Trees Hotel about 11 o'clock. Here one may remain as long as he will in the company of these overwhelming trees or, if time presses, return to Murphys the same day.

The *Sequoia gigantea* is found only on the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas at an altitude above 3000 feet. It disdains all other places of the earth. *Sequoia sempervirens*, the redwood tree, clings to the coast, for it needs sea moisture to retain life. It dwells only with its own kind, whereas the *gigantea* mingles with other conifers. In all, there are nine forests in which the largest of all trees grow, designated as the Groves of Calaveras, Stanislaus (Tuolumne), Merced, Mariposa, Fresno, Kings, Kaweah (Giant Forest), and those of the North and South Forks of the Tule River.

Soon after the discovery of the Calaveras Grove in 1851, a writer in the *London Chronicle* gave to the monstrous vegetable the name *Wellingtonia*

gigantea. The classification of the new tree was the subject of dispute among both European and American scientists. A French botanist, Monsieur Decaisne, and not Dr. Torrey, as sometimes stated, first named it for Sequoya, a Cherokee Indian of mixed blood known also as George Guess, who was born in Alabama in 1770. He was the only one of his race to invent a written language, and is called the Cadmus of the Indians. He died in New Mexico, where he had been exiled with his tribe. His phonetic alphabet of 86 letters is still in use by his nation. The Sequoya League, a California organisation whose aim is the betterment of the Indians of the State, also commemorates his name. In the Washington Hall of Fame, the State of Oklahoma is about to erect a statue of this eminent Cherokee.

The height and the girth of the sequoias in Calaveras and South Park — the latter is 6 miles from the hotel and contains nearly 1400 trees — so baffle finite capacity to gauge them that one resorts to the flippant figures of the guide to bring the marvel within the scope of comprehension. . . . This tree contains enough lumber to build a church, that one exacted the labour of five men for three weeks to bring it to the ground, throngs of irreverent feet now dance upon the planed surface of its 1300-year-old stump. The sentinel which guards yonder entrance can shelter thirty

people in its hollow trunk, through its knot-holes a man could crawl without touching his elbows. A tape five times twenty feet long is needed to girdle the "Ohio" at its base. One trunk which lies prone requires a tall step-ladder to climb its sides; before it was felled by the elements it must have reached more than half as high as the clock on the Metropolitan tower. . . .

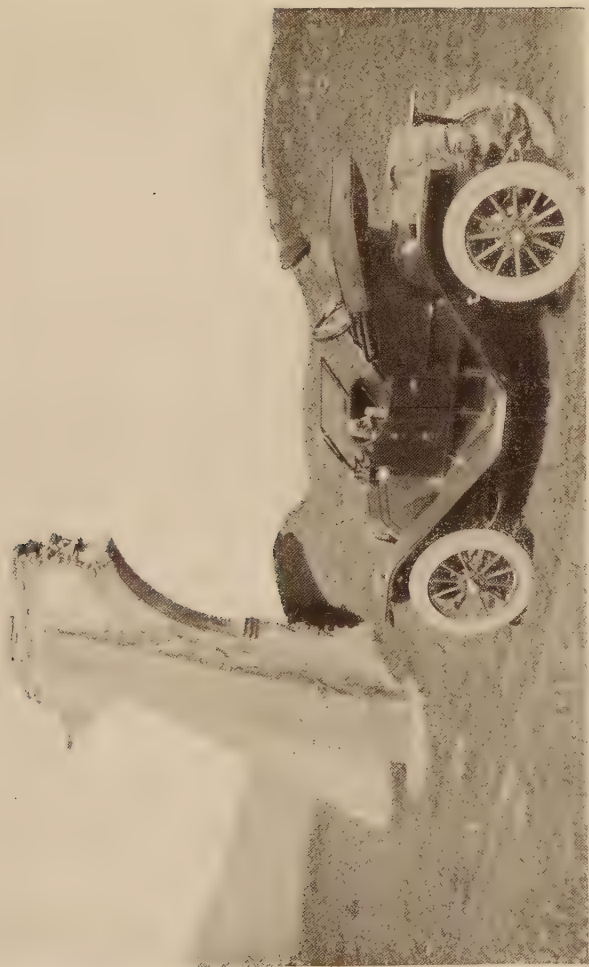
Thus does our puny imagination abase sublimity.

Many trees have been christened for "great" men. Who so famous as to merit such namesakes?

Their stems taper skyward like fluted columns. Perhaps 100 feet above the ground, branches long and thick as an ordinary hemlock begin to spread laterally from the shaft and lift their plushy foliage and brilliant cones in pyramidal gradients another 200 feet nearer the blue.

The oldest *giganteas* godfathered civilisation. In the days of the prophets they were shimmering their blossoms, everting their seeds, repairing their torn plumage, stretching their great limbs, dominating the forest as now.

At first we are stunned by the mere fact of their being. But when we have lingered awhile with these monarchs, we forget their soaring height in remarking their symmetry, their resolute fairness; their attributes of age and immensity are less



A MONUMENT OF THE PAST. MISSION SANTA YNEZ

often on the lips than words which denote fellowship and affection.

Tuolumne, the terminus of the main Sierra line, is at the junction of a narrow gauge logging road, the Hetch Hetchy and Yosemite Valley, which penetrates 30 miles into the Sierras. Along this road are established numbered camps. At Thompson's Meadows, Camp 16, there is a half-way house where tents, supplies and horses are available for those who betake themselves via the Tuolumne Gorge to "the Tuolumne Yosemite," Hetch Hetchy Valley⁵ (about 25 m.), via the fishing-grounds of Cherry River, Lake Eleanor and through McGill Meadows, a wonderful trip rich in sport and scenic sensations. The river, lake and valley are all included in the National Reserve. No hunting is allowed, but fishing is everywhere permitted.

Another route to the Hetch Hetchy is via Chinese on the Sierra Railway, south of Jamestown, thence by stage over the Big Oak Flat Road to Crocker's, where the hotel will supply riding and pack animals as required. Crocker's-Hetch Hetchy, 18 miles over a fair Government Road. The Tuolumne Meadows (9,000 ft.) are also reached from Crocker's via the Tioga Road. From the Meadows at the head of the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River, Mt. Dana (13,000 ft.) and Mt. Lyell can be climbed.

Crocker's-Yosemite, 19 miles.

The Yosemite Valley is reached by road from Jamestown and Sonora, or via Chinese (stage 60 m.) over the route (Stockton-Chinese-) Chinese Camp-Big Oak Flat-Tuolumne Big Trees-northwest corner Yosemite; or Big Oak Flat-Coulterville-El Portal; or Big Oak Flat-Coulterville-Mariposa-Wawona (Mariposa Grove). For regulations governing entrance of automobiles into Yosemite Valley, see head of Chapter IX.

⁵ The floor of the Hetch Hetchy, when flooded by the waters of San Francisco's reservoir, will be closed to travel.

CHAPTER IX

THE YOSEMITE

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SAN FRANCISCO - YOSEMITE VALLEY — Morning trains on both the Santa Fé and Southern Pacific Roads arrive in about 5 hours at Merced (150 miles east of San Francisco), where passengers transfer at 2:40 P.M. to the Yosemite Valley Railroad. The trip westward, 78 miles along the Merced River, ends at El Portal (The Gate) at 6:20. The night is passed at the Hotel del Portal. At 7:30 the following morning the daily stage departs for a 14-mile drive to the centre of the Valley (Sentinel Hotel).

Night trains carry through sleepers, which connect with the morning stage at El Portal.

Total distance, San Francisco - Yosemite Village, about 245 miles. The Yosemite is now open all the year; in the winter there is only one train a day. Return fare (rail and stage) San Francisco - Yosemite Village, \$22.35. Baggage allowance, 150 pounds free on train, 50 pounds on stage. Stop-overs granted at Merced¹ on all classes of tickets.

Travellers from San Francisco, or from the south, who prefer to enter the Valley by way of Wawona and the Mariposa Grove may leave the Southern Pacific at Berenda, 26 miles south of Merced, and take the branch railroad to Raymond (21 m.).

Raymond - Wawona, 44 miles, single fare \$6.50 by

¹ Return fare Merced - Yosemite, \$18.50; Los Angeles - Yosemite, \$31.20, via Fresno. Distance, Los Angeles - Merced, 334 miles.

auto stage, Madera - Raymond - Ahwahnee - Wawona. If the train is left at Madera, 7 miles south of Berenda, the auto-stage may be taken from there each morning at 7 o'clock. Madera - Wawona, 67 miles - 8 hours - \$8.50. By the Horseshoe Route, Madera - Wawona - Merced, distance 140 miles, fare \$27.00.

Wawona and the Mariposa Grove are accessible from the Valley by daily stage. The railroads sell round trip tickets including the stage ride, Yosemite - Wawona - Mariposa Grove (64 m. round trip - \$15.00). Side trip tickets, Merced - El Portal (rail) - Yosemite - Wawona - Grove - El Portal (stage) - Merced (rail), \$33.50.

According to Government regulations issued August 5, 1913, automobiles may enter the Yosemite National Park only by way of the Big Oak Flat and Coulterville Roads.²

The Big Oak Flat route from San Francisco is via the Creek Route Ferry to Oakland. Thence via Haywards - Niles - Livermore - Tracy - Stockton - Knight's Ferry - Chinese - Priest's (hotel) - Crocker's Camp - Crane Flat (Tuolumne Grove) - Coulterville Road - Merced Grove - Big Meadow, and via El Portal Road into Yosemite Village. Distance about 200 miles, San Francisco to Park.

The road to Coulterville branches south beyond Knight's Ferry and continues to Merced Grove. Thence as above. By way of Modesto (84 m. from San Francisco) to Coulterville (55 m.) the route is from San Francisco to Oakland to Tracy. Thence Tracy - Modesto - La Grange - Coulterville (gas and oil supplies) - Merced Grove. Distance, San Francisco to Park about 175 miles. The Coulterville Road has the easiest grades in addition to being the shorter. The Big Oak Flat Road is more picturesque, the maximum altitude attained being 7,100 feet, or 600 feet higher than the apex of the Coulterville route. The Wawona Road is still less steep (maximum 6,100 ft.). This is the route sometimes taken by automobiles coming

² The Department of the Interior, Washington, will send free a list of rules.

from the south. Cars must be left at Wawona, however, as all roads entering the Valley are closed to motorists except the Coulterville from Merced Grove as hereinafter specified.

The Automobile Club of Southern California proposes to build a road from Mariposa, east of Wawona, to El Portal, continuing a state road under construction from Merced to Mariposa. The completed highway will be accessible in the winter, as its greatest elevation will be less than 3,000 feet. This route will be 22 miles shorter than the route Merced - Coulterville (49 m.) - El Portal (35 m.) - Yosemite (15).

Los Angeles - Fresno - Merced - Coulterville - Yosemite, 435 miles.

Government regulations 1 and 2 stipulate:

"Automobiles travelling within the metes and bounds of the Yosemite National Park will be required to secure a permit from the acting superintendent or his representative. Tickets of passage must be obtained at Merced Grove of Big Trees and at Yosemite in Yosemite Valley.

"Applications for permit must show: (a) Name of owner, (b) license number of machine, (c) name of driver, (d) number of passengers, and (e) be accompanied by a fee of \$5 for a single round trip in and out of the park, payable as hereinafter indicated.³ Tickets of passage must be presented to the acting superintendent or his authorised representative at Merced Grove of Big Trees and at Yosemite, in Yosemite Valley." Permits are issued at Yosemite Station.

It is further stipulated that automobiles shall enter the Valley only by way of the Coulterville Road (those coming via Big Oak Flat changing direction to the west at Crane Flat to reach the Coulterville Road for Merced Grove); that they shall leave by the same road, and shall confine themselves while in the Valley to the road north

³ Fee for automobile permit is payable upon arrival and surrender of ticket of passage at Yosemite Station.

of the Merced River, and to that for ingress and egress only.

Automobiles leave the Merced Grove between 10 A. M. and 1 P. M., and between 4 P. M. and 5:30 P. M. only, for the Valley. Outward bound cars may leave Yosemite Station (in the Valley) at no other time of the day except between the hours of 6 and 7:30 every morning.

For reasons of safety the Government has regulated the speed of cars on various grades. Within 8 miles of Yosemite Station or Village, muffler cut-outs must be closed and no sirens or electric horns must be blown. Motor cycles, but not bicycles, are forbidden. A free public parking space is provided in the Valley, and there is also garage accommodation.

Motorists are especially cautioned to have their brakes in order, and to procure water, oil and gas at Coulterville. Travellers via Big Oak Flat can have supplies sent ahead by stage if necessary.

Those entering the Valley by stage or private conveyance, on horseback, on bicycles or afoot are not restricted as to route.

The Yosemite.

"THE only place I have ever found that came up to the brag" was Emerson's tribute to the canyon known to us since 1851 as the Yosemite Valley. Horace Greeley pronounced it the grandest marvel that had ever met his gaze, though he called the Yosemite Fall a humbug, ignorant that the summer drought had withered its stream. In the face of cyclopean wonders it is human to disparage. Niagara is not so astounding as we had hoped, Geezeh in the realisation seems less imposing than its description. But the Titan rocks of

Yosemite never disappoint, for pen nor brush has adequately portrayed them.

Of all the gorges of the High Sierras, of the many rifts opened by glacial action, or, as some believe, by a contraction of the earth, this one which they called Ahwahnee was the most venerated by the Indians. They sensed its beauty as only wild men can, they imbued with legend every dome and rill. The tribe of the O-so-mai-ti, or Full-grown Grizzly Bear, sallied from this stronghold to attack gold-seekers whose presence along the base of the Sierra Nevadas they construed as an offence against pristine rights. Their depredations aroused the Government to detail a band of soldiers to raid their villages and conduct them by force or persuasion to the nearest reservation. While pursuing some of Chief Tenaya's tribesmen, a party commanded by Major Savage approached the brow of the fastness where they knew the marauders to be hidden, and of a sudden beheld a sight which fixed them to the spot. At their feet lay a wintry meadow depressed between mountain crags whose varied planes and pinnacles were decked with lustrous cataracts and with boughs tinselled by ice and snow. Down the middle of the vale wavered a fillet of steel, the rimy Merced. Like signal towers set high on the battle field gleamed the heliographs of far-off peaks. For seven miles the gorge extended to the east, its

greatest breadth was a mile, the ridge of its highest wall sprang more than a mile above the river-bed.

These, the first white men who had looked upon it, named the canyon for the Indians who were about to be dispossessed. And thus, in meagre retribution for the purloining of the wondrous Ahwahnee did the Government denote it upon subsequent maps,—the Yosemite, the Valley of the Great Mountain Bear.

Other expeditions were necessary before the indigenes were finally driven beyond the Sierras.

Incited by the news brought by soldiers, occasional adventurers undertook the long journey to the Valley, which they found to be less a valley in the usual sense than a narrow pleasaunce springing with trees and flowers, and immured within granite ramparts down whose sides streamed gauzy pennons of spray.

About the time the Mariposa Big Trees were discovered and explored, regular tourist traffic began by the Mariposa or Wawona Trail. The first hotel was opened in 1857 and had 200 guests in that season. In 1864 Congress granted to the State of California the "Cleft or Gorge in the Granite Peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, situated in the County of Mariposa, and the head waters of the Merced River, and known as the Yosemite Valley, . . . with the stipulation that the said State shall accept this grant upon the ex-

press condition that the premises shall be held for public use, resort and recreation; shall be inalienable for all time."

In 1905 California ceded back to the Government the 1600 square miles obtained by the foregoing act of Congress, which became a part of the Yosemite National Park, whose instigator was Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, formerly editor of the *Century Magazine*.

From May to November two troops of United States cavalry patrol the Reserve, which comprises a wealth of peaks and canyons, lakes, rivers and cone-bearing forests. The Government has improved the stage roads through whose burning ordeal of dust one formerly passed to gain the perfect reward of the Yosemite. Hotels and camps, and the rates for guides and transportation, are under Government supervision. Schedules are obtainable at the Guardian's office in the village.

The road from El Portal keeps pace with the noisy Merced; it ascends through woods of spruce and fir and the plummy sugar-pine, past thickets of manzanita and bearberry to a crest 6000 feet above sea level. But it scarcely attains the height when it begins to lurch down again, bringing into range scattered promises of glorious views to come. First there appears the domincering vault of Cloud's Rest above the eastern rim of the Valley, then the cloven head of Half Dome, and a mo-

ment later the thatch of pines on the Captain's brow. Cascade Falls are passed. The stage plunges ahead to the vantage-point from which the whole channel is disclosed. There we look into the very eyes of the Valley,—face a world of wonders concentrate.

The entrance more than 1600 feet below us is bordered by two cataracts, Bridal Veil and Ribbon Falls, whose parent creeks, breathless from their tumble, crawl toward the outbound river. Beyond, to the left, Tu-tock-a-nula, the Great Chief of the Valley, advances his silver-grey bulk to take toll of our coming. The Three Brothers peer each one above the shoulder of the other. Eagle Peak is the tallest. In a niche adjacent to it crashes Cho-lok, The Fall, loftiest of cataracts. Facing it is the bold cenotaph called Loya, the Sentinel. Next beyond the Sentinel on the south wall is defined the profile of Glacier Point. Still further to the east glows Muir's darling, the Half Dome, which is surpassed in height though not in majesty by Cloud's Rest, whose naked summit towers a mile and a fifth above Tenaya Canyon, the upper fork of the Valley. In the gorge and beyond it the eye beholds the cones of other mountains, snowy or bare, and waving meadows that unroll canopies of green to the eaves of turreted cliffs.

Descending to the river, the stage makes its way

past Pohono Bridge, Bridal Veil, Cathedral Rocks and Spires, past El Capitan, Eagle Peak, the village chapel, and the brown tents of Camp Ahwahnee, at the base of Sentinel Rock, to the settlement opposite Yosemite Falls. The Sentinel Hotel and cottages are here. Camp Lost Arrow's 250 tents are north near the Falls and cavalry headquarters. Camp Curry is east from the village just under Glacier Point.

The hotel is open all year, likewise the post, telegraph and telephone offices, a general store, a bake-shop, a livery-stable and photographer's studios. About 13,000 tourists are cared for in the summer season, inclusive of independent campers.⁴ The winter colony consists of the supervisor, his engineers, electricians and rangers with their fam-

⁴ Free camp-sites are provided in the woods along the river, applicants being first required to register with the Superintendent. The store-keeper will supply a furnished tent for \$12 to \$15 a month, or vacationists may bring their own outfits, horses, provisions, etc. Dogs and cats are not permitted in the Park.

Groceries are slightly higher in the Valley than elsewhere due to transportation expense. The rates at El Portal Hotel are from \$4 a day, American plan; at the Sentinel Hotel (now under the management of Mr. Frank Miller of the Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside) the terms are from \$3 a day for two in a room, or \$20 to \$25 a week; at Glacier Point Hotel, from \$4 a day or \$25 a week. Camp rates, including bed in furnished tent and board, are \$2.50 to \$3 a day, \$15 to \$17.50 a week.

A week's stay in the Valley at a hotel, plus return fare from San Francisco, return trip to Mariposa Trees, and excursions about the Valley need not cost more than \$75 per person.

ilies, and several settlers who have long called the Valley their home.

Snow sports in winter, dancing, camp-fire festivities, fishing and climbing in the summer are the Valley's amusements. On Independence Day the soldiers celebrate with games and fireworks, their audience being made up of travellers, ranchmen, and curious *Digueños* with their squaws and paipooses.

The tourist season opens in April, when the Yosemite still wears winter dress. In May the snow has passed and the floods begin their resonant sagas. Trees and ice cones are carried away from perilous ledges as the waters roar in terrifying volume over the brinks of parapets and rush to meet the plethoric river. The wind and reflected colours in the rock make a floating rainbow ribbon of the long cascade of the Yosemite; the craunch of the upper fall against beaten-out shelves of granite registers its vibrations far down in the Valley.

All the cataracts are most effective in May and June. By August the exuberant streams of spring slacken their pace, slip more indolently over the lip of the lordly cliffs, waft with tenuous grace to the wrack of talus below. Early in the season the revel of the wild flowers is at its height, the leaves and mosses are at their greenest, the

air, undefiled by dust, is most suffused with the white glow peculiar to this alpine glen.

The splendour of the Yosemite so exhilarates the new arrival that he may easily overdo in the rare atmosphere. The village itself is at an altitude of 4000 feet, and the trails breast summits as high or twice as high again. If the visitor has sufficient time at his disposal to rest a day between arduous excursions his enjoyment will be greatly enhanced.

Those who are to remain but a few days,—a week is necessary to do the Valley and its environs the barest justice—will best employ their time by first taking the trails to the main points of vantage on the south and north walls, and to Tenaya Canyon. The most rewarding trip of all is the one which includes Glacier Point, Illilouette, Vernal and Nevada Falls (about 16 miles round trip). A second climbing expedition will embrace the lower and upper fall of the Yosemite and the crest of Eagle Peak (14 miles return). Persons with the constitution of a Scot may continue across the forest plain on the top of El Capitan to Ribbon Fall and return home by the Big Oak Flat Road, a total distance of about 30 miles.

Mirror Lake, at the mouth of Tenaya Canyon, is a pleasant morning walk or ride of 3 miles from the village. Its chief lure is the reflection of the surrounding shores upon its quiet face at sunrise.

An afternoon is consumed by the Grand Tour of the Valley by horseback or carriage, including the Falls of the Yosemite and the Veil of the Bride, and, if one wishes, the Cascade Falls and Mirror Lake.

Cloud's Rest (24 miles round trip) is accessible by horse trail via Nevada Falls and can be reached in five or six hours. If the season is advanced, excursionists can camp there without experiencing inconvenience from snow. The descent may be accomplished the following day via the Little Yosemite, by making a short detour eastward along the Merced.

Mt. Hoffman (nearly 11,000 ft. above sea) is 10 miles north of the Valley, and is climbed by a not very difficult path on the south side.

Tenaya Lake, 16 miles northeast of the village, may be included in a camping trip to Mt. Hoffman, or to Cloud's Rest, Cathedral Peak and Tuolumne Meadows. The latter are 6 miles beyond the lake by the Sunset and Soda Springs trail. Soda Springs, a short distance from the head of the Meadows and 25 miles from Yosemite Village, is the camping-base for the ascent of Mt. Dana (13,000 ft.) on the borders of the Reserve, 40 miles from Yosemite, and for Mt. Lyell and other summits more difficult of access to the amateur mountaineer. These trips consume at least three to four days. Blankets and provisions are packed

by mule. The best season is between June and September.

The Tuolumne Canyon and Falls, 15 to 16 miles north of the Valley, are reached by the Yosemite Falls trail and the Tioga road; the Hetch Hetchy Valley by the Big Oak Flat, White Wolf, Aspen Valley and Hetch Hetchy trails (about 30 miles).

Several paths for horse and man lead south from Glacier Point toward the Divide. A stage-road to Wawona and the Mariposa Trees goes from the Point via Chinquapin Station. Distance about 20 miles.

Mountain expeditions require a guide, but the trails to Glacier Point and Eagle Peak are safe, and so plainly defined that they may be undertaken alone by those who are not unduly timid.

Guides may be engaged at the hotel or at the stables near the Royal Arches. The charge fixed by the Board of Commissioners for their services is \$3.00 a day.

The rate for a saddle-horse on the Valley floor is \$2.50; for a horse to Glacier Point (3254 ft.), Sentinel Dome (4100 ft.), Nevada and Vernal Falls, \$4.00; to the Upper Yosemite Fall and Eagle Peak (3800 ft.), \$3.00; to Cloud's Rest (6000 ft.)⁵ and return the same day, \$5.00.

⁵ The altitudes given in this paragraph indicate the number of feet above the Valley, or in local parlance "above the pier," the pier being near the Sentinel Hotel. To get the altitude above sea level, add 3960 ft., the height of

Carriage or saddle-horse from Valley hotel and camps to Mirror Lake and return, or to the base of Bridal Veil Falls and return, \$1.00 per person. Fare for the 20-mile carriage tour of the Valley including the Yosemite, Cascade and Bridal Veil Falls and Mirror Lake, \$3.50. Other excursions by saddle-horse or carriage are proportionate in their cost to the distance and the rigour of the road.

Besides the wagon-road over the Meadows, two trails ascend to Glacier Point. The shorter one ($4\frac{1}{2}$ m.) begins at the foot of Sentinel Rock and mounts by successive *z*'s to Union Point (3 m.), a rocky beak which protrudes beyond the razor line of Glacier cliff and commands a view from El Capitan, "most majestic mountain buttress on the earth," to North and Half Dome and their brother peaks in the canyon of Tenaya Creek.

The long trail (17 m.) is, scenically, even more varied. It follows the river past Camp Curry, near which is the stone lodge maintained as a reading-room in the summer season by the Sierra Club in memory of the beloved philosopher, Dr. Joseph Le Conte, who died in the Valley July 6, 1901, after a life of notable achievement. For many years he held the Chair of Natural History and Geology in the

the Valley floor. Thus Glacier Point, 3254 ft. plus 3960 ft. equals 7214 ft., its altitude above surf.

State University. His monument at the base of Glacier Point looks one way to Half Dome and the other to Yosemite Falls, at whose foot rests Galen Clark, who lived in the Valley 50 years.

The Power House which generates electricity for the lights with which even the camp tents are supplied, is on the river edge facing the Happy Isles, — happy to lie thus serene on fretted waters at this cross-ways of the Valley. It is here that the crooked Mercy swerves out from the gorge where but lately it has cast its full flood over the ledges of Nevada and Vernal Falls. Now it hastens on to join Tenaya Creek.

Near the Isles, the wagon-road gives way to a bridle-path which begins its ascent among the fantastic boulders of this seething gulch in view of the "Rushing Water" of the Indians. The Illilouette cataract drops 600 feet over the recessed wall whose upper edge we cross on the way to Glacier Point.

A bend in the trail discloses the tumultuous slope of the river canyon, streaming with the froth of Vernal's plunge. It is possible to approach close to the base of the waterfall. But the most effective view is from the side at the very edge of descent, where shadowy trees, verdure, and dark rocks make contrast for the free spread of tinted foam.

A mile above, where Liberty Cap and Broderick



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THE PATIO, CAMULOS RANCHERIA

beckon, we broach the turmoil of the upper cascade. Twice as high as Vernal and infinitely more passionate, it springs 600 feet down a wild terrace of stone whose face is sprayed with strand-like falls. Goaded by the torment of its passage in the higher reaches of the Merced, the Nevada Fall bursts in a white fury of sifting spray that wreaths and floats like escaping vapour. Of all the Valley's waterfalls none has so frantic a release as this, charged with hurtling rock-bruises, harried, hunted, crowded to this sheer abyss. . . .

Thus far the track is the same as that which conducts to the northeast past Liberty Cap and the mouth of the Little Yosemite to Cloud's Rest. Bound for Glacier Point, we retrace the general direction of the ascent already made to the top of Nevada Falls, and turning west to Panorama Point and the head of Illilouette, there round a curve and come upon Panorama Wall, whose outlook is one of the most comprehensive in the Valley. But the view from Glacier Point surpasses it, for there one may glimpse from an awesome edge the rock-sealed cavern below.

On Glacier Point there is a modest hotel with auxiliary tents. Approaching it by a shaded road and tethering our animals beneath a group of trees, we get but slight intimation of what is to come until we move toward the pulpit-like protuberance on the sheer verge of the great precipice,

and with a half-gasp of fear and surprise — discover the universe.

The breakers of a mountain-sea are flung high about us, while a mountain meadow sleeps five hundred fathoms down. To our ears comes the far song of cataracts, and our eyes behold them stripping with white their alcoves and rifts of stone. Yosemite Falls and the ojival hemi-circles of the Royal Arches are unbared with the whole north wall. Half Dome, an incredible manifestation of the wonders God performs, turns from the east its riven purple-shadowed plane.

Within the limits of a day we may see these canyons, cliffs and crests displayed in the dreaming silver of the moon, in the blare of the sunshine, or in storm, when clouds buffeted from dome to dome descend like smoke of battle about the warrior peaks.

The over-venturous creep along the gargoyle nose of granite called Overhanging Rock. Clinging to the tip, they are suspended on a Brink o' Space nearly a mile and a half in the air.

If one does not exact luxury on a mountain top he will find himself comfortable at the hospice whose verandahs survey this mighty spectacle, for as many summer days as he may wish to stay. Many come by the short trail, spend the night here and continue the next morning to the Falls of the Merced, or to Cloud's Rest, or to Liberty Cap.

Sentinel Dome (4000 feet above the pier) is a short way south of the hotel. The view from it embraces a scene whose western limit is the San Joaquin Valley and the Range on the coast. Sentinel Rock, west of Glacier, can be scaled by its hindmost towers.

From Glacier Point Hotel an early afternoon stage departs by way of Glacier Meadows for Wawona and the Mariposa Trees. Frequently, travellers leave the Valley by this route, Glacier Point – Wawona – El Portal by horse stage. Or Wawona – Merced; or Wawona – Raymond – Berenda; or Wawona – Raymond – Madera, via auto-stage. See head of chapter, and Note 8.

Facing the Yosemite Cataract from below, the onlooker may conceive it as a single downpour of unbroken passage; it is in reality comprised of two main waterfalls and their intervening rapids. The loftiest leap spans 1600 feet, the rapids and subsidiary cascades, 600 feet, and the lower fall, 400 feet.

The view from the road which leads to the river shows this most sublime cascade divided into two vertical plunges, the basin of the upper fall being obscured by stones and enveloping spray. The topmost edge of the cliff has been eroded by the gnawing of the precipitate Yosemite Creek until now the sky dips above it in a well-defined V. The channel worn behind the fall holds a dusky shadow for the iris-tangled mist to play upon.

The lower fall descends in a frost-white band of almost uniform width until it strikes in a gusty shower on the debris at the foot of the wall.

That they may acquaint themselves with other phases of the Fall, the energetic pursue a trail to its head by way of the cliff behind the Military Camp. With firm-planted feet, hardy little horses climb in and out, up and up, until the roar of the raging water smites the ear-drums and one is near enough to feel its mizzly breath. A rough path leaves the bridle-trail and draws near to the cauldron where the waters of the upper fall clash and boil in their rugged bed. Resuming the saddle, one reaches by a sharp rise the crown of the Fall and lingers to watch at close quarters the swell of the stream which has come all unknowing from a far-away source to meet this end. The tones, the forms, the tints and shadows of the foaming whirlwind in themselves reward the climb. But Eagle Peak has yet other phases of the Enchanted Valley to show us. The trail bears to the left. The pinnacles on the north wall appear across the cleft which has dropped from sight. Soon we are on the highest point of this north rim of the Valley. The view from Glacier Point is reversed. We are looking now upon the ponderous turrets of Sentinel Rock, upon the beautiless mass of the precipice beside it, upon spires and conoidal dolmens which might mark the last sleep of Jove

himself. Below are dark pillars of cedar and pine which impress their slender shapes against the background of the wall. The calmed river slips past shores that are edged with alder and dogwood, and gemmed with the whorls and cymes of a flower-mosaic.

This is the wonder of the Yosemite: this tenderness of growing things, living waters, shrilling birds in a hall of rigid stone.

If we wish, we can go down to the brim of El Capitan, whose enormous expanse of dogged granite is visible for miles. Verily this is the Chieftain who rules the Valley's unparalleled concourse of rock Braves, this a prow-like bulwark which drops three thousand and three hundred perpendicular feet from vertex to base.

From its ridge, forests and hummocky plains, green as only a tract can be that is watered by snow-streams, stretch to the Tuolumne. The course of this river has the same tendency as that of the Merced. The Hetch Hetchy, or Hatchatchie,⁶ Valley is at the lower or western end of the jagged canyon which more than equals in fierce display the upper path of the Merced.

This paragon of a Valley is doomed to become the bed of San Francisco's storage reservoir.

⁶ According to Stephen Powers in his report to the Government following a survey of the Rocky Mt. Region, this is the correct spelling.

Across its narrow mouth a dam is to be built. The entire floor whose "forest growth and garden floor of ferns and flowers surpass Yosemite itself" will be surmerged. Only the cliffs and the waterfalls will remain.

The walls of the Hetch Hetchy are lower, its beauty is more intimate, but the sequence of its main features bears a remarkable relation to that of the Yosemite. Looking up the Valley from west to east, the Kolana Dome, 2000 feet above the level floor, stands in the same position as Cathedral Rocks, and the Cascade Cliffs in the same position as Glacier Point. The cataracts of the Grand Gorge of the Tuolumne, which rush down a rocky stair, resemble the Vernal and Nevada Falls. Coming down the Valley, the Royal Arches of the Hetch Hetchy denote the mouth of a canyon fork just as similar arches form in Yosemite one side of the gate to Tenaya Canyon. The Wapama or Hetch Hetchy Falls (1700 feet) resemble Yosemite Falls, but have a greater volume of water. The Great Chief of the Tuolumne is not so high as El Capitan by nearly half, but it is much the same shape. On either side of it waterfalls veil the cliff; Wapama is to the east, Tueculala, which John Muir calls "the most beautiful fall I have ever seen," drops to the west in a long straight spout of water which, part way down the wall, divides into a fan-like array of thin-

ner streams. A cascade comparable to it in height and impeccable beauty is the one recently discovered to the tourist in Glacier National Park, Montana.

Many days may be spent on Yosemite floor, roaming bosky paths, learning the wiles of secluded dells, seeking out the favoured haunts of shy gentians and *woodwardia*, lingering where the oriole and tanager come to drink, pausing by some nameless cascade to watch the joyous ouzel drenching his wings, strolling down the road to Bridal Veil in time for the rainbow in the late afternoon — to Bridal Veil, that six hundred-foot waft of lace which we come to love most of all.

Early in the morning we make haste to Mirror Lake, perhaps with our breakfast in our pocket, *à la* Muir. If we are wise we gain its shores by half past eight if it is summer, a little later in other seasons, to see the sun reach his rosy fingers above Half Dome and thrust them into the sleek pool at our feet.

The silhouettes of Mt. Watkins and Cloud's Rest, of North and Half Dome interlace so clearly upon this green fringed crystal that their lines are revealed in duplicate. In a photograph of Mirror Lake turned top-side down the reflection is even sharper than the presentment of the crags themselves.

When the Valley was the site of a dozen wigwam settlements, later destroyed by inter-tribal conflict, grandfather Ahwahneechees used to tell little brown-skins this legend of North and South (Half) Dome:⁷ Came an Indian woman, Tisseyak, and her husband, wearied by a long journey, to the margin of Ahwahnee. The squaw carried upon her head a conical burden-basket. Thirstily she knelt and drained all the water in Lake Awaia and her husband was angry to have none. He beat her. She wept, and flinging her basket at him, both were changed to stone. The basket (Basket Dome) lies upturned beside the man. The woman's face is tear-stained, with long dark lines trailing down. South Dome is the wife and North Dome is the husband. The Indian woman, Tisseyak, "Goddess of the Valley," cuts her hair straight across the forehead, and allows the sides to drop along her cheeks, forming a square face.

The view of the Domes from the lake corroborates the Indian version.

The aborigines invested the Bridal Veil with a myth; they called it Spirit of the Evil Wind. The tower behind it was The Watching Eye; Cathedral Spires in their speech was Po-see-nah Chuk-ka, Large Acorn Cache. In camps scattered now about the Valley, Paiutes and Monos

⁷ From *Myths and Legends of California*, by Katharine Judson.

live during the summer. A few descendants of peaceable Yosemitees remain through the winter. They sit in their cabins or under the trees weaving baskets for the tourist to buy — at tourist prices. Others gather wood, catch fish, and do household service for the inhabitants of the village. Their pine-nuts and acorns are stored, after the manner of all Digger Indians, in baskets set on piles out of the way of rodents, and out of the way, too, of Quarter-grown Bears, which sometimes disport themselves in the woodlands.

Wawona and the Mariposa Grove.

The daily stage which leaves the Sentinel Hotel ⁸ for Wawona (26 m.) follows the lower river road as far as Bridal Veil. There it begins to climb. To the left is a group of peaks, Dewey, Crocker, Stanford, Old Inspiration Point, all of them rising 6000 to 7000 feet above the sea. At Artist Point the stage arrives at an elevation which affords a rare view of the Valley in retreat. New Inspiration Point — the name is as discouraging to spontaneous admiration as Surprise and Oh My! Points in other parts of California, is the

⁸ Stage, Sentinel Hotel — El Portal, daily at 2 p. m., arriving 5 p. m. Lv. El Portal all the year 7:25 a. m. by rail; arr. Merced, 11 a. m. Merced — San Francisco, 150 m. Merced — Fresno, 55 m. (1½ hrs. express). Merced — Los Angeles, 334 m. See fine print under Glacier Point for other routes.

height where stage-loads coming from Wawona get their first sight of what most of them have journeyed a long way to see. The *Sunset Magazine* is responsible for the statement that the register of the Sentinel Hotel showed on a recent May day the arrival of twelve guests, one from Bear Valley, California, and eleven who announced themselves as citizens of Siam, France, Germany, Portugal, Scotland and Brazil.

Ranks of cedar, spruce and silver fir convoy us as the road pursues its upland course. At an altitude of about 6000 feet it begins the southerly descent to Wawona which lies in a refreshing valley a two-hours' drive from the Grove. The hotel with its shady Spanish galleries is reached in time for the evening meal. Here is a pleasant place to stay for sport or rest. A fish hatchery not far away distributes fry to neighbouring streams. There are stages to near-by lakes and waterfalls. Signal Peak, 8 miles off, is accessible by road. An Indian settlement furnishes diversion. There are books to read, and numberless delightful nooks in which to find repose. The pavilion near the hotel is gay with electric lights for the evening dance, but the rule is early to bed, for most of those who come to Wawona must early rise if they would catch the stage to the Grove.

By seven o'clock forest lovers,—mayhap more are mere sight seekers, are on their way. It is

an 8-mile pull all the way up hill to this most-visited of sequoia groves, called by the Mono Indians, who hold the trees sacred, the Woh-woh-nau, the Hoot of the Owl.

Galen Clark, the Patriarch-Guardian of the Yosemite who died in 1911 at the age of ninety-six and sleeps now beneath a tomb of his own carving within sound of Yosemite Fall, was the first to explore and publish the wonders of this *gigantea* group.

Great pines, in themselves magnificent demonstrations of tree power, prepare us in a measure for the appalling trunks which greet us in the Lower Grove. Chief in bulk and age, the Grizzled Giant is the first to stalk by the entrance. Upon this venerable and illustrious tree lesser conifers attend like Myrmidons upon Achilles. Its limbs are bent, some are bare; if it seem a little crabbed, remember, if you please, you see in it the Ancient of Growths, a "Watcher of the Earth" writhen by the winds of several times a thousand years.

Ninety-one feet is the circle of its base. For over a hundred feet it reaches into the air before its trunk bears branches. We chant before it our pæans, but with an exalted gesture, it dismisses mortal praise. . . .

There are friendly groups which draw their heads close to discuss, no doubt, the æons of their yes-

ter-years. Though they astound us in their every aspect, one of the most inexplicable of their traits is the paucity of their roots in relation to their height, which not infrequently attains to 300 feet.

Many of the red-brown trunks have been scorched with fire; one stump 190 feet high has been hollowed by the flames, but its boughs still pend with strobiles each of which at maturity emits two to three hundred filmy little seeds.

The gate-way to the Upper Grove, which contains the greater number of trees, is carved through a pillar of the firmament that would cast a shadow on Trinity spire.

The Columbia giant,—here as at Calaveras, god-like trees are ticketed,—exceeds its measure by 25 feet. Of the Fallen Monarch they contrive a drive-way and a parade for cavalry guards; of the Haverford, a stable.

Exploited, labelled, scarred by fire, the evergreens of Mariposa stand in lofty attitudes awaiting the epic that shall do them justice.

CHAPTER X

THE COUNTIES OF FRESNO, TULARE, INYO AND KERN

Fresno City — General Grant National Park — California Grove — Kings River Canyon — Kearsarge Pass — Mt. Whitney — Death Valley — Mojave Desert — Sequoia National Park — Kern River Canyon — Bakersfield.

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SAN FRANCISCO — FRESNO — Both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé Railways schedule fast afternoon trains which cover the 200 miles to Fresno in about $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Morning trains make the same journey in 7 hours.

Fresno is 55 m. ($1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.) south of Merced, 29 m. south of Berenda, and 22 m. south of Madera. (See head of Chapter IX and Note 8 of same chapter.) It lies on the San Joaquin Valley route, San Francisco — Los Angeles.

By motor, Merced — Fresno, 54 miles.

LOS ANGELES — FRESNO — Southern Pacific day express in $11\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. via Mojave. Distance, 278 m. Distance by Santa Fé (via Barstow), 392 m.

By motor, Los Angeles — Bakersfield — Fresno, 280 miles (via Mint Canyon and Fairmont between Saugus and Neenach).

Fresno.

It would be misleading to designate this city as one of the places in California worth the tourist's while, for it has little historic or scenic attraction.

Nevertheless it has a measure of interest for the passer-by because of its relation to one of the State's industrial features, the growing and curing of the raisin.

The County of Fresno extends from the lowlands of the rich, hot and monotonously level San Joaquin Valley to the ridge of the Highest Sierras. About half of its area lies width-wise across the middle of the valley. It is one of seven counties in the State whose farm lands are valued at more than a million dollars. Its vineyards contain 41,000,000 grape-vines of raisin and wine varieties compared with 17,000,000 wine-grape vines in Sonoma County, 13,000,000 in San Joaquin and 8,600,000 in Napa County. In the cultivation of figs it leads all counties of California, the only State which grows this fruit commercially.¹ The total number of Fresno's trees is 120,000; Stanislaus, second in the list, has less than a third as many. Fresno County has also the greatest number of peach and nectarine trees, there being 2,300,000 of these trees in its orchards compared with 780,000 in Kings County, its closest competitor. In the total value of its annual crops (\$8,000,000), Fresno ranks third, the richest agricultural and fruit-raising county being Los Angeles

¹ Figs are allowed to fall when ripe (August-October). They are then dried, sweated and steamed before being packed. They sell in the orchard for about 5 cents a pound.

(\$15,000,000), the next richest, San Joaquin (\$9,000,000).

Since 1892, the raisin crop of this one California county has surpassed the entire yield of Spain, whose square mileage is more than thirty-two times as great. According to the latest available figures, its maximum annual production is about 90,000,000 pounds, that of Spain about half as much. A great proportion of Fresno's output is seeded, whereas Spain's dried grapes are mostly packed on the stem.

The raisin grapes, chiefly of Spanish and Turkish Muscatel and Sultana stock, are harvested about the end of August, "or when the sugar test registers 24% by the saccharometer." The bunches are cut from low grape-bushes and laid on trays to dry in the hot sun for about three weeks. In one factory, 100 tons at a time are dried by steam. When they have been sweated in the packing-house for ten days, they are ready for seeding and boxing. They are first stemmed by machinery, then graded. When they have been cleaned they are passed between rollers, then pierced by saw-edges, the seeds being forced out by a third process. The process of packing in one-pound cartons is also mechanical. The choicest varieties of cluster raisins are known under the trade-names, Imperial, Dehesa, Fancy, and three- and two-crown London layers.

The Associated Raisin Company, organised in 1913 with a capital of \$1,000,000, is comprised of growers whose sales are handled on the communal system. The normal wholesale price for seeded raisins is about three cents a pound. Ten-horse teams are often seen hauling the crops to market. Sometimes the yield is so abundant that raisins are fed to cattle. They have a nutritive value comparable to barley.

Visitors are admitted to the packing-houses of Fresno City. The vineyards of the Shepherd-Teague Company are notable. Likewise the Minnewawa estate near Fresno, a remarkable fruit farm owned and managed by Mrs. M. E. Sherman. It is said that 30 acres of the Minnewawa "Emperor" table grapes yield a crop valued at \$12,000 to \$15,000. Clusters are so long that special packing-boxes are required, and bunches have been known to fetch \$10 apiece in the shops of New York fruiterers.

It is the boast of Fresno City that within a few miles' radius every product of the temperate and semi-tropic zones can be grown. In confirmation of this statement, amazing enough concerning a region whose latitude is the same as that of southern Virginia, the visitor is shown the eleven-acre park about the handsome court house at the end of many-towered Mariposa Street, and driven out Kearney Avenue twelve miles to Kearney Park, a



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THE BELLS OF CAMULOS

tract of 200 acres which was once arid desert, and which by the genius and faith of Theodore Kearney, a successful raisin grower, became an exotic garden. The University of California fell heir to this Fresno Eden which is now conducted as an experiment farm.

The City of the Ash Tree came into being in 1872. The Central Pacific then had so much difficulty in selling its lots that a plan was contrived whereby purchasers were allowed to acquire them "on trial." If the land proved satisfactory, the price was paid. Buyers could not be tempted by other means to invest, and sales were slow even then. Forty years have elapsed. . . . Fresno real estate is no longer sold on approval.

Fresno - Los Angeles, 278 m. Time, 9 hrs. by midnight express.

En Route to Kings River Canyon.

The Kings River, from whose flood many farms and orchards draw their irrigating supply, is one of the main benefactors of this section of mid-California. Scenically, the canyon of the South Fork is compared to the Yosemite and Hetch Hetchy Valleys. The Kings River gorge lies higher and excels in its vistas of surrounding mountains, while Yosemite is pre-eminent in foliage, falls and meadows. The scenery about Bull-

frog Lake is wilder than that above Hetch Hetchy and the Tuolumne's canyon. All three valleys are distinguished by "vertical walls and flat floors." East of Fresno above the head-waters of the Kings, Kaweah and Kern Rivers, the two hundred-mile wall of the southern Sierras is at its grandest and highest. Mt. Whitney is the supreme apex of this barrier which rises between the desert and the Pacific and is in some places miles wide. Massed below Whitney are Williamson, Tyndall, Brewer, Goddard, Rixford and other summits which approach within one to two thousand feet its own altitude of over 14,552 feet. On the slopes of the Snow Range stretch vast sequoia forests that are superior to all others.

The nearest route from Fresno to Kings River Canyon is by way of Sanger (14 m. east of Fresno on a branch of the Southern Pacific) and Millwood (auto-stage from Sanger, 40 m.). Millwood is a large lumber camp in which there is passable hotel accommodation. The saddle trail proceeds 35 miles northeast. Camping outfits and animals are available at Millwood. The inclusive cost of saddle-horse, pack train, provisions and tent need not exceed \$4.00 a day per person if a party is formed for the trip. Those averse to camping in the open may find lodgings at various wayside hostels.

General Grant National Park is 3 miles east of

Millwood by the Sanger stage, and lies on the way to the Canyon. Here is an amazing sequoia computed to be 400 feet tall. An automobile can be driven through the gutted trunk of a sovereign tree that lies prostrate. Stumps serve as foundations for cabins, shops, dancing pavilions and bowling alleys.

Near the entrance, tent sites are allotted to campers on the borders of a lake.

Beyond the Park, the road passes through Hume, the terminus of the Lemon Cove stage, and from Hume to Cedar Grove Hotel in the canyon. Six miles further on is Kanawyer's Camp. headquarters for canyon excursions.

There is another route to Kings River which is less direct for travellers from Fresno and the north, but more convenient for those who come from the south. At Visalia (about 30 miles below Fresno and a few miles off the main lines of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé) there is connection by electric road with Lemon Cove, less than an hour's ride east and 50 miles from the canyon. Lemon Cove may also be reached from Fresno (on the north) or Famoso (on the south) by a branch line to Exeter.

A stage leaves Lemon Cove early in the morning for Camp Juanita (18 m.) where the night is passed. To the east of the road is Sequoia National Park in the upper part of which is the fa-

mous Giant Forest. (Through this Reserve another road passes from Lemon Cove, the trail continuing north via Horse Corral.)

On the second day the stage passes through the sequoia forest called California Grove which has been open to travel only a few years and contains the most numerous assemblage of tree giants — some 8000 in all, besides thousands of other evergreen trees. This is another camping rendezvous for holiday-makers between spring and autumn.

At Quail Flat (13 m. beyond Juanita Meadows) the stage, which continues to Hume, is forsaken for the wiry horses that play so vital a part in these mountain *pasears*. The night is spent at Big Meadows. The third day brings us to Horse Corral where the exhilarating plunge to the valley begins. Cedar Grove Hotel is the first stop in the canyon. By night we are at Kanawyer's beneath the Sentinel's lofty guard.

The intrepid visions glimpsed during the descent to the chasm which cradles the boisterous brother of the lively Merced are equalled and surpassed as during days that follow we pursue paths which reveal the patriarchs of the Divide; the falls and gardens of the tranquil Valley of Paradise, stern-watched by King and Gardner, and the Middle Fork of Kings River whose rustre sides surge with light, or bend into frightening gullies.

Simpson Meadows bear to the Middle Fork the same relation as Tuolumne Meadows to Tuolumne Canyon, but they are of all these mountain campaigns the most enchanting. Twelve miles away, Tehipite raises its steadfast dome nearly 4000 feet above an impetuous river. To many it is as satisfying as the heights of Yosemite. Innumerable short sallies may be made from this region, all of them requiring mountaineering equipment, and a sturdy disregard of what one would call small hardships under less inspiring conditions.

Bubb's Creek Canyon is the headlong highway of a stream which is conceived in the fastness of Kearsarge Pass, 12,000 feet above the Pacific. It is a Kings Canyon *in parvo*. If we mount beside it we will find to the north a network of clear rimpled lakes — Bullfrog, Charlotte, Rae — all belted by ominous slopes that even in August show patches of white.

Vidette Meadow is a superlatively lovely woodland pasture. East Vidette, the Mounted Sentinel, lifts above Bullfrog Lake a sharp peak whose hollowed crest is a chalice for the everlasting snows. Mt. Rixford, which overlooks Rae Lake, has a fierce cragginess not unlike Vidette. At the foot of Brewer (13,890 ft.) shines East Lake, with the steeps of Bubb's Canyon closing the view beyond.

A trail to Kern River Canyon turns south at Bullfrog Lake, passes below Kearsarge Pinnacles and Mt. Brewer, and descends along this less known but impressive rival of Kings River. This route entails some hard climbing over the Kings—Kern Divide and Harrison Pass. An easier way is from Horse Corral into the Giant Forest, east to Alta Meadows, and then south-by-east to the head of the canyon. Frequent routes from the south will be given later.

The return from Kings River may be made via Sequoia Park, Kern River and Porterville.

Kearsarge Pass — Mt. Whitney — Death Valley — Mojave Desert.

Continuing east from Bullfrog Lake, hardy climbers attain the sublime heights of Kearsarge Pass and are recompensed by such a prospect as blots out the memory of the six miles' toiling. On one hand are billowing deserts, on the other, gigantic mountains, glaciers, jagged canyons, swift rivers, cataracts, lakes, forests, valleys — an indescribable view that robs even the garrulous of adjectives. Every mammoth of the south range is disclosed in hoary grandeur. No phase of nature is withheld, here, on the ridge of the continent.

The Sierra Club came this way on its 1913 Outing, making the ascent to Kearsarge from the east. The approach from the desert side is by the Nevada and California Railway north from Mojave, Los Angeles County, to Owenyo (144 m.) and by

the narrow gauge line, Owenyo to Citrus. Independence, seat of Inyo County, is 5 miles by carriage from Citrus, and 7 miles from the foot of Kearsarge Mountain.

The Sierra Club passed from east to west through the Kings River region, and reached Fresno by way of Tehipite Valley and McKinley Grove. They went thence to Stevenson Creek Station on the San Joaquin Valley and Eastern, a logging road, and from there to El Prado, an hour's ride from Fresno by a Southern Pacific branch.

Each year a proportion of the club's 1600 members essays some new or little-worn track through the wilderness of the Sierras. The organisation of which John Muir is now president was formed in 1892 to guard the scenery and natural features of the Sierra, to publish bulletins concerning these wonders, to further the interests of the National Parks in California, to preserve the forests, to influence the construction of trails and roads, to plant the fishless streams and lakes of the Sierra with trout, and to promote annual mountain and forest excursions. The Club's headquarters are in the Mills Building, San Francisco, where books, maps and photographs are at the disposal of members. The dues are \$3.00 a year, the initiation fee, \$2.00. New members, whether Californian or not, are welcomed if proposed by one already a

member. The secretary or custodian will give information concerning equipment, routes, and conditions in the mountains to those who make application.

Mt. Whitney is conveniently approached from Lone Pine, 7 miles south of Owenyo. This eminence, which soars nearer the heavens than any peak in the United States, is not difficult of access on its west slope. The top is marked by a cairn of stones set among boulders of rock and ice. To the east is Death Valley. One standing on the excellling pinnacle looks down not only to ocean level but 300 feet below it into this kettle-like bed of an evaporated sea.

Destitute of humidity, stifled by looming mountains, sunk beneath the rim of a blazing prairie of sand, Death Valley in the summer-time is the driest, hottest, thirstiest desert known to geographers. This "Valley of Burning Silence" was in 1852 the scene of a "borax stampede" during which prospectors went mad from the heat and ran shrieking up ravines where, later, their bones were found bleaching. Borax, of which Mt. Blanco has an inexhaustible wealth, is still taken from the valley's canyons. Formerly, long mule trains crawled up out of the basin and dragged their huge loads across the blistering plains to the railway. Sometimes the wagon arrived with no driver on the seat, but the mules knew the way.

Now a branch of the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad handles the ore from Ryan.

Inyo County contains within its limits the highest and the lowest reaches in the States. It has an area almost equal to that of Belgium. Owens Valley, which lies at an elevation of 4000 feet in the lee of Mt. Whitney, is a fertile fruit and grain-growing territory fed by the Owens River. But this Sierra stream fulfils a more important mission in contributing to Los Angeles, 260 miles to the south, its supply of crystal mountain water. The river has been diverted above Owens Lake to reservoirs which feed through the longest aqueduct in existence. The completion of this vast enterprise was celebrated at Los Angeles with appropriate ceremony, November 5, 1913.

In order to facilitate the construction of the conduit a good road was built across the Mojave (Mohave) Desert which is excellent for motoring from Acton almost to Lone Pine. The Mojave is an undulating, not a level expanse. The wind blows unceasingly. Whirling spouts, dervishes of the desert, careen across the carpets of sand. Such wastes seem provocative of weird growths, colours and imaginings. We see what we see not. Objects take on tints which resolve to quite different hues when observed at closer range. Desert flowers have an uncanny beauty incomparable to those of normal regions. Candle cacti bear spiky

tapers set in greyish sconces, the creosote *cholla* is tall and fuzzy, the white yucca tree is a pyramid of nacre bloom. The Indians use the thorny cactus to comb their hair. The spineless variety which ranchers are now growing experimentally, gives drink as well as food. What was once a barren solitude is somewhat altered now by irrigation.

The Nevada and California Railway continues north from Lone Pine, Owenyo and Citrus into Nevada and thus offers a direct way to join the Ogden Route of the Southern Pacific, or to reach Glenbrook on the east shore of Lake Tahoe via Carson City (branch from Churchill). Near Bishop, on the way north, are geysers and hot springs.

From Thorne, near the lower end of Walker Lake, Nevada, a wagon-road to Bodie in Mono County, California, connects with a railway to Mono, completing a less arduous but more circuitous route to Mono Lake than the one which is usually followed from Yosemite by way of Soda Springs. This sheet of water, 10 by 14 miles in length and width, lying "bare in the treeless desert like a disc of burnished metal," is neighbored by a chain of burned-out volcanoes whose craters, so Muir tells us, not so very long ago were showering "ashes and cinders . . . over the surrounding sage plains and glacier-laden mountains."

Sequoia National Park.

Lemon Cove is the point of departure for auto-stages which leave every evening except Saturday for Kaweah on the way to Sequoia Park. The night is passed here at a pleasant camp (meals and single beds, 50 cents each), and the journey resumed the following morning, unless it be Sunday. Return trip stage fare, Lemon Cove - Giant Forest, \$12.00. Camp Sierra is a well conducted resort whose main building and canvas guest-rooms are situated in the heart of the Giant Forest. The rates are \$3.00 a day or \$16.50 a week. The prices asked at these two camps approximate the terms at all remote California resorts. Return fare, Visalia or Exeter to Giant Forest (electric cars and stage), \$13.00.

The Sequoia Reserve has been under national protection for over twenty years. It is 240 square miles in extent and contains millions of trees. The beautiful Kaweah which flows through it on its course from the Sierra to Tulare Lake is well stocked with fish, and in the Park and on its borders there are many delightful sorties to be made — to Marble Canyon, Crescent Meadows, Morro Rock, Twin Peaks, Alta Peak, Mineral King, and to still other places further afield, including the canyon of the Kern. The signal attraction is the Forest of Big Trees which occupies 10 square miles in the upper section of the Park at an altitude of 6400 feet. Until the California Grove was explored this group of 5000 trees was known as the largest aggregation of the *gigantea* in the State, and it is still the finest of all. The

diameter of none of the glorious monsters is less than 10 feet; the majority achieve 300 feet in height and one exults in a gauge of 340 feet.

General Sherman, who as a young man spent some time in California, has no monument so worthy as the stalwart named for him in this Forest, an archetype of the perfectly symmetrical sequoia. Just under 300 feet tall, it measures 36 yards about its gently swelling base; 23 yards is the span of its circumference 200 feet above the ground. The notches in its armour-bark stand out like over-hanging eaves.

In this Park is found an almost extinct species of dwarf elk peculiar to California.

Kern River Canyon.

Eastward from the Park is the High Sierra region traversed by the roaring Kern. Several trails lead to it from the Government Reserve but it is usually reached from Porterville on the Fresno - Exeter - Famoso branch. A stage follows the Tule River among citrus groves and contrasting conifers to Nelson's Valley (12 m.) where years ago, John Nelson established a camp. Expeditions are fitted here for the lower end of the canyon and guides supplied. Another stage runs from Lemon Cove to California Hot Springs, a camp set in a pineland which is threaded with trout streams.

Over summits 7000 to 9000 feet high, and through mountain pastures where cattle browse on luscious grasses, the trail wends to the edge of Chapooga Forest. There the Kern appears, battling its way through a gorge longer than that of Kings and more austere. Reared above the turmoil, beetling bastions glower far to the north where Whitney, Tyndall and their familiars hold converse with the sky.

The metropolis of the lower extremity of the San Joaquin Valley is Bakersfield, 107 miles south of Fresno. This part of Kern County draws its wealth from the sheep of its plains, from the fruit of its trees, and the petroleum in the strata of its soil. Bakersfield reflects in its attractive streets and edifices the wide prosperity of its surroundings.

For over thirty years California has surpassed all oil-producing States in its yield of petroleum, and within the past decade, Russia, which had hitherto claimed oil supremacy over all the world, has been relegated to second place by this western empire of apparently boundless resources, whose yield of minerals, fruits, wines, vegetables, grains, timber and oil has enriched by billions the purse of the country.

Bakersfield is at the centre of the richest oil fields in this richest State, in whose wells it is estimated

8,000,000,000 barrels of oil remain. The yearly flow of Kern County wells alone approximates 50,000,000 barrels. The grade of petroleum produced by the McKittrick, Midway, Sunset and Kern River fields is, however, cheaper than that yielded by the Counties of Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Orange. California oil has an asphaltum instead of a paraffin base; used as fuel it is 40% cheaper than coal. The annual production is now slightly under 100,000,000 barrels, or about half the entire yield of the United States.

South of the Kern River the Sierra Nevada and Coast Ranges join in making a horizontal barrier between San Joaquin Valley and the groves of Southern California. The lines of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé unite at Bakersfield and ascend Tehachapi Pass on the rails of the former. The road winds like a spiral stair, channelling through granite, tracing and re-tracing its track to the plateau summit. From Tehachapi on the crest to Mojave on the desert is a coast of 20 miles.

The Southern Pacific proceeds from Mojave to Los Angeles (103 m.) via Saugus.

The Santa Fé route is Mojave - Barstow - San Bernardino - Colton - Pomona - Los Angeles (213 m.).

Beyond Barstow the railroad continues 169 miles to Needles on the border of Arizona.

CHAPTER XI

SAN JOSÉ—SANTA CRUZ—MONTEREY—PASO
ROBLES—SAN LUIS OBISPO—SANTA BAR-
BARA—SAN BUENAVENTURA

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SAN FRANCISCO—SAN JOSÉ. Via the Coast Line, San Francisco—Mayfield—San José.

Via Oakland and Niles.

Via Oakland, Alvarado, Newark and Santa Clara.

Distance by each of these three rail routes, 47 miles.

Fastest time by the Coaster, or the Shore Line Limited from San Francisco, 1 hour, 10 minutes, and by Del Monte Express in the afternoon over Coast Line, 3rd and Townsend Street station, Southern Pacific.

By motor-car the distance over the State Highway via San Mateo is 52 miles; via Oakland and the Foothill Boulevard, 43 miles.

SAN FRANCISCO—SANTA CRUZ. Via Mayfield and Los Gatos, 79 miles. Afternoon express from 3rd and Townsend Street station, time about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Via Oakland and West San José, time $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 hours.

San José—Santa Cruz, 40 miles.

For motor routes, see San Francisco—Monterey.

SAN FRANCISCO—MONTEREY. Via Mayfield, Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, Watsonville Junction (Pajaro), Del Monte Junction (Castroville) and Del Monte, 116 miles. By morning express from 3rd and Townsend Streets, time $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Via Coast Line, 3rd and Townsend Street station, to San José, Gilroy and Watsonville Junction, 126 miles. By

Shore Line Limited, 4 hours. Only first-class tickets with Pullman tickets honoured. Afternoon Del Monte Limited, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The route via Oakland and San José is somewhat longer.

The motor routes via the State Highway or the Foothill Boulevard to San José, and from San José to Monterey via either Santa Cruz or Gilroy are those most frequented. Distance, 125 miles. A road of scenic charm begins at the Ocean Boulevard, San Francisco, and continues via San Mateo, Half Moon Bay, Pescadero and Santa Cruz. Distance about 100 miles.

SAN FRANCISCO—PASO ROBLES. Via Coast Line, 216 miles. Time by Shore Line Limited, $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Only first class tickets with Pullman tickets honoured on this train.

SAN FRANCISCO—SAN LUIS OBISPO. Via Shore Line Limited, 252 miles, 7 hours.

SAN FRANCISCO—SANTA BARBARA. Via Shore Line Limited, 371 miles, $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Same time by night express. First-class and Pullman tickets only. Other slower trains.

For steamers see Chapter I.

SAN FRANCISCO—SAN BUENAVENTURA (Ventura). Via the Coaster, 398 miles, 12 hours.

EL CAMINO REAL. The path of the Spanish friars from Mission to Mission is now traversed by motor-cars for whose sake the King's Highway is rapidly being improved. It forms a link 600 miles long between San Francisco and San Diego. Most of the way it parallels the course of the Southern Pacific Coast Line, short detours being made to the Franciscan Missions, many of which are now abandoned and in ruins.

San José — Lick Observatory — Missions of San José, Santa Clara and San Juan Bautista.

As California reckons time, San José is a city well advanced in years, for it was a prosperous *pueblo*

when trappers and adventurers visited it nearly three-quarters of a century ago. It was first established by the Spaniards in 1777. But its mien is that of perpetual maidenhood garlanded for a holiday. Life is fair in San José. Many travelers have designated it as the Eden of their declining years. Some come back to fulfil their wanderer's dream. If all returned who wished to, this City Beautiful would far exceed its already generous bounds.

Lawns and back yards are a revel of rose-trees and blossoming vines. Public gardens are arrayed the year round in every sort of shrub and flower. In St. James Park there are rare botanical growths. Amid a group of imposing specimens stands the statue raised to President McKinley on the spot where he spoke to a great multitude a few weeks before his death.

The first legislature convened in the new State of California held its sessions in San José in an adobe building which has not been preserved to posterity.

True to the traditions of latter-day California, the educational institutions of the community are splendidly housed from University to Grammar School. Besides the sectarian University of the Pacific, there is a large Normal School here.

On the heights above the city and above the orchards of the radiant valley of Santa Clara is the white dome of Lick Observatory, which is allied

with the University of California. An admirable road rambles serpent-wise to the top of Mt. Hamilton, keeping in sight the sea and the Coast Range from the north far off to the south.

A motor-stage makes the 28-mile trip every weekday, leaving San José early in the morning and returning there about dinner-time in the evening. On Saturdays the stage has a later schedule which enables the tourist to visit the Observatory at night when the telescope is at his disposal for a survey of the heavens. The fare to and from the summit is \$5.00 for the Saturday trip, and a dollar less on other days. San José is reached about midnight on Saturdays.

The route is enlivened by vistas of spacious groves, vineyards, and garden-estates, and by a view of San José's chief pride, the recreation ground of diverse attractions, Alum Rock Park, which is connected with the city by electric car.

When the round-about road has proceeded some 20 miles, the Hotel Santa Ysabel appears in Smith Creek Canyon. Days might be spent here, fishing highland streams, tramping the Mt. Hamilton Hills, exploring Indian Gulch. But the excursionist presses on to the eminence nearly 4300 feet above sea where on a bare plaza loom the lonely edifices which James Lick's bounty gave to science thirty years ago. Born in Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania in 1796, this pioneer, who in life was a



CENTRAL PARK, LOS ANGELES

recluse, has conferred many telling benefactions upon his adopted State. He willed that this great telescope should be fitted with the most powerful refracting lens in the world, and that it should be free to all. It was his wish, also, that his body be entombed in its foundations. Within a few years the Yerkes Observatory on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, has been built to receive a telescope the diameter of whose lens is forty inches, or four inches larger than that of Lick Observatory. At Meudon, near Paris, there is a 32-inch refracting lens; the next largest is at Potsdam near Berlin (31 inches). The Observatories at Riverview Park, Pennsylvania, at Nice, France, and Pulkowa, Russia, each have 30-inch telescopes. The telescopes at Greenwich, England, at Washington, at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, and at Harvard (24 inches) complete the list of the world's most important refracting instruments. Eleven to fifteen inches is the average for other well-known telescopes.

The Lick equipment also includes a 33-inch photo lens, several photo-telescopes and a spectograph. Among the noted feats credited to the Mt. Hamilton staff are the discoveries of the fifth, sixth and seventh satellites of Jupiter. A colony of about sixty, comprising astronomers, assistants, instrument adjusters and their families live near the Observatory.

Mission San José was established 17 miles northeast of San José *pueblo*. Only a fragment of the cloister and a few olive trees repay a journey to it. From Irvington, on the Southern Pacific, a stage departs twice a day for the Nun's School which occupies modern buildings in the midst of these memorable surroundings. The original chapel and monks' quarters were shattered by an earthquake half a century ago, or about 60 years after the Mission was founded. "A spacious stone building with court-yard and long corridors" constituted the primitive establishment which served not only the religious and communal needs of the little company, but was their shelter in time of contest between Whites and Indians.

The Mission of Santa Clara, founded in 1777, was twice driven from the sites chosen by the padres by floods and quakes. Father Serra helped dedicate the second church, destroyed in 1818. When a third set of buildings was erected on a third site, a town grew up about it, the present town of Santa Clara, a short way from San José. Once the Mission estate counted 25,000 head of cattle. When Bayard Taylor visited it in 1848, its walls were dilapidated, and "a single monk in the corridor, habited in a very dirty cowl and cassock, was the only saintly inhabitant."

In 1851, California's first institution of learning was installed within the crumbling Mission which

was later entirely made over. The priests of Santa Clara College now walk in the old gardens. In the library they show to the visitor parchment volumes, Gregorian song-books, baptismal records and a precious portrait of Serra. In one of the two towers of the present church hang three bells given to the Mission by a Spanish king. Before the church is a tall cross of wood to commemorate the first mass.

The Jesuit College has graduated many who have become famous in various walks. Its School of Oratory and Debate furnishes the actors for the Passion Play of Nazareth which is given every other year in a grove of trees planted by the friars.

North of Santa Clara, near Mayfield, is the mound of an Indian queen whose tribe once inhabited land about San José. Some of her people were buried here also. The spade of the antiquarian has turned up many examples of their earthenware and crude weapons.

Santa Clara is joined to San José by an electric line laid along a magnificent oak drive three miles in length, which is one of the historic highways of this benign country.

Planted from end to end in unerring rows of prune, apricot and peach, the County of Santa Clara is a vast orchard comprising nearly a million acres. When the year's at the spring the

brown branches burst into a flood of bloom worth travelling days to see.

The first sizable prune orchard was set out near San José in 1870. The territory of which it is the seat now produces twice as many prunes and plums as the rest of California combined. It leads in apricots and cherries as well. Santa Clara County numbers altogether over 5,000,000 fruit bearing trees, or twice as many as any other single county. A season's yield may return almost as many million dollars as there are trees. But pests make the harvest uncertain, as elsewhere in the State. Thousands of tons of prunes and apricots are spread in the sun to dry, and other tons of stone-fruits are canned for home and foreign markets.

Flowers and green vegetables are grown by the square league and are thrashed here for their seed as other valleys thrash grain. A great part of the lettuce seed of the world is produced in this region. Oriental labourers cultivate 1000-acre radish fields, farms of verbenas and sweet peas, prairies of carrots and miles of irrigated onions.

We thread these bounteous plains if we make the triangular excursion by train to the mines of New Almaden, which lie a short journey south from San José. Except for one cinnabar mine in Oregon, California possesses all the quicksilver in the United States. These mines in the Santa Clara

Valley, which are named for a rich sulphide of mercury deposit in Spain, are the most important in the State. South of Hollister in San Benito County there is another great quicksilver mine at Idria.

Beyond Hillsdale, the junction for the New Almaden branch, the Coast Route of the Southern Pacific keeps on to Gilroy and Carnadero and then turns west to Watsonville Junction (Pajaro). Orchards stretch away to the Santa Cruz Mountains, whose dominant peak, Loma Prieta, rises 3800 feet above the level of the near-by ocean.

From Gilroy there is a daily stage over a good motor-road to Gilroy Hot Springs, which has a wide reputation as an all-the-year mountain resort, having a large hotel with adjacent cottages and tents. The alkalo-sulphureted springs have a temperature of 112 degrees.

Among the hills above Gilroy is the one-time home of Mrs. Stevenson, and, adjoining it, the former home of Frank Norris. His neighbour and Gelett Burgess designed as a memorial to him a stone seat, which bears the carved inscription, *Frank Norris, 1870-1902. Simpleness and Gentleness and Honor and Clean Mirth.*

Sargent, 40 miles below San José on the way toward Pajaro, is the station for the Mission of San Juan Bautista, an hour's drive south. (Stages twice a day. Return fare \$1.00.)

A tiny settlement now drowns about the deserted cloisters which once rang to the feet of long-robed Spanish *frays* and their Indian converts — rang too with the sound of arms when Castro, in command of the troops of Mexican California, camped here to contest Fremont's right to fly a foreign flag from a height of the Gavilan Range in March, 1846. Eight months later, Fremont gathered his supporters on the plaza before the Mission and marched 500 strong upon the resisting forces near Santa Barbara.

Father Lasuen, Serra's successor as President of the Missions, consecrated this site on a hill above the San Benito Valley in June, 1797, in which year three other Missions were founded, and all within ninety days. The present church is about 100 years old. Its interior is sufficiently preserved to give a complete idea of how it looked at dedication. The relic rooms contain vestments and vessels and an old baptismal font, primitive implements, vellum manuscripts, a wool carder whose prongs are wrought nails, and a curious hand-organ made in England in 1735. The priests were accustomed to bring with them from Spain the bells to hang in their adobe spires. There is something very human in the thought that some melody-loving monk should have elected to pack this wheezy instrument on mule-back to give him cheer in a far-off land of savages.

Beneath the chancel of the Church of St. John the Baptist lie the bones of Estevan Tapis, third of the Mission Presidents, who died in November, 1825. He was known not only as a zealous priest but as a composer of good music.

One of the altar niches is filled by the image of that St. Isador to whom the Spanish peasants pay homage in the month of May at his shrine outside Madrid. In the square tower is a wooden *matraca* which in the churches of Spain is rumbled dully against its clapper during the last days of Passion Week, when metal bells are silenced.

The priest's garden holds a sun dial whose shadowy finger told the hour to the Brothers of St. Francis. Here are pear trees which bore fruit for their table. At the end of the arcade which extends for 300 feet along the weedy plaza is a circular seat about the trunk of a spreading tree, where we like to believe they sat, sandalled and tonsured, thumbing their holy books.

Across the square there is a Spanish inn whose red and yellow porches add the last touch to this old-world spot.

The Redwoods and Santa Cruz.

By train or automobile one may swing north to Santa Cruz from San Juan, but the shortest way from San José to this famous beach is through Los Gatos. Electric cars cover the 15 miles to

the latter town, a hill-side retreat in the Santa Cruz Range, whose climate and outlook commend it to both traveller and resident. Three miles north is the village of Saratoga, where about the end of March a Prune Festival is held for three days in blossom-time. Games are organised and pageants pass beneath the snowy trees, and for miles the people come to rejoice in the promised harvest.

Near this California Saratoga there is, very appropriately, a Congress Spring whose waters attract a large summer patronage.

At Felton, 7 miles from Santa Cruz, excursionists change for Ben Lomond, Brookdale and Boulder Creek, all resorts in the midst of beautiful hills. From the last-named point the California Redwood Park is 9 miles distant by stage. The majesty of this forest, which was purchased in 1902 by the State for \$250,000, has been almost unmolested. Free camp sites are granted and there are pleasant hotels within walking and driving distance.

A more accessible group of the *Sequoia sempervirens* is reached from Big Trees Station, or by motor-road from Santa Cruz. These coastwise relatives of the *gigantea*, the Live Forever Trees, follow the shore from Oregon to Monterey. In Japan small specimens are found, but nowhere else does the redwood grow outside of this State to

whose soil it is indigenous. The grove near Santa Cruz contains 100 great trees which rival the *gigantea* in height, age and grace, though not in compass. Fremont and his soldiers camped in this pillared forest in the winter of 1847. A hollow stump in which he is said to have lived is named for him. It is related also that several Babes of the Wood, children of a trapper, were born within the bark walls of the same redwood. Bombastic visiting-cards have been thrust upon many of these regal trees — each one a commentary on man's conceit.

The *sempervirens* yields a soft wood whose market value approximates \$14 a thousand feet. About 600,000,000 feet, board measure, are cut a year, or nearly twice as much as any other kind of California lumber.

Grace Greenwood described Santa Cruz as "seated on the knees of pleasant terraces with her feet in the sea." Hills retreating from Monterey Bay leave an open space upon which the town is built. Its houses rise in tiers from an unrivalled beach which in summer affords pastime to a great concourse of people. All the appurtenances of sea-shore life at its blithest are here. There is a casino for dancing and feasting, there are enchanting sails and drives to be taken; in the bay, fish are waiting for the troll — lusty salmon, ten to

thirty of which are counted a day's catch. Children prod the sand for mollusks, while older children bathe, coquette on the sands, or drowse beneath paper parasols.

The curving cliff road leads to sculptured rocks where one may lounge all day deciphering fancied features, or scanning views of ship and wave through arches that have been pierced by the ceaseless charge of the surf.

At night the electric pier entices; promenades are gay with the music of trumpet and strings; at the high season a water carnival illumines the bay.

But gladsome as Santa Cruz is in the summer, there are some who find her winter mood more satisfying. Though the city has at all times a population of tourists and cottagers, one has more room in January than in June to roam the shore among the lateens of the Portuguese fishermen, more leisure to wander to heights that command blue waters, and to inhale the beauty of wild cala fields, of heliotrope vines, roses, magnolias and winter violets. Nature seems to have exhausted her artistry upon the City of the Holy Cross. No element conducive to pleasure is missing, neither sunshine, nor scenery, nor diversity of open-air amusement.

Guests of the new Spanish inn, the Casa del Rey, enjoy the privileges of a suburban golf course of

18 holes whose turf is kept in condition by a troop of browsing Angora goats. Motor-roads and bridle-trails penetrate canyadas and slumbering forests. Up Powder Canyon we pass through a dense growth of sycamores and pines and follow the San Lorenzo River to the Big Redwoods. The Cowell Ranch, reputed for its extent, for its groves and its blooded livestock is a pleasant walk from the town.

The Mission of Santa Cruz, the twelfth to be founded, was dedicated in 1791. No vestige of its buildings remains, owing to one of those disasters which have laid to the earth so many of these historic walls. A modern church now occupies the site of the chapel which witnessed the baptism of 2500 Indians into the Roman faith.

On the way to Monterey¹ the railroad touches Capitola and other summer towns. Watsonville, near the border of Santa Cruz and Monterey Counties, is the apple market of the State. Many of the ranches are tended by Chinese and Dalmatian labourers, whose painstaking genius induces better results than the hastier methods of the American. The Dalmatians often lease orchards outright, or contract with the owners for the crop in advance, so that the trade of this richest apple district is to a surprising degree in the hands of growers from the shores of the Adriatic.

¹ Santa Cruz - Monterey, 37 m. via Del Monte Junction (Castroville). Time, 2 hrs.

Endless rows of strawberry plants vie with the orchards in profligate yield.

Monterey.

One has barely turned aside from the highroad of travel when the towers of Del Monte are seen above the trees. The station is on the edge of the great estate "in the Forest" that for a generation has graced the California littoral.

The hotel has an expansive homeliness and a well-ordered hospitality that conform to the best ideals of inn-keeping. About it are lawns which suggest the fastidiousness of Tsarskoe-Selo, and exotic trees which recall, though they in no wise equal, the thousand-acre forest of Bussaco, the Sacred Wood of Portugal, which encloses the most sumptuous of all hotels.

In the grounds of both these widely-separated hostelries stands the humorous monkey-puzzler whose spinous branches would without question prove discouraging to the most ambitious of simians. The Del Monte Park shelters nearly 500 specimens of alien trees, trees from Africa, Lapland, Japan, India, Mexico. Among these odd and lovely strangers grows the native pine, found wild only in California. One corner of the 120-acre lawn is given to a Desert Garden, where eerie cacti, aloes and palms stand with unsheathed lances. The walks are aglow with a hundred sorts

of roses. On the King's Lagoon, swans glide with royal languor.

The hotel bathing pavilion and pier are close by on the shore where boats may be hired for the salmon-fishing; across the road from the park are the polo field, and the links which have brought Del Monte individual renown in the world of golf.

Since the destruction of the Hopkins Institute in the San Francisco fire, the ball-room at Del Monte has served as a gallery in which the works of California artists have been exhibited. Many paintings hung here embody pictures limned by Nature among the coves and beaten cliffs of the peninsula. In the hotel lobby is a copy of the original portrait of the Count of Monterey, ninth viceroy of Mexico, for whom in 1602 Vizcaino renamed this recess of the coast which Cabrillo had called the Bay of Pines at its discovery just sixty years before. The painting, taken from the one preserved in Mexico City, shows Vizcaino's patron to have been a Don of patrician features and arched Spanish brows. Of still greater interest is the portrait of Father Serra, the original of which is in the College of San Fernando, Mexico City. Just across the hills his body lies in the restored temple on the Rio Carmelo.

His robes and altar vessels in the parish church, the narrow streets of Monterey, the bay, the

enveloping hills, the sea, the cliffs and the dunes, the haunted cedars on the shore, are all revealed during the Drive of Seventeen Miles of which, for its guests, Del Monte is the beginning and the end,—the alpha and omega of an alphabet of joys. Other boulevards in the interior of the rolling tract which comprises Monterey and its environs, complement the coast highway and with it make up a system of roads that provide forty miles of unalloyed pleasure. A zealous brochure calls them “the most magnificent in the world.” But this they are not. What, oh ye loyal Californians, of the motor-way through the Tyrol, of the Corniche above the Mediterranean, of the route from Tiflis to Vladikavkas?

Some one has recorded that the Seventeen-mile Tour was suggested as a Monterey feature by Stevenson, who stayed in this vicinity during the latter part of 1879. At Pacific Grove, which lies nearer the ocean than Del Monte and Monterey, the road strikes through the trees toward Moss Beach and Point Joe. The Pacific Grove Hotel is under Del Monte management. Near-by is an assembly hall for religious and educational conventions, and a large camp-ground. This resort lies rather higher than its neighbours, toward whom it bears itself, moreover, with a certain moral superiority whose chill has a counterpart in the raw winds and mists from which Monterey and Del

Monte are immune, and which not infrequently make the rather shabby beach at the Grove a bleak place even in summer.

The edge of adjacent inlets is jewelled with crawling sea life, with foliage that drifts with the humours of the tide, with the spinel-tints of headlands whose shadows mingle in the water. Through the magnifying-glass of specially constructed boats, biologist and amateur spy upon the mysteries of these "flat-lying, many-branching things." Here "star-fish sprawl in the briny meadows," and "prickly balls of purple, and flower-like animals of green and umber hue." The shells of the abalone and other invertebrate bodies are found in profusion between Point Aulon and Point of Pines. Near the bathing-beach at Pacific Grove are the Marine Laboratory of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and a museum of native plants and animals.

Proceeding upon the Drive which even the hastiest tripper does not fail to take, we emerge from a stately wood to confront an unimpeded view of the deep, crashing with diapason note against the indented sandstone of the coast. The seal rocks lie beyond, and, crowded to the brink of a shelving point of land, are the shivering limbs of cypress trees which cling like wind-driven hags to their crannies. For a thousand years, two thousand, mayhap, the unchecked blasts of the Pacific have

preyed without mercy upon their protesting forms.² These "strange, tormented trees that Dante would have loved" are the last of their kind to find foot-hold on our continent.

From wild acclivities and sullen surf the road turns to sheltered hill-tops and the peace of the pine-woods. By the shell-like cove of Pebble Beach, strewn with winking crystal and quartz, the great hotel across the peninsula, which is landlord of a hunting ranch in the mountains, has established a seaside Lodge whose pergolas and rustic hall invite one to linger until nightfall. An excellent luncheon may be ordered here unless one prefers to picnic on the shady beach or in the wood. An electric omnibus carries excursionists to the Lodge by a direct route from the railway stations at Del Monte and Pacific Grove.

Near the head of Pescadero Canyon the Carmel Road leaves the Drive, which continues to Del Monte, and takes its hilly way to a settlement of workers who wield both pen and brush. Mary Austin, Alice MacGowan and her sister, Mrs. Cook, Ambrose Bierce, James Hopper and Jack London frequent this colony by the sea. Among the artists who have drawn inspiration from the white

² The Lombardy Cypress and the Cedars of Lebanon live for tens of centuries. Professor Asa Gray is authority for the statement that one cypress in Italy, that of Santa Maria del Tale, numbers 4000 years.



IN PASADENA, NEW YEAR'S DAY

sands, the trees, the wild flowers and blue bay of Carmel are William Ritchell, Goddard Gale and many others who make this their painting headquarters, with what excellent result all who visit California galleries may see.

Beyond, in an open field, is the object of many a reverent pilgrimage, the Church of San Carlos Borromeo, seat of the Mission Presidents and tomb of Junipero Serra.

When after protracted months of searching Portola came at last to Monterey Bay, no heart was so gladdened as Serra's. Information gathered from explorers' journals had long before instilled in him the wish to found near a haven of such good renown a religious community of influence. At last his ardent desire was to be fulfilled.

Below the present presidio, near a spot now marked by a monument which depicts Serra about to put foot to the shore, the little company first landed after the voyage from San Diego, and raised with accustomed ceremony a thatched altar, and swung from the limbs of an oak, which still lives, the clarion bells that should call to the worship of the true God the men of the hills. The chimes which rang on this June day in 1770 at the consecration of the second of California's Missions, were celebrated in the somewhat commonplace verses of Bret Harte, *The Bells of Monterey*, which had, however, sufficient charm of euphony

to merit, in Gounod's opinion, a harmonious setting,

. Eleison Bells!
Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse.

San Carlos Mission was afterwards removed from the site near the garrison to a valley six miles away, where the Carmel River met the ocean. Fourteen years Padre Junipero lived here, returning at intervals from journeys to the eight other Missions he established, all approximately a day's walk apart, a *jornada* of thirty miles. True to his Franciscan vows, Serra, who was already aged, went on foot from place to place, although suffering from an injury to his leg which he had received soon after leaving Mexico City, and which he neglected to heal, through belief that it was good for the spirit to endure the body's pains. He died at San Carlos, August 28, 1784, full of years and holy deeds. It was his hand that carried into this quarter of the New World the flickering brand of civilisation. His wisdom and fortitude were the pillars which fortified the colonising of Upper California.

They laid his body near the altar of his best-loved church. Near him slept Fray Crespi, the friend of his youth, who had died on New Year's Day of that year. Later, Father Lasuen was

buried in the same chancel. A few months after American occupancy the outhouses and corrals were described by a traveller as "broken down and tenantless." But the Mission building "in the form of a hollow square, with a spacious courtyard, overlooked by a heavy belfry and chapel-dome of sun-dried bricks" was not yet ruined. It was not long, however, before the church roof collapsed and the winds and the rain were admitted to the flat-arched room, and weeds blanketed the graves of the forgotten friars. Unprotected, the old church stood in the glare of the sun at the end of a deserted road. Nearly a hundred years after Serra's death, the grass and the fallen tiles were cleared away through the effort of a Monterey priest, Father Angelo Cassanova, and on the centenary of the padre's death, the renovated church was dedicated. The bell-tower, which remains as it was first fashioned, is Moorish in effect, reflecting the earliest traditions of Spanish architecture.

Four times a day stages leave Monterey station for Carmel, where there is a pleasant inn.

On the outskirts of Monterey, six miles from Carmel Mission, stands the parish church often mistakenly denoted as Mission San Carlos. Originally, the garrison chapel, founded six months before San Carlos of Carmel, occupied this site. The present building is the repository of many

treasures associated with Serra. Services are still held here. Bayard Taylor speaks of attending mass in this church on a Sunday when "nave and gallery were both crowded by the Californian families and Indians." He dilates upon the music "which was furnished by a diminutive parlour-organ, and consisted of a choice list of polkas, waltzes and fandango airs," a relation, no doubt, of the venerable affair at the Mission of Juan Bautista.

The "Californians" of this day were so designated in distinction to the Americans or, more properly speaking, the citizens of the United States who had but lately made their unwelcome appearance in Mexican Monterey. About fifteen years before the visit to California of the young correspondent from New York, another voyager, who had just left the halls of Harvard, entered this bay on the brig *Pilgrim*, of 180 tons register, having sailed from Boston just five months before. He made note in the book which recounts his travels that California, a vague land then to Boston, extended "along nearly the whole of the western coast of Mexico. . . . It is subdivided into two provinces,—Lower or Old California and New or Upper California. . . . Upper California has the seat of its government at Monterey, where is also the custom-house, the only one on the coast, and at which every vessel trading on the coast must en-

ter its cargo before it can begin its traffic." Of the Monterey shore he wrote, "A more inviting, picturesque location for a city never entered a poet's dream." The inhabitants he thought an "idle thriftless people who can make nothing for themselves.³ . . . Monterey houses," he continued, "are generally of earth, the windows grated and without glass . . . the doors are seldom shut . . . horses run wild, being branded." Other writers of that period (1835) confirmed these impressions recorded by young Richard Dana in *Two Years Before the Mast*. The town had changed but little when the United States frigate, *Savannah*, flag-ship of Commodore Sloat, and two sloops-of-war, *Cyane* and *Levant*, which presented "a very war-like appearance," were discovered in the harbour by the frigate *Congress*, upon its arrival from Honolulu, Captain Stockton commanding. Eight days before, on July 7, 1846, the American colours had first floated over Monterey. The chaplain of the *Congress* was the Rev. Walter Colton, who was later named alcalde, or mayor-judge of the American city. It was he who erected Colton Hall, the first American school-building, in which the first congress of American California met in September, 1849, to sign the first California constitution.

³ Early Montereyans were reputed too indolent to milk their herds of cows, and in consequence had little of their produce.

On August 15, 1846, the ex-chaplain, and Dr. Robert Semple, afterwards president of the Constitutional Convention, issued the first newspaper, a weekly called *The Californian*. Semple was editor and Colton set the type, using a press which had been ordered by the Imprenta de Zamorano y Ca, the Printing-house of Augustin Zamorano and Company, in 1832 from Boston at a cost of \$500, and received in Monterey two years later. The press had been originally employed to print official documents, but when taken over by *The Californian* had long been abandoned in an empty warehouse. As the letter *w* did not appear in the Spanish alphabet, Colton was obliged to use double *v*'s in its place until, as the reader was advised, the character could be imported from "the Sandvitch Islands," where there were then a United States Commissioner and some Protestant and Catholic missionaries. On the Monterey press were also published the pioneer newspapers of Sacramento, Stockton, Sonora and Columbia.

Artists and writers revived the old capital from the stupor into which it fell after it was deprived of the seat of state government. At Casa Verde, in a lane near the custom-house, Charles Warren Stoddard made his home.

When Stevenson first arrived in the community he camped on the Smith Ranch, 18 miles from

Monterey. Later he lodged in what is now a renovated boarding-house whose bare face carries the naïve legend *R. Stevenson House*. He remained in the sunny, somnolent town nearly four months. Around the corner from the *R. Stevenson House* was the Allen house, where he drew the plot for *Prince Otto*. When he was depressed he found consolation in the friendly cheer and the excellent Spanish dishes of Monsieur Simoneau, whose restaurant site has now been usurped by a bake-shop.

The old custom-house, built in 1816, still stands on the edge of the bay. The trolley runs behind it. Its walls, restored by the Native Sons, now contain a museum of relics. Within sight of it was wrecked in 1843 the brigantine *Natalie* which carried Napoleon from Elba to France before Waterloo. On the water-front are remnants of whaling-days. Whales and whalers even now sometimes enter the bay.

Near the military reservation, on whose crest there was once a Spanish *castello*, is the Sloat monument, resting on a base composed of stones from every county in the State.

The custom-house is the focal point of the town's two principal streets, Alvarado and Main. Near-by are the former Spanish and American theatre buildings. Up Main Street is the house of Thomas Larkin, first and last American consul

to Mexican California, to whom President Polk entrusted the preliminary negotiations tending toward the peaceful acquisition of the territory by the United States. Not far from his *hacienda* is the home of Alvarado, last Spanish Governor of the province; the two-story sandstone Hall built by "Don Walter Colton" is near-by on the hill. The Estrada house on Pacific Street has a balcony beneath the roof, sloping and cool, the wall behind is pierced by cool dark windows. The maze of old alleys of which Jefferson Street is the stem still disclose hints of the days when Monterey was capital of a Spanish State. Without doubt there are idlers about fonda and patio who still look upon us as interlopers in a realm of cigarettes and castanets and easy-going trade.

The land about Monterey was originally comprised in a single estate of 10,000 acres granted to Captain Cooper, a half brother of Larkin, who entered the harbour in 1820. Later he took to wife the sister of General Vallejo, and from this union there has descended an interesting group of Spanish-American heirs. The drive to El Sur crosses the Carmel Valley and wends among the gloomy gorges beyond Point Lobos. On the rancho are employed grandchildren of ranch-hands who served the old Captain himself.

The tourist may return to San Francisco from Monterey via Santa Cruz or Gilroy, or proceed south by the Coast

Line. Monterey - Santa Barbara, 277 m. = 8½ hrs. Monterey - Los Angeles, 381 m. = 12 hrs.

The Missions of Soledad, San Antonio and San Miguel. En Route to Paso Robles.⁴

Through a valley in which fertility and bleak plains are contrasted, the Camino Real and the railroad follow a straight course to Soledad. The Mission of Our Lady of Solitude is 3½ miles west by stage. Forsaken in a barley-field, it offers little reward for a journey thither. Inner walls of flat brick stand denuded with scarcely a line left to tell us how well they once were builded. Sagging casements gaze regretfully. Even the associations of the ruin are depressing. In the nave of the fallen church rests a Spanish Governor, José de Arrillaga, who came here to die. And here a faithful priest starved to death when secularisation had robbed the Mission of its lands.

Beyond La Soledad is the beautiful watering-place in the Santa Lucia Mountains known as Paraiso Springs, once part of the Mission grant, and reached now by stage from Soledad.

Twelve miles east of the railway are the prodigious geologic formations discovered by Captain Vancouver, the English explorer, who travelled

⁴ Monterey - Paso Robles, 122 m. via Del Monte Junction and Salinas. Time, 3½ hrs. At Salinas there takes place every year a typical western *rodeo* or cattle-drive followed by games and feasting.

this region in 1794. The drive may be taken by either of two wagon-roads from Soledad station, where guides are available. It is not safe for the stranger to penetrate alone the circumambient ways which tunnel dungeons and echo solemnly among the biscuit-coloured monoliths of this tumbled structure. Daunting passages climb and descend, lighted in the deepest wells by the guide's feeble taper. A roofed and rocky valley drops a thousand feet behind the lofty castle towers of a vast parapet. At none too great a distance are caves where wild things hide in the day. Pig-widgeons shape themselves in the limestone and dart at us from sudden gullies. Boulders heaped in abnormal piles are barred with mineral colour or eroded into ridges that look like welts on some grim creature's side. The effect of it all is horrific, ogreish. There are wholesome woods near-by, which make part of a newly-established Government Reserve, many miles in extent.

Castilian winds are no more desolate than those which haunt the plateau between Soledad and King City. The latter is the railway gate to the distant Mission whose existence is one's only excuse for alighting here. A drear stage-ride of 20 miles brings us by the King's Highway to the out-of-the-world village of Jolon, where there is a *posada*, contenting and restful. The travel-worn

may well elect to forget time-tables and clanging streets and stay awhile at this tavern in the brooding hamlet, whose citizens are mostly Mexican and Portuguese, and whose local pride is a giant grape-vine. Six miles further on is the domain of which Serra wrote, "In fine this place seems for the Mission more abundant than one could desire and, as such, deserving of so great a title as San Antonio, and thus we call it." July 14, 1771, was the date upon which this, his third colony, came into being. The church was placed near a branch of the Salinas River, overlooked by the mountains. The surrounding buildings are particularly effective in arrangement. Their walls have been rescued from utter dilapidation by the League which was organised in 1895 to preserve so far as possible the landmarks of Southern California.

San Antonio de Padua was renowned for its flour and for the basket-weaving of its Indian women, for whom an inner court was called, "Of the Weavers." Once a twelve-month, on St. Anthony Day, service is held in this remote meadow, and when mass has been said and a *Requiescat* murmured for the friars who are taking their last rest here, the motley congregation wander among the pear and pomegranate trees and linger to keep the old Mission company for a space before another year's desertion.

The Camino Real turns southeast from San Antonio to the railway. From Bradley station (32 m. below King City) it is but 11 miles by rail or auto-road to the energetic little town of San Miguel, which long since outgrew the staunch edifices the fathers raised considerably over a century ago.

The Mission of St. Michael the Archangel was deemed the healthiest of all the settlements, owing to its proximity to the mountains, the sea and far-famed mineral springs. Tiled cloisters run at right angles to the church, whose interior remains much as the monks and neophytes left it. The heavy roof-beams rest on ornate corbels, the walls are frescoed with native dyes, the panelled pulpit is painted in primary hues, and the high altar decorated with carving of Mexican design. The tall narrow fane is one of the quaintest in California. Among the relics is the Marriage Chair, built broad for buxom *muchachas* who believed that to but sit in it insured an early wedding. Some old tanning vats tell of a craft once creditably pursued. A corner of the kitchen yard has a beehive oven built into the wall.

El Paso de Robles.

A monotonous journey of 9 miles separates San Miguel from the Pass of the Oaks, whose medicinal

springs healed the Indian long before the white man came. The town site is part of a former Spanish grant of 27,000 acres. Paso Robles, an oasis in an expanse of grain-fields, lies about half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles. In the immediate neighbourhood are the sort of oak-studded hills and wide pastures that Keith loved to paint. The sea is not far off, but fogs and rough winds are restrained by the forests.

The great establishment, which is not only a sanitarium but a tourist hotel, forms, with its pavilions and bath-house, a half-moon about a flowery plot. Its therapeutic equipment equals that of the best-known spas of this country and Europe. Every kind of water-cure for almost every affliction hydropathically curable may be taken here. The daily flow of the sulphur well which supplies the bath-house approaches 2,000,000 gallons. Its temperature is 107 degrees, while other springs attain 125 degrees. Mud treatment is given in tanks which receive the sulphurous, earthy streams direct from their source.

The Municipal Baths of "Mission" architecture — wearisome phrase! — are open to the public at a small fee. At Santa Ysabel, on a park-like ranch belonging to the Paso Robles Hotel, there is a spring-fed lake which affords not only boating and a warm out-door bath, but an abundant

irrigating supply for alfalfa farms. It was this same flow of water which served the friars of San Miguel, who were practical agriculturists as well as priests and knew how to convert to their uses this spring, as proven by remnants of well-built dams near Santa Ysabel.

Numberless delightful roads lead into the mountains of the Coast and Santa Lucia Ranges and down to the Pacific. Below Cayucos, the conical rock named by Cabrillo, El Morro, rises 573 feet above high tide like a granite hay-stack. Morro Bay is an inlet frequented by summer campers.

A stage-road goes east from Paso Robles through the horse-breeding centres of Shandon and Cholame to Dudley, and there turns north to the oil town of Coalinga on the Southern Pacific. By this route one may reach Visalia, and the Canyons and National Parks described in Chapter X.

South of the Hot Springs on the road to San Luis Obispo is the military camp at Atascadero, where, at certain seasons, stirring war games are enacted. Eastward is the Tulare Desert, westward the sea, both walled out by sturdy heights.

At an elevation of 1000 feet we glimpse the vale that spreads to the base of the twin crowns, San Luis and Obispo. In the valley, "baking in a circle of gaunt hills," reclines the City of the Bishop, seat of a county as varied in its scenery as in the products of its soil.

San Luis Obispo. The Missions of Santa Ynez and Purisima Concepcion.

The Spaniards named the Mission they established here for St. Louis, Bishop of Tolosa. A quarter of a century later, another St. Louis was thus honoured, he who had been King of France; his namesake settlement is situated near San Diego.

The main building of the Bishop's Mission is still used for mass, though its physiognomy has been utterly spoiled by an over-lay of boards and the substitution of shingles for the mellow red of the pottery roof. A Carnegie Library has made inroads upon one of the walls. In the garden-court, guarded by a white-pillared portico and the cupola-spire of the church, are gnarled grapevines and an enormous palm. The ranch wool was employed by the Indians in weaving blue cloth and blankets, and they also made tiles of superior reputation. The title-pages of the monastery and marriage registers, inscribed in the flourish of Fr. Junipero Serra himself, set forth that the Mission was founded *a expensas del Catholico Rey de los Españas, el Señor Dⁿ Carlos III* on the first day of September, 1772. One of the bells in the tower was cast a century ago, in a Peruvian foundry.

Near the Court House may still be seen the grass-covered trenches which Fremont constructed previous to the attack on the settlement when,

on his way to help put down the rising in Southern California in 1846, he was informed, and wrongly as it developed, that enemies were hiding there. A mile from the Court House is the Free Polytechnic School controlled by the State. Seven miles distant are the Hot Springs, reached from the town by stage.

Port Harford is the well-protected harbour of San Luis. A short rail line and the Camino Real run to it. A little way south is Pismo Beach, which is an extraordinary floor of hard-packed sand extending for 20 miles between long rocky arms. It is not unlike the sea-front of the Belgian coast, except that here dunes are supplanted by boulders, and dune grasses by chaparral. In winter it is as lonely as it is vast and sonorous with the boom of the surf. But summer finds it alive with throngs who dwell for the most part in tents and cottages, and consume with limitless appetite the fine-flavoured clams of this strand. Over the firm shining track many fast motor-races are run.

On the way down the coast, the rails of the main line are laid for miles by the edge of the sea. The Royal Road for motorists, and for those who prefer to enjoy this picturesque region behind or astride a good horse, turns east from the Southern Pacific at Pismo station, and follows the general



A SEA OF CLOUDS
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM MT. WILSON SOLAR OBSERVATORY

direction of the Pacific Coast Railway for about 70 miles through the Arroyo Grande Valley among walnut groves, past ranchos planted to sweet pea and nasturtium, through fields of sugar-beets and heavy growths of the Australian Blue Gum to Los Olivos. In this vicinity was the estate of a cousin of Richard Dana, Jr., which was the meeting-place of the letter couriers who left San Francisco and San Diego every Monday and exchanged their pouches here.

Four miles beyond Los Olivos is the solitary *Mision de Santa Inés* at the foot of intertwining hills. The church, erected in 1817 following the earthquake which rent the buildings dedicated about a decade earlier, has a plain pointed gable with a flat-sided campanile at one corner. Part of the long cloister still exists. One column with its architrave stands aloof, mourning the vanished scenes of this once prosperous settlement of Indian labourers and their patient tutors who taught them not only how to till the soil but how to carve leather prepared in their own tannery, and how to decorate it with bits of silver skilfully set in despite clumsy implements.

The parish priest exhibits with pride the purple and fine linen of his cupboards, the Indian paintings on the altar, and sundry furnishings used by the good Frays of St. Francis.

West of Ynez ⁵ is another Mission, that of La Purisima Concepcion, usually visited by way of Lompoc, the terminus of a line which branches from Surf, 10 miles distant.

Three times the Fathers erected the edifices of La Purisima, though little remains now to confirm their energy. The first church long ago departed into the Valhalla of dead sanctuaries. The second was riddled by the earthquake of 1812. The fragments are still visible a little way from Lompoc. The third series of buildings were constructed in the shadow of a low-crested hill. In 1824 they were the scene of the worst Indian uprising in the history of the Missions. To-day they are in utter and reproachful ruin. One may drive to them in about two hours from Santa Ynez. Lompoc is 3 miles distant.

When the mustard is in flower, the vegas about Lompoc are a mist of golden stalks whose branches grow so tall that birds find lodging in them. No one who has taken this drive in mustard-time will forget the glow of yellow spreading in every direction to meet the blue rim of the sky. The tranquillity of a scene painted in just two harmonious colours! Gamble knows how to re-

⁵ Santa Barbara is accessible from Los Olivos by two wagon-roads — one via Gaviota Pass and the coast (54 m.), and one via Santa Ynez and San Marcos, very steep in places, but shorter than the first-named. Santa Ynez-Gaviota, 20 m. by stage.

produce it. But even he cannot catch the little bird-note stabs that thrill it, nor waft to us the crystal breath that comes inland from the ocean.

When we are on the coast once more, quite a different picture lies before us. Now the sea is sapphire — instead of gold — and the contrasting tones are white surf and far-off, wraith-like clouds.

The profile of the shore bends here to make a mighty L. Point Conception is at the angle. Fearful and unflagging winds play upon it, and breakers spit viciously upon its stoic face. From this point eastward extends the upper frontier of the tourist's southland. Olive groves skirt the shore, pepper-trees shake out their scarlet span-gles along roads scented with a million perfumes. Even the names take on a softer sound — Gaviota, Naples, Goleta. . . . At some distance gleam the Islands San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and Anacapa which make the southern boundary of the channel of Santa Barbara. The back-drop of the setting is a lift of furrowed hills.

Santa Barbara and Channel Islands.

Santa Barbara is temperate in climate as in temperament, serene though in no way sober, lenient but dignified, undesigning, capacious, mature, with air as soft as the bloom on her roses. It is less a place than a state of being where souls dwell in sunny repose, forgetful of the brusque Beyond.

Once the resort of Spanish aristocracy, and still the favoured residence of the Norrigan, Carillo and other proud families, this charming town has retained a demeanour which distinguishes it from all other tourist haunts of California.

A palm boulevard, sadly battered during the ruthless floods of 1914, borders the sea-wall. Within call of the plaza seats is the impressive hotel whose builder slew a grove that its windows might bask in the unstinted glare. On the courts of the Potter, tennis championships are won. There is a polo field near-by and another at the hotel country club five miles away.

The *digue* conducts one to the town. On State Street are stores inappropriately new where one buys tooled leather and olive shells, and Indian baskets, and the dried plumes harvested on surrounding ranches that are devoted to the growth of this feathery grass of South American plains. The modern Saint Barbara bears a pampas branch in place of a martyr's palm.

This main street is the thoroughfare which flares in the spring with banners and flower-trimmed chariots, and cavaliers on flower-bridled steeds who ride forth to the tournament.

In by-ways are houses which stood here in times "when a fine horse to ride, plenty of beef and frijoles, and cigaros to smoke" tokened, according to an early chronicler, the Barbareños' gauge of

bliss. Then, whole days were spent on horse-back, visiting taverns, galloping from host to host. The Casa de Aguirre was brought in sections from New York. Fremont once stayed there. In the Casa de la Guerra, an especially interesting example of a decayed Spanish mansion, Richard Dana, Jr., attended a wedding-party in 1836.

The Public Library, whose 20,000 volumes are accessible every day and evening except Sunday, when the hours are from 2 to 5 o'clock, is in Carrillo Street, near the Museum of Natural History.

Two sets of towers adorn the slopes behind the city. The newest ones proclaim the broad acres of the caravansary which has succeeded to the enviable fame of the old Arlington. On another hill-top are the red roofs and grey walls of the Mission,⁶ "a collection of buildings in the centre of which is a high tower with a belfry of five bells . . . the mark by which vessels came to anchor." The seminary building on a height beyond is an anachronism in modern stone.

When the emissaries of Spain came in the winter of 1782 to this natural stronghold between the sea and the mountains, they found an Indian village under the government of Yanonalit, an influential chief. They met, however, no opposition in the establishment of a garrison, which became one

⁶ Garden Street car; 1½ m. from Plaza Alameda to Mission. Visitors admitted 8 to 11:30 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M.

of a quartette of fixed defences in the new land, the posts at San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco completing the chain. Four years later a site for the Mission was chosen; the latter was named for the saint on whose festival day the consecration took place. Docile Indians were put to work as masons and carpenters. The present church, which still resounds with the intoning of the monks, which is the best conserved and the most visited of all the Mission edifices from Sonoma to San Diego, was begun nearly a century and a quarter ago. Guadalupe and Santa Maria del Rabida of Columbus memory are no truer types of the thick-walled, plain-faced, Moorish-towered monastery than this House of the Brothers musing upon Californian seas,—taking its long siesta beneath the vault of Californian skies.

There was a time when 250 Indian huts surrounded the Mission. Herds of sheep and cattle dotted the hills, and work-rooms echoed with the ring of the forge and the tap of mallets. The missionaries sent out by the College of San Fernando were trained in trades and mechanics, and the neophytes were ready imitators. Each colony made its own tools from Spanish and Mexican models. The monks carved horn, were apt in pyrography and the designing of earthenware. They wrote upon lengthy parchment in pomegranate ink, and a few were skilled in illumination.

Their day began with service at sunrise. Dinner was ready at 11 o'clock. No one laboured when the sun was at its height, but tasks were resumed in the afternoon. The evening meal preceded vespers, and games and music in the *cuarto* or about adobe doors followed until early bedtime.

About two-score Franciscans are in residence now, though dark-skinned helpers are gone. Three times a day brown figures come from shop or field at the call of an ancient bell. Some are cordwainers, others sew the rough robes of the Order, and weave waist ropes from strands drawn through pended hoops attached by yarn to the ceiling. A Brother is assigned to accompany the daily bevy of visitors, to answer with patience their questionings, to endure with resignation their ecstasies. But for the revenue the tourists bring, a dole of silver is due them for fee, no doubt the work-a-day monastics of Santa Barbara would deem such service a penance not lightly deserved. Do their chastened souls never revolt against ceaseless posings by the pool of the hexagonal fountain, among the pillars of the façade, in the bell-tower,—do they never weary leaning, with what nonchalance a monk may command, above a stilted watering-pot—all for the gratification of the insatiable eye of an amateur's 4 x 5?

There is, however, naught but humble courtesy

in the reception of the novice who answers our ring. The church is first visited, with its high white walls, its starched altar-cloths, and its painted arches. We pause, because it is expected of us, before some really worthy paintings, we examine yellowing manuscripts, well-wrought grilles, images and worn utensils. Our guide leads through a doorway which bears on its lintel Death's escutcheon — a skull and bones. The cemetery is here, steeped in flowers and circled by mossy walls. Our monk whispers of nobles, governors, soldiers, land-owners, priests and converts who lie in this common soil, five thousand of them,— a village of the dead reposing Latin fashion, one casket above another.

The garden mere woman may not enter. Men-visitors report a fragrant thicket of acacia, palm and cypress, of smilax, hyacinth and pink, of lily and passion-flower, with another fountain not so ornate as the basin on the plaza, but content in its reflections of dome and roof.

The Drives, the Rides, the Walks, and Sails about Santa Barbara are as celebrated as the town itself. There is the "wild garden" of the creek canyon near the Mission. It leads into the mountains and entices many a city-tired pedestrian. The Mountain Drive (12 miles) begins at the Mission, circles the hills of Montecito and returns by the Ocean Boulevard. The road to La Cumbre turns off of

the Drive and follows up hill to a view of the San Rafael Range. Montecito is the Pasadena of Santa Barbara. A village, still old-world in effect, is the nucleus of some rarely beautiful homes in whose planning Art has aided Nature. In these foot-hills of the Santa Ynez Mountains is the Eaton studio of craft-workers. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson lived in Montecito of late years and died here in February, 1914.

The Mountain Drive is the traditional Saturday afternoon promenade of all Santa Barbara, and though *mantillas*, mules and *manolas* are missing and the course is hilly instead of level as a well-laid floor, one is reminded of that ambling function which takes place in the late afternoon on Sevilla's Avenue of Delight. Who that has a touch of the Spaniard in him (and her) but loves to ride out in a carriage?

From Montecito it is not far to the Hot Springs, to the San Ysidro and Crocker Ranchos, to Sycamore Canyon, and the Country Club, reached by the Ocean Drive.

Miramar-by-the-Sea, founded by a brother of the English Doulton whose name is synonymous with fine porcelain, is 4 miles east of Santa Barbara and comprises a group of pretty villas, a hotel and a country club. Summerland has grown a forest of oil derricks before its door which draw wealth from springs beneath the water. Many In-

dian relics have been found in turning the soil near Carpinteria, 10 miles from Santa Barbara. In the yard of a small house is the vine whose seven-foot waist and several-ton yield of grapes make it the notable sight in this quaint goal of a sea-view drive. Up the Casitas Road is Shepard's Inn in Stanley Park (6 miles), a delightful resort in Rincon Canyon.

Out Central Avenue, past the Potter Country Club, and back by the Cliffs and the Lighthouse is a favourite 12-mile circuit to the west. Tourists drive to Cooper's Canyon through valleys of walnut trees and visit one of the largest olive groves in the State. From Goleta a road climbs 14 miles to the crest of the superb Pass of San Marcos, and continues to Cold Springs and Santa Ynez. The Painted Rock and Laurel Springs lie high up in the San Marcos hills.

Bridle paths assail many a ledge forbidden to wheels. The Ridge Trail follows along the backbone of the Santa Ynez Range from San Marcos to Matilija Springs, and is of Government construction. The San Roque Trail (6 m.) connects Santa Barbara with the Ridge. There are eight or nine other routes especially attractive to the horseman. Many visitors find daily diversion in discovering the by-ways of coast and hill from the saddle.

Water excursions from Santa Barbara are al-

most as varied as those on land. Small steamers convey parties across the Corsican blue to the drift of islands below Ventura. Pleasure-boats, driven by wind or petrol, ship gay crews in bathing-dress. A tumble overboard immerses one in a bath whose temperature is not less than 60° even in winter. There is no undertow, and hard winds are fended by the breakwater of the islands, 20 to 30 miles away.

Anacapa is a rocky, broken heap gradually disappearing under the force of the ocean's waves. About its steep cliffs are wonderful weeds and moonstone pebbles. In the ravines of Santa Cruz, grapes are grown by the Italian Colony. Valdez, Potato and Friar's Harbour, Pelican Bay and Smugglers' Cove, and the great arched caves of this island coast, one of them vivid with colours from Nature's palette, are favourite resorts for excursionist and angler. Santa Cruz was densely populated in Cabrillo's day, and antiquarians know it as the source of many an interesting collection of primitive relics.

Santa Rosa, about 65,000 acres in extent, is given over to cattle ranching. The Italian vintage scenes on Santa Cruz and the sheep-shearing on Saint Rose attract launch-loads of merry-makers from the mainland.

The island, "four leagues" in area which Cabrillo sighted October 18, 1542, and which he

named Isla de Posesion,⁷ was called in his memory Isla de Juan Rodriguez by the companions who survived him. It was Vizcaino who re-christened the island, San Miguel, and thus deprived of even this remote monument the first adventurer on California's shores.

Santa Barbara – Ventura, 27 m. by rail; 33 m. by Rincon motor-road. The Rincon Causeway recently constructed between Santa Barbara and Ventura eliminates the perilous curves and precipices of Casitas Pass, and shortens the distance to Los Angeles by 10 miles.

Santa Barbara – Los Angeles, 104 m. Time, 3¼ hrs. by evening express.

Ventura.

Railway schedules and the impatience of modern times have clipped in two the pleasant-meaning name of San Buenaventura. The saintly title bestowed upon the ninth and last mission founded by Father Serra was without doubt a good omen, for sheep and horses and abundant crops fell to the lot of this community of Good Fortune. Two historic palms planted near a flagrantly altered church are all that remain to tell of the prosperous fields and orchards of the padres.

But the fecundity of the Ventura ranchos is still manifest in their bountiful yield of specialised products. Chief among these are Lima beans, of which Ventura County grows half the world's sup-

⁷ See Chronology, Chapter IV.

ply, or 1,500,000 bushels a year. The vines creep on the ground, not being taught to climb. When the harvest is mature, the trailers are cut by machinery, the pods dried and thrashed, and the "bean hay," the nourishing fodder of the vine, piled in ricks.

The meadows about Ventura, a genial, unboastful town on river and sea, grow another crop rich in the esteem of Californians and their guests, and yellow as the nuggets of Stanislaus. A German botanist bequeathed to the wild poppy its technical name, *eschscholtzia*, but the beauty-loving Spaniards called it "cup of gold," *copa de oro*. Another product of this region are the double petunias of a woman horticulturist, who has made them a specialty.

Through Santa Paula Valley a highroad leads away from Ventura among lemon-groves and live-oaks to Nordhoff in the Ojai Valley; then on to the camp and curative springs in Matilija Canyon (6 miles) and back by the valley of the Ventura River. Nordhoff⁸ was sponsored by a journalist who exploited the healthfulness of this mountain valley nestled above the sea. Trees, brooks — every attribute of peaceful beauty are found in the woodsy village, while just beyond its doors are copse and canyada pulsing with flower-life of myriad forms and hues. The mariposa poised on its

⁸ Sixteen miles from Ventura by branch railway.

erect stem with its petals spread to fly, the fairy flower dangling its lantern bells, the ground pink, tidy-tip, and wild heliotrope all swing their sweet scents to the air.

The Inn at Nordhoff has a special charm that matches its environment.

The railroad divides at Montalvo (5 m. from Ventura) into two routes. By the lower (Coast Line) route (via Oxnard and the beet-fields, 77 m.) Los Angeles is reached in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The upper branch consumes an hour more but has greater interest for the tourist since it passes through Camulos and permits of a visit to the Spanish homestead associated with *Ramona*. At Piru, 6 m. west of Camulos, there is a small hotel where the night may be spent, unless the stop be made at Camulos between trains on the way south or north.

Ventura—Los Angeles by motor: Via Montalvo, Calabasas and Cahuenga Pass, 70 miles; via Montalvo, Santa Susana and San Fernando, 80 miles; via Nordhoff and Matilija, Santa Paula, Camulos, Saugus, and San Fernando, 103 miles.

Camulos.

When "Helen Hunt" came to California thirty years ago her purpose was to inquire into the condition of the Mission Indians. While on a journey to one of their settlements she embraced an opportunity to stop at Camulos, a Spanish farm as true to type as any to be found in the State. It is said that she spent but two hours at the house on the plain below the upheaved hills of this southern Santa Clara Valley. But her artist's

mind registered impressions with such minutia that no detail of casement, or fountain, or bell-scaffolding escaped her — not even the darn in the scalloped lace of the chapel altar-cloth. The long sunny gallery, the white-washed walls, the garden they enclosed, the oil-mill and its stone crusher, the winery, all entered into the background of the fictitious story which she gave to the world as *Ramona*, the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the Indians.

Ramona is a Mexican name often heard among the southern tribes. The patron of Los Angeles book-shops and curio stalls will be offered apparently authentic documents purporting to relate to the "original" character whom the author elected as her heroine, but all such are the veriest hoax. There never was an original Ramona. Certain elements of the tale had support in fact, but these were merely pegs on which the romance hung. Consider then the absurdity of the demands of some tourists to see the very "bed of Ramona," the impressiveness with which they gaze, through door or barred window, into the "identical room" in which she slept. Neither a real Ramona nor her counterpart ever walked these paths, or bent above her scrubbing-board at the stream, or ran away with her Alessandro from the gates of the rancho. Yet mooning visitors pause and sigh at every corner, to the suppressed amusement, no doubt, of the practical folk who

have succeeded the family of Señora del Valle, who was, for that short afternoon, Mrs. Jackson's host.

There is, however, a very real pleasure in visualising the true background of this widely-read and much-loved tale of romantic California.⁹ Moreover the low, rambling *casa*, the court-yard, the bells on their old-time frame,— the realisation of life-stories enacted here convey impressions which have an unfading appeal of their own.

Beyond Camulos, at Saugus (12 m.) the Southern Pacific line, San Francisco—Fresno—Mojave, joins the Coast Route to Los Angeles.

Saugus—San Fernando, 10 m. San Fernando—Los Angeles, 27 m.

Mission San Fernando.

The monarch whose mortal frame rests in a repoussé tomb in the Royal Chapel of the Cathedral of St. Mary at Seville is the patron of the Mission of which it is recorded, “‘This place,’ said the Señor Governor, ‘shall be called San Fernando; not only because we arrived here on the vespers of that Saint . . . but because it is the *King* of the places in California. . . . He who

⁹ Thirty copies of this book are said to be in the Los Angeles Library, where the demand for them is so great that they are nearly always held “on reserve.”

The Brewster Studio, Ventura, George Schreder proprietor, has for sale a series of Camulos photographs which portray not only scenes about the ranch-house and the farm, but tableaux representing incidents in the early chapters of the book.



BEYOND THE SWAY OF KING WINTER
TAKEN NEAR LOS ANGELES IN JANUARY

did not know would believe, seeing it from afar, that it was a Mission made with many years of labour.' ”

Certainly none of the monasteries have been more painted than this one, due to both its beauty and its easy approach. A few minutes' trolley ride brings one to it from the station of San Fernando village. The arcade, well restored by the Landmarks Club, is seen from a distance between two up-standing palms of smooth bark and fountain-like plumage. The church has fallen to decay, though the crumbling interior still shows several features of architectural interest. Father Lasuen founded the Mission in 1797. Its craftsmen were renowned for the forging of chains, scales, traps, ploughs, cattle-brands, bells, hub-irons and similar metal-work, including fine grilles like those at Santa Barbara.

In 1841 or 1842,—historians disagree as to the year, a member of the household of San Fernando, one Señor Lopez, found, no more deeply imbedded in the earth than the root of a wild onion, a lump of gold. Previous discoveries of the precious metal had been made in other parts of the State in 1795 and 1818, but in negligible quantities. The auriferous soil north of the Mission produced, however, sufficient ore to enrich many who hurried thither.

Twelve hundred acres in the neighbourhood of

San Fernando which are given to the cultivation of the olive comprise one of the largest single orchards known.¹⁰ The first of these trees to thrive in California were set out by the padres at San Diego and are still bearing. In all the State there are about 20,000 acres devoted to olive culture. Pickling olives bring \$100 to \$125 a ton, those used for oil about half as much. More than half the olives grown are crushed for their oil, 35 gallons being produced ordinarily from a ton of ripe fruit. About 1,000,000 gallons are pickled annually. The ripe black olive is preferred in California to the green product preserved in brine. The crop begins to mature in December and is harvested in May.

A short distance from Mission San Fernando is the storage reservoir which daily receives from the Owens River aqueduct 260,000,000 gallons of water for distribution to Los Angeles, 30 miles away.

The Pacific Electric makes connection between San Fernando village and Mission and Los Angeles via Van Nuys, Lankershim, Cahuenga Pass and Hollywood. The route of the Southern Pacific is via Burbank and the strawberry fields of Tropic.

¹⁰ This has been called the most extensive planting of olive trees in the world. But there is a Tunisian orchard which numbers 2000 acres.

CHAPTER XII

LOS ANGELES AND ENVIRONS—CATALINA
ISLAND—PASADENA

LOS ANGELES—SAN DIEGO

LOS ANGELES—SAN GABRIEL VALLEY—SAN
BERNARDINO—RIVERSIDE—REDLANDS
—PALM SPRINGS—SALTON SEA

. . .
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SAN FRANCISCO—LOS ANGELES. Via Coast Line, Southern Pacific, 3rd and Townsend Street station. Distance, 475 miles. The Shore Line Limited and the Lark, the first leaving at 8:00 A. M., the second at 8:00 P. M., reach Los Angeles in 14 hours. Only first-class tickets with Pullman tickets are honoured on these trains. Other morning and evening trains make the trip in 15 hours.

Via San Joaquin Valley Line, Southern Pacific, Oakland ferry. Distance, 484 miles. The Owl, first-class only, leaving 6:20 P. M., arrives in Los Angeles 8:35 A. M. Another express (all classes) leaves late in the afternoon and arrives in about 15 hours.

Via Santa Fé (Valley Line). Distance, 594 miles. A 4:00 P. M. express, the Angel, makes the trip to Los Angeles in about 17 hours.

For Coastwise Steamers, see Chapter I.

For Motor Routes, see under various headings in Chapter XI. San Francisco—Los Angeles via San Mateo, Sausalitas, Paso Robles, Santa Barbara and Calabasas, 472 miles.

LOS ANGELES—SAN FRANCISCO. Via Coast Line, Southern Pacific, Arcade station. The Shore Line Limited and the Lark leave morning and night on the same schedule as

from San Francisco. Other trains in 15½ to 16 hours. Distance, 475 miles.

Via San Joaquin Valley Line, Southern Pacific, Arcade station. Passengers on the Owl leave at 6:00 P. M. and arrive in San Francisco via Oakland ferry at 8:10 A. M. Only first-class and Pullman tickets accepted. Other night trains honour all classes. Distance, 484 miles.

Via Santa Fé, La Grande station. Passengers leaving on the Saint at 5:15 P. M. arrive in San Francisco via Fresno and Ferry Point in about 17 hours. Distance, 594 miles.

Los Angeles and its Environs.

POPULATED at its birth by Mexican colonists of the lowest breed, the reputation of Our Lady of the Angels was for well on to a hundred years that of a quarrelsome, slovenly pueblo without a saving grace not bestowed by Nature. Within the last quarter-century it has undergone redemption so complete that many-ciphered facts but meagrely define it. The number of its inhabitants is to-day thirty times greater than thirty years ago. Cleared of its slums, it boasts many brave thoroughfares whose commercial and private edifices bear out its position as the second richest of America's cities in proportion to population.

The air is charged with fevered reports of "deals," crops, "gushers," bank clearings and building permits; streets brim with astute faces from every quarter of the continent. But bound up as Los Angeles is in material advancement, it

has, besides, a veritably Catalonian passion for higher things — for education, for the arts, and above all for the wondrous Kingdom of the Open Air toward which it sustains that large-souled, possessive attitude which is characteristic of the Coast.

The original settlement established by Portola in 1781 on the name-day of *Nuestra Señora, la Reina de Los Angeles* lay north of the present city about the sleepy plaza which strangers still visit for its memories and its occasional pictures of dawdling Mexico. The old church on the west side of the square is the successor of a still older one which witnessed the plottings of intriguing Los Angeles, which mothered its courtships, and shared in its wedding and funeral rites. Across the way Fremont took up his headquarters when he and Stockton seized the town some seventy years ago. Close by was the garden of the Doña Reyes where was concealed until a propitious moment the guard-house cannon that routed with its four-pound charge the intruding foreigners. It was known thereafter as the Woman's Gun and under this title has a place in the National Museum at Washington.

Until recently, Spanish services were held in the Plaza Church. Behind it is the priests' court where religious pageants are sometimes staged. Within a short distance is Mexican Sonoratown,

and the Chinese quarter with all its stifling appurtenances.¹

The railway stations of the Southern Pacific, Santa Fé and Salt Lake Roads are in the diagonal section east of the modern business centre. The numbered streets begin at the Alameda and run west. Main and Spring Streets and Broadway cross them at right angles. On Main Street between Second and Third is the Cathedral of Saint Vibiana which preserves in its sacristy a litany in the Catalonian tongue, the chants being illuminated in vermilion and yellow on a black staff. There are over 300 church buildings in the city, nearly all of them of substantial and striking architecture.

Car line traffic centres at Second and Spring and Sixth and Main Streets. Hotels, banks and office buildings preëempt the intervening blocks. Broadway is the chief resort of shoppers and theatre-goers. There are retail stores of good class on Hill Street also. Central Park is embraced by Hill and Olive and Fifth and Sixth Streets. Originally a nondescript city square, it has been pruned and beautified beyond recognition. An effective Spanish fountain is the nucleus from which radiate walks shaded by exotic and indigenous trees, each one so placed as to best serve

¹ A conducted excursion leaves the Pacific Electric Station at 6th and Main Streets every evening.

the picture. The Temple Auditorium which lifts its graceful bulk above it, is the most commodious building for its purpose ever constructed. It plays a leading rôle in the musical life of the southern capital, to which reference has been made in an earlier chapter. In this vicinity are the buildings of the State Normal School and the headquarters of the California, Athletic, Automobile, University and Jonathan Clubs. The Gamut Club entertains at its house on South Hope Street visiting celebrities of all professions, and fosters struggling Genius. On the same street is the 13-story building of the Young Men's Christian Association which has a membership of 7000. On Figueroa, a few blocks west of Broadway, are the homes of the Ebell and Friday Morning Clubs. These are the largest women's organisations in the country. The roll of the latter carries 1400 names, that of the Ebell, 1500. The handsome quarters of the Young Women's Christian Association are at Third and Hill Streets in the midst of a busy section. A club as significant of the city's social progress as any of these is the one composed of house-workers who have their own attractive rooms where literary and musical entertainments are given and an employment bureau is maintained.

At the Chamber of Commerce exhibition hall on South Broadway there are daily lectures illus-

trated by motion pictures of industries which contribute to the wealth of Los Angeles. In the same building is the collection bequeathed by Don Antonio and Doña Coronel, those "friends of the Indians" at whose home Mrs. Jackson stayed when it stood in the midst of broad acres near the present site of the Arcade station.

Rivalling in interest the handicraft of monks and Indians, the priestly vessels used by Serra, and the cannon fired at the dedication of San Diego and San Gabriel is the table upon which the first chapters of *Ramona* were written. Above it is a portrait of the author, and there are other portraits of the Coronel family and of General Pio Pico, last Mexican Governor of California.

At First Street and Broadway is the site of the *Times* building that was dynamited on that fell October day, 1910. Two blocks beyond are the Post Office, and the Court House whose tower affords a view of the city and its suburbs, of the Mother Range behind Pasadena and of the sea rolling to the harbour portals of San Pedro, 20 miles away.

The three upper floors of a tall building at Fifth and Broadway are occupied by the Public Library. Together with its six branches it has a reading patronage greater in comparison with the city's population than that of any municipal library in the United States.

In the especially valuable Spanish-American section are preserved forty-four books acquired from the collection of Juan Caballeria, a Santa Barbara priest who gathered together many missals and manuscripts which at the secularisation of the southern Missions might otherwise have been sacrificed to the wanton negligence of that time.

About thirty paintings belonging to the Caballeria Collection have been purchased by the Southwest Society of the Archæological Institute of America whose splendid new building on Museum Hill² in the north end of the city has recently been completed. Few of the pictures have an artistic value equal to their historical interest, though the "Madonna of the Ring" and the canvas depicting St. John of Pomuk with the Virgin and Child, painted in 1675, reflect the best traditions of the Spanish school of their period. Nearly all were given as altar-pieces for the Missions. Sixteen of the canvases antedate the year 1700. One of the oldest represents a Catalan Volunteer Enlisting for Service in California, reference being made of course to the peninsula, as Alta California was not settled until sixty years after the picture's execution.

The Southwest Museum is also the guardian of a notable assemblage of household pottery, utensils, weapons and ornaments taken from ruined vil-

² Garvanza or South Pasadena car to Avenue 46.

lages and from burial grounds of Arizona Indians, who surpassed their fellows in art and workmanship. The Volz Collection of Arizona Ethnology and the priceless Munk Arizoniana contribute largely to the reputation of this Museum as the possessor of one of the most extraordinary exhibitions relating to the arts, crafts and historical antiquities of a locality anywhere assembled. The assets of the Museum include, besides those mentioned, the Palmer-Campbell, Bowers, Hart, Fremont, Rutter, Dony, Keith Mission, Folk Song, Ingersoll Portrait and Burnham-Chapelle Collections, and it will eventually inherit the pre-historic treasures, the paintings, books, photographs, manuscripts and letters of the mammoth Lummis Collection, contained in Dr. Lummis' private museum at El Alisal on the banks of the Arroyo Seco. Other invaluable exhibitions to be added comprise California birds and shells, and a rare aggregation of fossils taken from deposits on the Mason property in Santa Barbara County.

The central building of the museum group which is to occupy a site of 17 acres overlooking the city, is the gift of Mrs. Carrie M. Jones, who bequeathed \$50,000 for its construction.

The Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Science and History is installed in a building of massive proportions at Exposition Park. Here are displayed for the free viewing of the public the

collections of the Fine Arts League and the Southern California Academy of Science and Historical Society, and mounted specimens illustrative of Californian ornithology. The rotunda contains sculpture by Julia Wendt, and other native artists of excellent accomplishment are represented in the Museum's galleries.

There has recently been added to the scientific department the amazing skeletons of extinct animals — of sloths, sabre-toothed tigers, condors, lions, mastodons, oxen, horses, whales, bears, peacocks, swans, which have been taken from an asphalt bed on the Hancock Ranch (La Brea) two miles west of Los Angeles. In working the pit, labourers were impeded by the mass of bones; investigation resulted in the discovery of these skeletons which confirm the existence of life on this continent in the pre-glacial or Quaternary Period. It is thought that beasts came to drink at the pools of water which were forced to the surface of the tarry deposit, were thus trapped and sank to oblivion, and that their bellows of despair in turn trapped others who came hither in curiosity. The curator of the County Museum has submitted to the Smithsonian Institute the supposed skeleton of a pigmy which was found in the same pit, and which he believes will revolutionise scientific theory concerning the Original Man.

The scheme of the park about the County Mu-

seum includes an Exposition Building of Industry and Commerce and a State Armoury. In the central rectangle it is proposed to place a statue commemorating the construction of the aqueduct. Though costing \$24,000,000, this public utility will, through the sale of water-power, prove an immensely profitable investment, aside from granting low water-rates to the city's consumers.

Outside of the public museums, good art exhibits may be seen at shops on Spring Street,—the *Calle Primavera* of the days of '49 when Main Street also bore on its signs a Spanish interpretation, *Calle Principale*. Exhibitors frequently show their pictures in the gallery of the Friday Morning Club and at hotels in Los Angeles and Pasadena. There are many fine canvases expressive of California scenes in clubs and private homes.

The Macleod School of Art and Design and the College of Fine Arts at the University of Southern California have large and promising classes. The dean of the latter college is William Lees Judson who, though born in drizzling Manchester, possesses to an exceptional degree the knack of simulating on canvas the colour and winey atmosphere of the California landscape. The University was founded in 1879 and has 2000 students. It is situated at Garvanza, which is reached by a delightful trolley trip from the centre of Los Angeles. Near-by, in Eagle Rock Valley, are the

newly-erected halls of Occidental College, founded in 1887, and having a present enrollment of about 400.

Los Angeles has no emblem of prosperity more convincing than her school-houses, many of which in costliness and unique arrangement take precedence over those of far larger cities. Besides the usual curriculum, grade schools give courses in domestic science, designing, weaving, gardening and furniture-making. The Manual Arts High School was erected at an expenditure of over half a million dollars; the Polytechnic High School at Hope and Washington Streets has an attendance of about 1600 pupils, and cost to build and equip, \$300,000.

Residential streets of the city exemplify all that is artful in design and decoration; the merest cottage with broad eaves and sheltered porch vies in taste with the impressive domicile of a Retired Iowan or native Oil King. Bungalows of redwood are sometimes Norse or Japanese in feeling, but a smother of vines and odorous bushes that is completely Californian shrouds them even in the depths of that season which is here called winter merely for custom's sake. The low heavy lines of the Mission buildings have had an incalculable influence upon the builders of California's southern homes. Many are planned with the central court that is indispensable to the house of the

Moor or Spaniard. Vermilion roofs, cream or white walls, green balconies contrasted with appropriate verdure and bathed in a brilliant sun are delightful, unless topped by ecclesiastical absurdities or jumbled with Americanesque verandahs and bay-windows. Applied to garage and tea-house the "Mission style" becomes an offence unless the severest motives are adhered to. Yet when architectural enormities do occur, geranium hedges and fuchsia bowers, myrtle trees and spreading palms so valiantly screen them that enchanting effects are the rule whether one walks on Chester Place or among the peppers and pampas of Adams Street, motors out Wilshire Boulevard or seeks neighbourhoods more retiring, but no less home-like.

Nearly every lawn is a park, but Los Angeles is also rich in splendid public estates and children's playgrounds. The largest of them, the gift of Colonel Griffith, is a domain of several square miles on the electric line to Tropico and Glendale. Echo Park is on the same route, and Elysian Park, a pristine tract of 500 acres, also lies among these northerly hills. The Westlake District centres about the park of this name — a realm of trees and shimmering water, lilies, swans, rustic bridges and pavilions over which music casts a spell on specified days of the week. On the opposite side of the city and across the river,—a

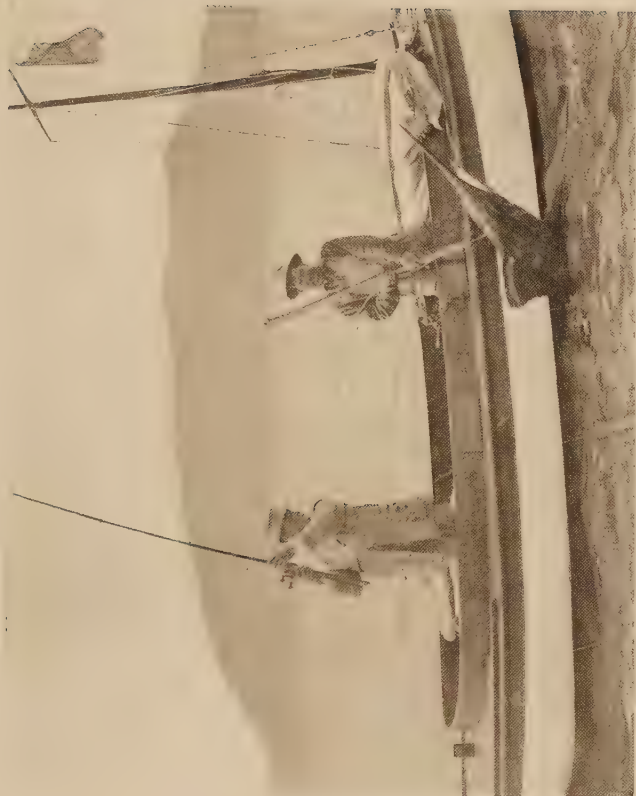
much-maligned and tawny stream, is Eastlake Park, easily reached by the omnipotent and omnipresent Los Angeles street car. This way lies Pasadena, 9 miles distant. Close to the Park is the ranch where alligators are held captive for the tourists' entertainment and the owner's profit. The males are, if that were possible, even more evil-tempered than the gentleman ostrich. The mating season is in June. Thereafter the mother alligator is occupied for several weeks in laying eggs tier on tier in an ascending cone with dividing floors and enveloping walls of clay. Along native bayous the sun does the rest. But the expeditious Los Angelan substitutes incubators for the more tedious solar system. Those who advocate a diminished diet to induce longevity have an excellent argument in the crocodile who eats not at all in winter, takes but a meal a week in summer and yet lives to the ripe age of two hundred. Vegetarians will however be chagrined to know that for these two centuries his preferred sustenance is red flesh.

Visitors watch through the palings of an enclosure the sullen descent of saurians shoved on all fours down a chute to a shallow pool. When led for a walk on the grass, cautious keepers stay beyond the scope of their lithe notched tails. Souvenir alligatorlings cost \$1.50 and find many patrons.

The Indian Village just beyond the Farm demonstrates the social habits and manufactures of a number of tribes. Near their camp, Huntington Drive leads off toward Monrovia and the Foot-hill Boulevard.

Eastlake Park is an attractive feature of a 30-mile motor tour which includes the great vineyard at Shorb, the Mission of San Gabriel, and a view of Baldwin's Ranch and Pasadena. Motorists also go to Pasadena via Glendale and La Canada (22 miles).

Another favourite road follows among the Cahuenga foothills to Hollywood and Beverly Hills, joining Wilshire Boulevard near the Country Club and continuing to Santa Monica (15 miles) and Venice (18 miles). Washington Boulevard also leads to Venice via Ivy Park. Still other highways connect Los Angeles with Redondo Beach, San Pedro and Long Beach (22 miles). Ocean Avenue joins the latter to Santa Ana, which is also reached from Los Angeles by way of Norwalk, or by Whittier and Anaheim. Thousands of automobilists use these flawless roads every day. But by far the greater number of residents and tourists see the environs of Los Angeles from the flying red cars of the Pacific Electric, whose 985,000 trains a year carry 75,000,000 passengers. Cars for Pasadena leave every 10 minutes,



GAFFING A SWORD-FISH OFF CATALINA ISLAND

and for the principal beaches every 20 to 30 minutes.

Beach Excursions.

Conducted one-day excursions organised by the Pacific Electric leave every morning from the station at Sixth and Main Streets. The fare of one dollar for each trip includes admission to several attractions en route.

The excursion which embraces resorts on the west shore leaves the city by way of the foot-hills where, beyond Westlake and its graceful homes, is the oil belt whose ugly pumps and tanks invade the very yards of suburban dwellings.

Gaseous derrick fields are succeeded by groves of low lemon trees whose blossoms shed a perfume more subtle than the orange-flower.

Hollywood is a fragrant town planted with peppers and acacias, and the flame-tree brought here from the Antipodes. Glossy magnolias flank the roadway to homes brilliant with poinsettia and rose. Fruits of every sort mature here all the year. Strawberries are ripe from Christmas to Christmas. Against the hill-side show the turrets of Sans Souci Castle and Glengarry, both the possession of one fortunate Teuton who has filled them to the eaves with tapestries, carvings and rare glass, and has covered the walls of long salons with pictures.

Until his death in 1911, Paul de Longpré, incomparable painter of flowers, lived in a Hollywood house, Moorish in its ornamentation, and surrounded by gardens whose denizens were his unwearying models.

The country about Hollywood is the stage of strange and varied doings, for this is the haunt of the mimes who though playing to no audience are yet seen by millions. . . . There beyond a hummock cowboys lurk to avenge a red man's crime. Afar in a torrid gully a lion stalks,—hedged by hidden bars. The scurry of mustangs warns of a picture thief fleeing before a broad-brimmed possé. Beneath a borrowed pergola lovers register grief-at-parting until the manager cries enough, the while, in a near-by wood, mediæval knights clash foils within sound of a waiting motor.

In the Cahuenga and San Fernando Valleys, at Santa Monica and elsewhere within a few miles of Los Angeles, forty film-play companies have extensive plants.

Groves and dovecotes, mansions, clubs and hotels slip by the speeding car. The Soldiers' Home is a fair encampment of chalets and green acres. The palisades of Santa Monica are a few miles beyond. Above the sea rises a battlement of cliffs which grow to hills and then to a mountain range during an unbroken progress to the east. Ravines and highlands are astir with plover and deer,

but in the town the mesa's edge is rimmed with palms, and rows of streets form vistas of gables submerged by clambering blossoms. Amusements tasteful as they are fantastic draw throngs to the beach, where bathing is the rule at all seasons. Long Wharf, Fraser's and the Bristol Pier each have their appeal for fishermen and pleasurists.

A cement sea-walk 5 miles long extends to sprightly Ocean Park, and to Venice with its aquarium, its Caravel Café, its colonnaded streets, its Grand Canal skimmed by motor-boats and gondolas and bordered by grass and frame cottages in lieu of ivoried walls. In ten years a recreation city has risen to cover the dunes and swamps of the old Ballona Ranch, whose semblance to Italy went no further than the tint of the sky above it.

More than a dozen *plages* and bungalow colonies fill the gap between Venice and Redondo Beach. Here the savour of the waves mingles in the nostrils with the spice of carnation farms. To the same degree that Santa Monica cherishes its conservatism, its cliff walk and ocean-going piers, Redondo is vain of its Mission bath-house, its auditorium, its surf-side coaster, parks and Moonstone Beach.

All these resorts have new and pleasant hotels, and none of them is more than an hour's ride from "Los," the abbreviated appellation to which the

City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels has been reduced by the irreverent.

From the main lines of the Pacific Electric there are branches to sundry agreeable towns. The Santa Fé has frequent trains to Redondo Beach via Inglewood.

Another prescribed trip from the station at Sixth and Main Streets offers for each cent of the hundred expended a mile of joy. The track veers from a southerly direction to traverse the prolific farms of Orange County, and to follow along the ocean from Huntington and Long Beach to San Pedro.

The branch which joins the trunk line at Slauson Junction leads to Whittier, which is also served by the Southern Pacific. Two New Englanders of the Quaker family of Pickering bestowed upon this colony in 1887 the name of the Haverhill poet. His middle name was afterwards given to the chief street and hotel. The Friends' College and a State School for boys and girls divide interest with surrounding acres of walnut trees, celery and white sugar-beets, and an orchard of alligator pears. The seed of the avocado was imported from Mexico. A single tree near Whittier has grown in one year pears to the value of \$1500, besides nearly 7000 buds which yielded the owner as much again in revenue.

Two miles from Whittier on the River San Ga-

briel is the one-time residence of General Pio Pico which, with a large ranch, he acquired in 1832 before he became Governor under the Mexicans. It was he who robbed the Missions of their last vestige of ecclesiastical and material power, and who ordered the neophytes to be sold or leased as slaves. As late as 1854 Indian labourers were auctioned in the streets of Los Angeles.

Returning to the Triangle Route, the road trends southeast from Watts, paralleling the Southern Pacific to Santa Ana (35 miles from Los Angeles), the queen city of a fertile paradise. At Anaheim, a few miles distant, the first irrigating flumes operated in the State were installed a half century ago by German-American settlers.

In Santiago Canyon, Orange County, Sienkiewicz, author of the great trilogy of novels which includes *Fire and Sword* and *Quo Vadis*, established in 1876 a communistic colony of Polish exiles, among whom were the Count and Countess Chlapowski. The enterprise was a failure and he returned to his native country. The nobleman and his wife remained at Arden. From there the latter as Madame Modjeska (the original spelling was Morzejewska) left to make her American debut at San Francisco in 1877. For thirty years she retained Arden as her summer home. Then she built a cottage at Balboa, near Laguna Beach, which is to this region what Carmel is to

Monterey. She died in 1909 and was buried in her birth-city, the old Polish capital of Cracow, and there early in 1914 her husband died.

The road to the ocean from Santa Ana passes not far from four of the State's twelve refineries which in a year produce about 162,000 tons of beet sugar. More than a third of the annual crop of 1,000,000 tons of beets is raised in Los Angeles and Orange Counties.

At Huntington Beach an immense new pier has recently been dedicated. Naples, on a diminutive bay guiltless of a peak higher than a sand-drift, is a lesser Venice, which according to California geography lies to the north of it on the sea.

Long Beach is the largest, liveliest beach city on the coast. All that may be said of any superior resort may be said of this energetic watering-place. It marks the middle point of a wide crescent which is shielded from northerly gales by a bulkhead of land projecting outward from Redondo Beach. Facing it is the ragged silhouette of Catalina Island and, beyond, the purple blur of San Clemente. In the rear of the smart, clean city is Signal Hill, whose slopes are a maze of sightly homes. Pine Avenue, the principal street, continues past new shops, banks and office buildings to the two-story pier where fishing and sun-basking are the accepted pastimes. The amusement features on the strand, the auditorium where con-

certs, conventions and summer Chautauqua lectures are held, the band pavilion, the three new piers, the bath casino with its swelling porticos attract vivacious crowds that ebb and flow along the boulevard, or sport in the surf, or take their ease on the warm fine sand. The scene is very gay, very wholesome and excessively prosperous.

The Virginia is a munificent hotel which holds its patrons from year to year by reason of its own hospitality, its sunny environment and its excellent provision for golf, tennis, bathing and other sports. The Ocean Boulevard and the 10-mile drive along the beach supplement a perfect motor-road from Los Angeles (22 miles).

Aside from the increasing activity of its harbour and the growth of commerce in this progressive sea-side municipality, great factories have been developed here, encouraged by proximity to a city of metropolitan ambitions and by superlatively good transit facilities. Besides the Pacific Electric, the Southern Pacific and Salt Lake Roads make this beach a terminal. To tourists an interesting industry is the one which extracts a valuable product from floating sea-weed. A steam-propelled harvester reaps among the kelp beds off the coast, cuts the huge leaves and delivers them to fleet launches which in turn consign them to driers, kilns and condensers that reduce the weed to ash. Subsequent processes yield potash

and other chemicals of commercial value. This industry is of especial importance because no other form of potash deposit exists in the United States, Germany having been hitherto the sole source of our supply.

It was off San Pedro, now the cherished port of Los Angeles, that the two sailors were flogged whose case so incensed the chronicler of *Two Years Before the Mast* that he resolved to expose the abuses to which crews were in those days subjected. Few appeals ever written have had a more humane and lasting influence.

The long arm of the Government breakwater has made of an insignificant bay a harbour capable of receiving at its wharves vessels of any draft. Many millions have already been spent and many more will be spent to give Los Angeles shipping facilities commensurate with her trade opportunities. The distance from San Pedro to New York via the Canal is nearly 8000 miles less than by way of the Horn. The Angeleños hope to participate largely in the benefits accruing from the shortened route between Californian and Atlantic ports.

Above the breakwater a road climbs to a promontory that fronts square to the breakers and forms an out-flung estrade from which to view miles of pinnacled shore line and far-reaching miles of snow-wreathed hills. The pleasure-car

which ascends to this jutting height pauses long enough for one to pay a visit to the beacon on Point Firmin or go for a ramble among the castellated cliffs before it turns its back upon the Pacific and glides north on the last leg of the day-long outing. On the way it passes near the battle-ground of La Mesa, where, on the old Dominguez ranch, The Woman's Gun and the strategy of the Mexicans defeated the American forces in October, 1846. The signing of the Treaty of Cahuenga ended war in California, June 13, 1847.

Santa Catalina.

Of all the ships that clear from San Pedro none sails to a brighter haven than the little craft that daily points its white prow toward Avalon.³ It was Tennyson's Arthur who rested in the

Island of Avilion

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
And bowery billows crowned with summer seas.

Whether the port of the Island of St. Catherine be named for Arthur's isle or not, no lines could

³ San Pedro - Avalon: Daily morning steamer with which electric "Catalina Special" connects from Los Angeles. Steamer distance, 25 miles; time about 2 hours. Sixty-day return fare, \$2.75. Saturday to Monday excursion, \$2.50. Day excursionists remain 3 hours on the Island between boats.

better depict it. . . . "Nor ever wind blows loudly . . . happy, fair . . . crowned with summer seas."

The glassy Bay of Moons offers grateful surcease from the insinuating lurch of the crossing. If no qualms attend the passage, the backward view — and the one before — loom the lovelier for that. Arrived within the goal of Avalon's *concha* curve, malaise departs, the spirit mounts on a ladder of new sensations, and all are pleasant ones.

Catalina is a mountain range cast off to sea. In the middle, towering Black Jack and Orizaba cut dark lines against the turquoise disk. Slanting shadows show where deep valleys lie, and rough crags of flame-blue, rose and ochre designate the bluff descent of steeps that bear on their wrinkled coats leopard patches of dull sage-green. The piebald slopes are more haunting than beautiful. About their ankles slip fetters of sand, slim bands narrowed by the encroaching sea, broadened in places by retreating canyons.

The town spills from the widest canyon's mouth and rides on the crest of wooden terraces. Wooden hotels, wooden houses and the cluttered shops of a vacation resort — one would like to have seen Catalina before the day of canvas villas and curio booths — stand behind the piers where launch and steamer dock. Like darting water-

bugs the fisher boats move across the level of the bay, while below their keels flash the gemmy fins and petals of these aquatic gardens.

The many who sail into the harbour but to sail out again in the space of three hours make haste to the power-boats with telescope bottoms. They embark according to their choice on the *New York*, *Pittsburg* or *Washington*, having been megaphonically directed by the welcoming constable. Some prefer to go more stealthily in a boat propelled by oars, thinking to surprise thereby some unconscious realm of veiling streamers and timid anemone, of feathery fronds and climbing, swimming things that float among them. Here one sees through a glass, not darkly but crystal-clear. No secret of the iris waters but is betrayed to the searcher — the chameleon treacheries of the devil-fish, the nesting of stringy creatures that lay their eggs in the breathing drift of kelp, the evolutions of prismatic hordes, the ungainly posturings of cucumbrish slugs and gastropoda. Jelly-fish rise from the shell-paved bottom like lilac balloons loosed in a haze of azure. The chambered nautilus creeps among spiny spheres and hides beneath tussocks where glittering perch, like rifts of sunlight, pierce the weedy gloom.

Eager sea-urchins swarm the warm waters like the brown diving boys of Ceylon. Cast a coin

down and one can watch them seeking on the bay floor, can point out the shell or pale bloom one would have in return.

The real interest of Avalon centres on the wharf, for this is the scene of "the weighing," the momentous ceremony which determines one's claim to fishing fame. Here the breathless victor poses proudly beside the conquered jewfish or albacore. With still greater ostentation he faces the camera's lens if the catch be a *thunnus thynnus* mighty enough to earn a red or blue button, or a swordfish worthy an emblem of gold.

A 16-ounce rod of wood at least 6 feet 9 inches over all, with a tip of 5 feet or more and a 24-strand line is the standard tackle with which anglers for tuna and swordfish may contest in official tournaments.

In 1898, Dr. Charles Frederick Holder of Pasadena landed with a 21-thread line having a breaking limit of 24 pounds a 183-pound tunny, and celebrated the unprecedented feat by organising the club whose membership of 300 now includes the names of Dr. Holder, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Admiral Peary, F. G. Aflalo, Winston Churchill, of Vermont, Professor George E. Hale, Gifford Pinchot, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Caspar Whitney, Colonel Roosevelt, Stewart Edward White, Horace Vachell, and other ardent Waltonians. Affiliated with the Avalon Club are some of the famous

companies of anglers in America, Great Britain and France.

Of late years "the king of the mackerel tribe" has evaded Catalina, though its prey, the flying-fish, still soars above the bay from spring to fall. A bill passed by the legislature in 1913 forbids the use of nets within three miles of Catalina, and this it is believed will restore the tuna sport to normal conditions.

The leaping tuna comes close into shore opposite the Club's verandahs. Bait, which may be flying-fish, sardines or a spoon, is trolled 150 yards astern. The reel used carries 600 feet of linen line. At the strike this is paid out while the great silver-blue fish is played, or, as is oftener the case in the early hours of the fight, while he plays the yawl and its occupants. Often the latter find themselves taking an involuntary voyage several miles to sea. According to Catalina ethics, anglers must bring their fish to gaff unaided. When the wearied warrior, the gamiest fish in all the world, is finally drawn within reach, it is the boatman's arm that drives in the hook and hauls him over the side.

A tuna taken off Avalon in 1899 carried the needle to 251 pounds. The record yellow fin tuna to date weighed 60 pounds, the largest swordfish 339 pounds and the largest black sea bass, 430½ pounds. A lady caught in 1907 a white sea bass

weighing 53 pounds, the record being 60 pounds.

On pier and beach, about the hotels and the clubhouse, conversation dwells upon cups and medals, button specifications, rod-weight, runs, reels and brakes, light tackle and "three-six."

It is interesting to visit the shop where trophy fish are mounted. Other stores sell mounted fish-eyes, abalone curios, kelp canes, jewellery set with native pearls and portières made of shells.

There is a good golf course in the canyon, and in the same wooded hollow excellent music is discoursed on summer evenings. Sportsmen hunt the wild goat of Catalina's cliffs from the saddle or from boats that steal among the coves to bring down the long-horned beauties as they stand fearlessly against the sky.

Many visitors find pleasure in walking and driving among the mountains which, aside from unforgettable views of blossoming meads and needy hills, of ocean and mainland aglow with clear light, yield reminders of the period before history began when the island was peopled by an unknown race. When Cabrillo sighted these twin summits in their ocean mooring they looked upon teeming villages of Indians who made superior earthenware and ornaments. Vizcaino found the tribes of the island he called Catalina wearing sealskins and engaged in ingenious pursuits. Spanish galleons, English privateers, Indian canoes, American yachts have

entered the Bay of Avalon. Facing east, with a 2000-foot wall at its back, it offers a roadstead placid as it is alluring. From the seat of a wanton stage-coach which brinks cliffs and assails soaring ledges with an abandon unsurpassed in coaching experiences, one views down the long aisle of narrow gorges the indentures of the shore, and clustering villas, and dipping sails. At the peak of the ride the stage, presided over by a very genius of a Jehu, is suspended between continent and stretching sea, betwixt the heavens and a pointed spur of rock. In a half hour the downward road, which consumed two hours in the climbing, is accomplished with a whirling rush, and the triple team of horses are reined before the Metropole.

Diverting excursions are made by launch to Banning Beach, named for the Island's owners, to the shore where sea lions croak among the rocks, to Pebble Beach and numberless inlets, to the Isthmus, and to other islands of the Channel group.

San Clemente, 30 miles to the south, is deserted except for wandering sheep-herds and their guardians. Still further out in the Pacific is the lonely theatre of an exile unmatched in tragic annals.

About eighty years ago those in control of the Missions determined to bring into the fold of civilisation the remnant of an Indian tribe which had

lived on the Island of San Nicolas since ancient times, and to that end commissioned a ship to call there and take aboard its dishevelled population. By oversight a squaw, returning for an infant she had forgotten, was left behind. A sequence of untoward events prevented her immediate rescue, and when searchers did finally come for her she resisted discovery by hiding in caves, fearful of their unwonted forms and features. Her child had long since died. For twenty years she hugged her desert with only her dogs and the faithful winds and waves to share the vigil. She roamed the sandhills, caught seals and game with weapons which had been left by her companions, cooked her food over a solitary flame, fastened skins to keep out the cold. In a hut of brush and whalebone the skipper of the *Better Than Nothing* came upon her at last. She was persuaded to embark for Santa Barbara, and there life in its unutterable clamour burst upon her. Music and the noisy dance confused her, she looked with amaze upon clattering vehicles and the long-legged creatures that drew them, and stood transfixed at the jangling of bells. Sounds racked, though they exhilarated her. She became as excitable as a child. In six short weeks — after two decades of torturing silence — she was dead. At the Vatican Museum some of the garments she made from birdskins are preserved, the Fathers at Santa Barbara



ABALONE SHELLS ON THE ISLAND OF SAN NICOLAS, CHANNEL ISLANDS

having sent them there as examples to the Pope of the craft of the Channel Island Indians.

Mission San Gabriel — San Gabriel Valley Road to Glendora.

The reputation of Los Angeles as a centre of scenic expeditions is further supported by those which reach away from the sea-board toward the mountains and the cities at their feet. At the lower end of San Gabriel Valley is the Earthquake Mission whose vineyards and pastures once comprised acres of territory now converted to orange land and fair towns and estates. A brief ride spans the distance between Los Angeles and the tall straight-buttressed church, erected after the *temblor* of 1812 had shattered the one previously raised by the priests. The date of the colony's founding was 1771. Its history involves the perfidy of "convert" tribes, the contentions of ruling officials, and large agricultural enterprise. Father Serra stayed here shortly before his death. The first orange trees recorded in California were planted at San Gabriel in 1804. Its wines were famous, likewise the cloth weaving of its women artisans. Here the first party of American hunters to come across the mountains from Utah received hospitality.

The priest of the existing parish of San Gabriel lives in a vine-covered adobe which adjoins the un-

even two-tiered orifice of the bells. The long thick wall of the church is broken by supports of whitewashed masonry capped by pyramidal turrets which rise above the tiles of the roof.

A steep shaded perron, the Musicians' Stairway, mounts to the outer door of the choir. Seven thousand Indians are buried in the cemetery, which is still used by the villagers.

A fee of two-bits gains admission to the restored interior where canvases are shown which have been ascribed to Murillo, some of whose paintings are preserved in Mexican churches. These at San Gabriel have been refurbished by a local artist with such zeal that only a suggestion of the original picture remains. The altar figures, at least, are authentic, and frankly Mexican. Beautiful robes and sacred utensils, a copper font, a chair carved by the Indians, and monastic records are put forth for our admiration. Across the road is the theatre where at certain seasons the Mission Play is given, as described in an earlier chapter.

In the patio of an inn a block distant from the church is a centenarian grape-vine beneath whose generous canopy modest repasts are served. The village of San Gabriel wots little and cares not at all for the world without its white-walled lanes. In the day, its dark-eyed lazzaroni doze, or drawl about their petty tasks, but at night they rouse to the picking of the mandolin and dance to the

tunes of old California as their fathers danced before the aliens came.

Alhambra's ancient name belies the utter newness of its streets, though the perfumes which imbue the air recall the languors of Andalusia. The electric train passes through this engaging suburb in returning to the road which joins Los Angeles to Glendora, 25 miles up the Valley. Pasadena is a short way north of the junction. Retracing the general direction taken to the Gabriel Mission, the track penetrates the sumptuous domain of Oneonta Park, glimpsing just east of it among the orange trees the old mill, *el molino viejo*, which ground the wheat grown by the padres.

Exclusive of its own magnificence, the house of Mr. Henry E. Huntington at San Marino deserves our interest as the repository of superb objects of art, ancient volumes and master paintings. Mr. Huntington owns one of the most perfect copies extant of the Mazarin Bible, which represents five years of labour lavished upon it by Gutenberg and his monk assistants. Among the chief works in the picture gallery is Velasquez' "Young Ecclesiastic."

A dozen Spanish grants totalling 40,000 acres were united to create the Baldwin Ranch, whose sheep-dotted lawns and lake and forested avenues are open to the public by way of Santa Anita sta-

tion. Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson look down upon the spreading vegas that lap the base of the Sierra Madre. Spaces filled with eucalypti, palms and half-tropic orchards interrupt the march of jaunty towns,—Arcadia, Monrovia, Duarte, the last being reputed for the high quality of its oranges.

One of those astonishing contrasts with which California likes to surprise us is close at hand when we reach Azusa, at the mouth of San Gabriel Canyon. A stage ride of 20 miles reveals the broad trunks and breezy branches of oaks and sycamores, and woodlands of resinous pines coursed by trails and pebbled brooks, and singing with waterfalls. Nooks gleam white with campers' tents and spits smoke with sizzling trout and quail. Yet from any outlook on the canyon's brim the files of the citrus groves show like well-drilled troops manœuvring on the level plains below.

At Glendora, fleet fingers pluck, wrap, pack and label the fruits of this richest valley.

Glendora, terminal of one arm of the Pacific Electric, is on the line of the Santa Fé between Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Redlands and Riverside. The Kite-shaped Track covers this route, returning to Los Angeles by way of Corona and Los Nietos, thus completing a 10-hour excursion of 166 miles at a cost of \$4.00.

The Orange Belt Excursion over the Salt Lake and Southern Pacific Roads leaves First Street station, Los Angeles,

every morning, proceeds thence to Pomona, Ontario, Riverside, Colton, and Redlands (70 miles), and returns to Los Angeles by Pomona, Covina and San Gabriel, arriving at Arcade station before 7:00 P. M. Round trip, \$3.00.

The above towns will be described on the route Los Angeles - Arizona, following Los Angeles - San Diego.

Pasadena ⁴— Mt. Lowe — Mt. Wilson.

Thirty years ago the plateau northeast of Los Angeles was a sheep-run and the huts of the herders were the only habitations on it.

Key of the Valley, the Indians called the site, and Threshold of the Mountains. Latter-day Californians have overwhelmed with fulsome titles that which has risen on the upland. Praising its comeliness as they may well do, concerning the number of plutocrats ensnared within the city's hedges they are even more effusive. We are apprised by a local census-taker that the ratio of Pasadena's super-rich men to her "ordinary inhabitants" is as one to four hundred. If this be exact, then more than seventy money monarchs have had the good judgment to elect Pasadena as a temporary kingdom.

"A city of contiguous country homes" expresses very well this communal flower-garden, this botanic show of impeccable lawns and arboreal thoroughfares. Orange Grove Avenue is a Highway

⁴ Nine miles from Los Angeles by steam and electric roads and motor-coach.

of Sweet Scents almost oppressive in its perfection.

A pronounced California architecture is evident in both palace and bungalow, and the glamour of ease is over all. There are few shops and no factories; it is to escape the bickerings of trade that one comes here.

Colorado Street contains most of the stores and banks which are necessary to administer to the needs of the permanent and tourist population. Two of the great hotels whose service coincides with Pasadena's fame as a refuge of the discriminating, are in the town; the Raymond surmounts its own hill-top and overlooks a private golf course.

The city supports an especially good library and reading-room, where interesting exhibits of photographs and documents are shown. Throop Institute, founded by Amos Throop in 1891, is one of the best scientific schools in the West. The symbolic sculpture of the principal entrance is the work of Alexander Calder, who also modelled the "Religions of the World" for the portico of the Young Men's Association in Los Angeles.

Ribbon walks lead one among the green parapets of the Merritt and Busch estates, which the stranger is permitted to enter. There are other parks municipally owned, and near-by woods where Pasadena takes its outings. On the west-

ern edge of the city is a thousand-acre pleasure-ground on the Arroyo Seco, the dry bed of the east fork of the Los Angeles River. A splendid new bridge of concrete crosses this verdant, if rarely watery, stream. Horseback parties often make Devil's Gate, three miles north, the goal of their rides. Other trails pursue canyons that lead upward toward the curving range which wraps the city in its protecting wings.

New Year at Pasadena is inaugurated by a tourney which rages from dawn to dark. Vines and bushes are despoiled to provide ammunition, and knights and ladies go to the fray on wheels whose rims are roses. Thousands come to watch the contest or to take part in the carnage of petals that marks this battle of the flowers in the heart of winter.

Higher than Pasadena, reclining like a gorgeous sultana beneath the pedestal of Mt. Lowe, is Altadena, an even more exclusive colony of elaborate demesnes. The cars from Los Angeles pass through it on the way to the mountain.⁵ Like a green crevice in a granite rampart Rubio Canyon reaches behind. The trolley climbs the gulch until it can climb no more and of necessity consigns

⁵ Five times daily from Pacific Electric station. Return fare Los Angeles - Alpine Tavern, \$2.50; fifty cents less on Saturday - Sunday excursions and holidays. Time, 2 hours.

its cargo of passengers to the road whose slanted platforms are lifted a quarter of a mile by well-tested strands above a panorama which extends to the sea, and beyond. Straight as the lark soars, the incline breasts the precipice to Echo Mountain. Here there is a revolving light of 30,000 candle-power whose long finger derides the darkness, lays a path like day far down into the rolling valley and surprises the mountains in their night-caps.

Thaddeus Lowe, who died in 1913, was the founder of the observatory on Echo Mountain, and builder of the cable-road. A man of immense mentality and achievement, he was an expert in aeronautics and an inventor of distinction. He was attached to the balloon corps in McClellan's army in 1862, and at that time made a flight from Ohio to South Carolina. By aërial signals he saved Washington from capture.

Beyond Echo Mountain (3500 feet) an electric car essays a thrilling path to the Alpine Tavern, 1500 feet above. It swings clear of trestles which lean far over gaping chasms, crawls fly-like up hemming barriers — With every twist of the reckless track new pictures start up in the offing. Past the Cape of Good Hope (discomforting enough in its suggestion), around the Bend to Circular Bridge, on to Sunset View and Granite Gate the panting motor propels us to the rustic inn,

where one may pause for luncheon only, or for a night, or for many enjoyable days.

The trip to the top of Mt. Lowe (6100 feet high) is made on ponyback in two hours, or afoot in three hours, guides being furnished at the Tavern. From the barren pinnacle, which bears a flagstaff, Mounts Disappointment, San Gabriel, Markham, Harvard and Wilson are within signaling distance. Eastward, San Antonio, Bernardino and Gorgonio rise comber-wise, like the ephemeral snowy domes the Japanese paint on paper fans. Below are plotted tracts, dim borders of cities and towns, and the ocean.

A dozen trips are possible from the Tavern. Half a mile away is Inspiration Point at the head of several ravines which abound in wide prospects. The summit trail offers comparatively easy access to Mt. Wilson, about three hours distant on foot. The usual route is from Pasadena by auto-stage to Mt. Wilson Hotel.⁶ The ascent is also made on horseback over the Toll Road from the foot of the mountain through Eaton Canyon.

The great solar observatory 5900 feet above sea, which is the distinguishing attraction of Mt. Wilson, was established in embryo under the patronage of the Carnegie Institution of Washington in

⁶ Office on East Colorado Street, Pasadena. Leaving 9:30 A. M., stage reaches the summit in 2¼ hours, and arrives again in Pasadena at 5:00 P. M. Return fare, \$4.00. The road is also open to private automobiles.

1904, following investigations by the eminent physicist and present Director, Dr. George E. Hale, designer of the Yerkes Observatory, who after experiments on Pike's Peak, Mt. Etna and Mt. Hamilton, determined that no other site met so well as this abrupt peak above San Gabriel Valley all the requirements of astrophysical research. Though fog and dust storms sometimes veil Pasadena and the territory about it, and sea-winds blow vigorously in the summer, Mt. Wilson's altitude is sufficient to exempt it from such hindrances to accurate solar definition, except on rare occasions. Records prove that observations can be made on the mountain on more than 300 days in a year.

Dr. Hale has been so good as to give the author a personal statement concerning the aims and equipment of this world-famous station.

“As for the work of this Observatory, I may say that it differs from that of the Lick Observatory mainly in the inclusion of solar research and laboratory investigations among the most important elements in its programme. The object of the Observatory is to attack the problem of stellar evolution, giving special attention to the sun as the only star near enough the earth to be studied in detail, and constantly falling back upon laboratory experiments as the only means of reproducing and interpreting the physical and chemical phenomena of the heavenly

bodies. Thus both in method and equipment the Observatory resembles a special form of physical laboratory, though its work is not wholly confined to the solution of physical problems. In connection with our study of stellar evolution, we are now devoting much attention to various questions relating to the structure of the universe, such as the existence of star streams and groups, the absorption of light in space, etc.

"The equipment of the Observatory includes three telescopes for solar research (the Snow horizontal telescope, 60-foot tower telescope, and 150-foot tower telescope); three telescopes for the study of stars and nebulae (the 60-inch reflecting telescope, 10-inch portrait lens telescope, and 100-inch reflecting telescope); and a well-equipped physical laboratory in Pasadena, where the office building, machine and optical shops, photographic laboratory, etc., are also established."

The Snow telescope, a memorial to the late George W. Snow of Chicago, reflects the image of the sun by means of metal mirrors. The Observatory tower stands well forward on the brow of the mountain, the white scaffolding shining like a beacon miles away. For the use of the staff, whose families do not live near the Observatory as at Mt. Hamilton, but reside in Pasadena, a "Monastery" has been built containing individual bed-chambers, work-rooms, living-rooms and library.

The museum of celestial photographs is accessible to visitors.

On an opposite ridge, among the luxuriant trees which cover the top of Mt. Wilson in contrast to the bare sides of its neighbours of the southern boundary, is the hotel, which has a large patronage in summer. There are also pleasant camps where furnished tents can be rented.

On days when cloud cohorts sweep up the canyons, Wilson stands like a brooding sentinel above the combat. When the "vast fog ocean lies in a trance of silence" it rides like an island summit on a vapoury sea.

The beautiful suburb of South Pasadena, associated in the tourist's mind with the ostrich, is on the line of cars which runs out Fair Oaks Avenue, Pasadena, to Main Street, Los Angeles.

The park of gawky Struthios on the Arroyo is really but the annex of a breeding-farm in the Sahabra Valley. Thirty years ago the first ostriches were brought to California by English growers from Africa.⁷ Here and in Arizona they thrive particularly well because of the light, sandy soil, which is adapted to the cultivation of alfalfa, the principal food of the birds.

Chicks six months old are worth \$100, or about one-eighth as much as their parents. Reversing

⁷ See under Sacramento, Chapter VII.

the legend of the ugly duckling, they are more graceful in extreme youth than when they grow older. At nine months they attain full size, and scraggly plumes edge wing and tail. In another year their coat is prime for plucking. Thereafter, at the end of every eight months, blinking heads are thrust into bags and nimble legs pinioned in a "box" while the harvest is reaped. The white wing plumes are the most valuable and the cocks give the finest of them.

The average yield per bird is a pound at each picking, valued at \$20 to \$30.

The ostrich can go a long time without liquid, but these at South Pasadena show no disposition to do so if oranges are available. Their beady eyes and sinuous throats bulge greedily as the yellow globes slip down. Ten per cent. of the birds bred are said to die of gastric disorders. After witnessing this gorge on the acid fruit one may be excused for mistaking the morning and evening roar of the bromming male as indicative of resultant stomachic disturbances.

Los Angeles — San Diego.

By the Santa Fé from La Grande station, Third Street and Santa Fé Avenue, San Diego is reached in 3½ hours by a mid-afternoon express. Route: Los Angeles — Los Nietos — Anaheim — Santa Ana — San Juan Capistrano — Oceanside — San Diego. Distance, 126 miles.

By motor-car, route and distance are about the same as

above. An indirect way is via Ontario, Corona, Elsinore, Temecula and Escondido, 164 miles.

Steamers from San Francisco call at Los Angeles and San Diego. See under Coastwise Steamers, Chapter I. Twice a week a daylight excursion by water leaves Los Angeles for San Diego. A guide deputised by the Pacific Electric Company accompanies the party. Fare for the round trip, \$4.00. Time one way, 8 hours.

San Juan Capistrano.⁸

"The building of the railway," says the inn-keeper of Capistrano in Clifton Johnson's *Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast*, "made a great sensation in the town. When the first engine poked her nose in sight (1885), a good many of the people fled to their homes and buried themselves under the bed-clothes. It was weeks before some of 'em would come out of their rooms, and there's those here to-day that you could no more get on a train than you could get 'em to fly. If they have to go to Santa Ana . . . they'll squat in the back-end of a lumber-wagon and jolt along in that fashion. . . . This was a rough town in the old days. Behind the counter in our store we had a pistol every few feet to be ready for emergencies."

The indolent little village on the old stage high-

⁸ Fifty-six miles south of Los Angeles; 21 miles from Santa Ana. Is frequently made a day's motor-trip from Los Angeles.

way from Mexico is still much as it was in the forties. Those who dwell in its decrepit houses — Indians, Spaniards, a few Americans — speak a Capistrano polyglot; they tend sheep, participate in surreptitious cock-fights, and spend uncounted hours “moving ’round the buildings to keep in the sun.”

On the border of the town, up the street from the station there stands on a hill-top with mountains for background the most heroic ruin in the Mission chain — “the only romantic spot in California,” Dana thought. On All Souls’ Day in the year that on the other side of the Continent a new Republic’s Declaration was signed, Father Serra blessed the site chosen for the chapel and living quarters of St. John the Neapolitan’s Mission. The first church proving inadequate, another large and beautiful one was designed by a resident Brother. In 1806 it was dedicated. Six years later, in the midst of service at the Feast of Purissima, an earthquake dislodged a tower which carried the rafters down on the heads of the congregation. Forty-three victims of the calamity were buried in the adjoining acre. Now, roofless and grey, the temple stands, its floor a turf-patch, its nave wall tufted with weeds. Long rows of arches proclaim the splendid cloister which once surrounded the quadrangle. The unroofed cloisters

are grassy alleys. In the moonlight their pillars of flat brick throw cross-bars of black down the silvered path.

The rending of the noble portal and high vault of the church, the decay of column and cornice disclose more perfectly than the completed work how well architect and builder performed their service. The *campanario* is a connecting wall with two wide and two narrow openings for four bronze bells to hang. The ropes which ring them are attached to the clappers. The large bells are tolled at the death of adults, the little ones for children. Mass is still celebrated in the chapel repaired by the Landmarks League. Within it are treasured what relics have descended from a century ago. The padre's garden is still a thing of beauty, enclosed by a covered way that is of itself embraced by flower and vine.

The mill-stones of the old Mission stand on their rims beneath aged pepper-trees. The mill-beam, turned by a mule like the water-wheels of Spain, was called an *arrastra*.

The ruin of San Juan is held in fadeless memory by the most casual pilgrim who chugs here in a motor or alights between trains. Grilled windows and latticed chimney, irregular arches like those at Evora, laborious carving above wide wooden doors, embellishing tiles and time-stained walls make their plea for other days. Here are a



SUNRISE EASTER SERVICE, MT. RUBIDOUN, RIVERSIDE

few old books to see, a few old dreams to dream in *cuardo* and fallen chancel. One thinks with envy upon the monks who once possessed it all.

Mission San Luis Rey and Pala Chapel.

The train arrives in full view of the Pacific a little below Juan Capistrano. At Oceanside, a boom town of twenty years ago, now coming into tardy prosperity, one leaves the railroad to visit the Mission of St. Louis, King of France, four miles inland. A new and distinctively Californian industry has been undertaken hereabouts — the cultivation of the spineless cactus⁹ to which 500 acres have been planted. When the fruit is ripe it forms a beaded edge of scarlet about the smooth stiff blades.

“The Queen of all the Missions” once ruled a realm of a quarter of a million acres. Forty thousand head of cattle browsed its pastures. It was the Poblet, the Alcobaça of California. In 1826, three thousand Indian men and women gave it their allegiance. Many travellers visited it and were shown chivalrous hospitality. The church, built in 1802, is the best example of Moorish architecture the Fathers designed. Its tower and façade would be imposing in any environment. Two hundred and fifty-six arches originally surrounded the close.

⁹ See under Santa Rosa, Chapter VI.

In 1831, Father Peyri, the devoted chief of the Mission, foreseeing the disintegration of all that he had laboured to construct, departed for Spain despite the tearful remonstrance of his followers. Two of the Indians whom he took with him he placed in the College at Rome.

San Luis Rey is frequently mentioned in *Ramona*. Not far distant is the ranch where Mrs. Jackson stayed as the guest of the Coutts family while at work upon her manuscript.

One of Bret Harte's characters "attended a bull-fight" on the plaza before the church, but this was after the Mission farms had been sold and Pio Pico was in power. "The Mission is no more," sighed the author of *Friar Pedro's Ride*,

. . . upon its walls
The golden lizards slip, or breathless pause
Still as the sunshine . . . that falls
Through crannied roof and spider-web of gauze.

But Luis Rey is no longer deserted. Since 1893 a Franciscan Seminary has been installed in a rebuilt cloister, and the arch of the church that a Catalonian zealot and his artisans built once more gives back the echo of chanting voices. Guests are again received graciously at the monastery door, and the afore-time dole is meted to the hungry nomad.

Twenty miles east of the Mission along the river,

is the branch chapel of San Antonio de Pala,¹⁰ founded in 1816, 18 years after the establishment of San Luis Rey. The way lies through beautiful country to the Rasselas valley, where a barricade of hills shuts the world away from the sequestered village of Pala.

The descendants of the Mission Indians who used to greet with affection the good Fray Peyri have succumbed to the scourge of civilisation as administered by the American Government. As a result of lengthy procedure in the United States courts, the tribes on Warners Ranch Reservation were removed to Pala, after warlike protests and pathetic lamentations. In May, 1903, the picturesque hegira entered the valley. The exiles took up their abode in rows of white houses with dark roofs and peaked gables which they found far less to their liking than the thatched huts they had left. The weavers of baskets mourned, too, the grasses of their regretted Agua Caliente.

The Indian store and the Post Office are near the low chapel whose unplastered beams still look upon an occasional congregation. Like the bell-fries of Russia, the campanile stands apart; two patined bells are suspended in the horizontal ori-

¹⁰ Also reached from Fallbrook, terminal of a branch railway from Oceanside (20 miles). At Fallbrook there is a comfortable hotel. Distance to Pala, about 10 miles. From Temecula on Santa Fé (branch from San Bernardino) a stage goes over a hilly road to Pala. Distance about the same as from Fallbrook.

fices of a two-storied tower set on a mound of white adobe. Nothing could be more Spanish, more utterly un-American.

At the Feast of St. Louis toward the end of August, Pala is en fête. The Mexican inhabitants erect booths about an enclosure, and dance; and the Indians dance also—to the gods of their ancestors, and beat the measure with rattles. Around the sandy square a procession of both Indians and Mexicans passes with chapel images held aloft. And in nothing, not even in the pony races and the hazardous games of *peon* do the participants show more ardour than in the service which celebrates the name of the Holy King of France.

Twenty-two miles southeast of Oceanside on a branch road is Escondido, a favoured spot in the foothills of San Diego County, 700 feet above sea. The town is surrounded by irrigated lands which produce a diversity of crops from apples and lemons to persimmons and pomegranates. On Admission Day of each year, September 9th, Grape Day is celebrated with festivities which recall in some measure the vintage fiestas of a hundred years ago. A most delicious variety of sweet Muscatel grapes is grown here, due to the soil and persistent sunshine. Tons of fruit are dispensed to Grape Day guests.

Escondido, like San Diego 30 miles south of it, is a focal point for a system of boulevards which comprises 450 miles of macadam road reaching into deep canyons and over mountains, some of them a mile high. An auto-stage, San Diego—Lake Elsinore, passes through Escondido. This service permits of one's reaching San Diego without returning to Oceanside.

Del Mar, 18 miles below Oceanside on the main rail and motor route to San Diego, deserves for the fair breadth of its view and its joyous climate the title, Monterey of the South. Cottages and a Merrie England inn are set on the edge of cliffs 200 feet high. Among the rifts of parti-coloured rocks the Torrey Pine, named for the noted naturalist, has its habitation. At only one other place, Santa Rosa Island, 100 miles north, is this puzzling tree to be found.

Beyond Del Mar the train climbs through Rose Canyon to Linda Vista, from which unrolls a beautiful prospect of sea, orchards, undulating steppes, and mountains standing behind.

Fifteen miles further on, San Diego greets us from her dais above the Harbour of the Sun.

San Diego and Its Environs.

By chance, a middle-aged furniture-dealer came from San Francisco about fifty years ago to the settlement near the junction of river and bay which was then the town of San Diego. His eyes had not been so dulled by dwelling on bureaux and chairs that he could not perceive the advantages of the site which the Bandinis, the Aguirres, the Estudillos and their neighbours ignored — the rising plain whose shore line followed the curve of the best harbour within six hundred miles. And

negotiations were not long suspended before he bought the plain from bay to hills at twenty-six cents an acre.

For years the San Diegans shrugged negligent shoulders at his credulity—and lived on near the old presidio at the river-mouth. This situation had been chosen by the first Spaniards; it was well enough for them. . . .

They scarcely knew when the tract was mapped street-wise, with blocks drawn close to make as many corner lots as possible to bait reluctant buyers. They made no visits of sympathy when New Town suffered a serious attack of infantile boom fever, and convalesced slowly. But houses appeared on the brand new plots, and a few timid shops. And one day the Estudillos and the Bandinis, happening to glance bay-ward, saw there a town, an arid, wishful town, awkward as a child in knee dresses.

There came a fairy prince in a white yacht and he looked on the child who had grown to womanhood and saw that she had capabilities that lay dormant, and he filled her purse with gold so that she might array herself in a manner befitting her inborn talents and beauty.

The first one to have faith in San Diego was the San Franciscan whom a later generation called "Father" Horton. In 1910 he died in a cobbled house at the age of ninety-six. The second, he of

the fairy yacht, was an heir of the house of Spreckels.

Since 1910, due to the launching of a cross-state railroad to give the City of St. James its first direct communication with the east, and due, also, to the publicity acquired through the Panama-California Exposition of 1915, and to the benefits expected to accrue from the Canal, San Diego's population has doubled. Wharves, wide streets, business blocks, handsome hotels, stores, clubs, theatres, schools, churches and dwellings have replaced the barren effort of early days. New Town has come into her own. Old Town, withered on its supercilious stalk, is a dejected "sight" for tourists.

The storm-proof haven of San Diego is 22 square miles in extent. The promontory of Point Loma drops southward from the mainland, swerving sufficiently to the west to admit of steamers' passing between the high flank of the headland and the sandy beach on which Coronado is situated.

War vessels are frequently in the harbour, and freighters, passenger ships, ferry-boats, yachts, sail-boats, power launches and canoes add to the activity of the crescent bay. In the middle is the sprawling island of the Army Aviation School installed in 1911.

The Horton House, which for thirty years was the main hotel of the city, stood on a neglected

square. In its place the palatial Grant has risen; facing it is a park of *cocos plumosa* surrounding an electric fountain, and a meteorological kiosk placed here by the Government. According to the local forecaster San Diego "has the shortest thermometer in the United States, except the south-east Farallone Islands. . . . The latitude gives a temperate climate, the proximity to the sea equality of temperature, the distance from storm-tracks (of northern coast) freedom from high winds and rough weather, and the absence of mountains in the immediate neighbourhood contributes to the infrequency of cloud or fog." Cabrillo recorded a gale in September, 1542, but "they felt nothing because of the good harbour." The average of rainy days in the winter is six or seven a month; the average maximum temperature in January, 62°, and that of August, 75°. A thin mist hangs between the city and the sun on summer mornings until the cooling sea-breeze blows it away. On the hottest days the thermometer barely touches 90° when it recedes again. So equable a temperature the year round proves enervating to some. But the winter visitor votes San Diego's climate enslaving. He compares it to that of the coast of North Africa, the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and compliments them all in doing so.

The numbered streets from Fourth to Seventh,

the lettered streets from C to H, and Broadway, form the city's busiest rectangle.

The homes of San Diego rise above the commercial centre and command a view which reaches to the mountains of Mexico, and across calm waters to the Coronado Islands which Cabrillo's log described as having "great valleys and in the interior . . . high ridges." Sometimes mirage islands appear on the opal sea, and so clearly that they may be imprisoned on a negative. Remarkable effects of cloud and high fog pile above Point Loma and above the two crowns of the mountain east of the city.

Among San Diego houses of unique attraction is one after the pronouncedly Moorish drawings of Irving Gill, a disciple of the straight and unadorned line, whose village of cubical cottages at Sierra Madre, Los Angeles County, has given him a distinctive place among architects. The stout white walls of the Timken house are more for intimacy than protection. They surround successive courts open to the sky which during the long rainless days and nights of the San Diego summer and during many balmy winter days are the family living-rooms. The low flat roof is essentially Oriental. If one caught the flutter of a *fereedjè* there he would not be much surprised.

Here in the town of the first Mission's founding is a fitting place to contradict the well-nurtured

error that "Mission Furniture" owes aught to the Spanish pioneers of California. Actually, the furniture used at the monasteries was of a nondescript sort, sometimes adorned by carving, but oftener of a characterless, spindly pattern. Some years ago a manufacturer from Michigan applied this trade-name to a square, heavy product resembling Mission architecture which, because of its straight simplicity, had failed to please the patrons of his Chicago store. The impression grew that the original models were those of Mission craftsmen, the demand increased, and a new style in furniture was born.

Balboa Park, of whose 1400 acres the Exposition grounds occupy about half, is on a level height toward the southern end of the city. Mission Cliff Park, reached by electric car Number 1, is to the north above Mission Valley and the meagre stream of the San Diego River. From the esplanade a green and gold checker-board shows below, with white houses standing in the glossy squares. There is an aviary and an ostrich farm here to instruct and amuse us, but the wonder of this park on the cliff is the feast of flowers. Bougainvilleas, purple and terra cotta, and evergreen grapevines line the long walk of the pergola, which is the Southern California substitute for the closed conservatories of less dependable climates. A woman is responsible for much of San Diego's



THE CLOISTER, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

floral art. Her skill in growing trees and flowers and planning gardens is in evidence at every turn — along the streets, in public squares and within the bounds of private homes. Her brother, Mr. Frank Sessions, specialises in the poinsettia, the “fiery star” of the Mexicans. From Mexico the shrub was introduced to the States by Dr. Poinsett of Charleston, South Carolina. At San Diego the Christmas flower is grown in the open and by the flaming acre.

Desolated of all but its memories, the Patriarch of the Missions sits upon a solitary hill six miles from the city which bears its name.¹¹ The ruins above the valley are those of buildings which were erected after 1803. In 1774 the Mission was removed from the scene of its founding. A year later occurred an appalling massacre by the Indians. A cross by the river bears witness to the murder of the resident priest. Bordering the Camino Real is the olive grove whose yield of oil was a vital source of the Brothers’ revenue. At the arrival of ships the cattle were herded and slaughtered for their hides, each one of which was worth two dollars in trade.

Major Emery, who was topographical engineer with Kearny’s army, wrote of the “fine large buildings” of the Mission. They were then

¹¹ One may go by carriage or automobile direct to the Mission; or take the electric car 4 miles, and hire a burro or go on foot the remaining 2 miles.

adorned with a four-tiered belfry, a portico and long cloister, but the tower and the pillared passage-way have vanished. United States troops were quartered here in 1846-1857, and made use of the wooden crosses of the grave-yard to build a corral for their horses.

A more sentimental interest is attached to the original location of the Mission colony than to this parched hill-side. The first settlement and chapel were established near the presidio on rolling ground above the bay. At the dedication, July 16, 1769, Serra exclaimed, in an ecstasy of zealous fervour, "All my life has been lived for this glorious day!"

Here was the first residence of white men on this savage coast. Indians attacked the encampment, sickness and want ensued. Except for the fortunate arrival of a relief ship long delayed, Portola would have abandoned the military and religious occupation of Upper California.

Two aged palms mark the landing of pilgrim Fathers on these Pacific shores.

Conducted motor tours and electric cars give convenient approach to Old Town where is the Estudillo house in which a fictitious Ramona and Alessandro stayed. A quarter of a mile distant is the chapel, sheathed in a wooden frame, where according to the romance the lovers were united. The priest who married them was, however, a char-

acter in life, Father Ubach, who lived in San Diego forty years and was much beloved. A church begun by him a long while before his death is erected in the Spanish Renaissance style. The relics formerly in Old Town Chapel and St. Joseph's Church at San Diego will be guarded here, and the old bells hung in the campanile.

Between this ancient community of clay houses and autocratic associations and the wave-hewn shore of La Jolla stands the priest's house near the chapel.

Steam and motor trains leave from Fourth Street near Broadway for Pacific Beach and the cave village a short way north of it, the resort of artists, students and scientists. Ellen Terry, Modjeska and Beatrice Harraden have lived at La Jolla. Red sea-weeds trail through phosphorescent waters that teem with scurrying creatures. The tide sweeps into vaulted caverns scooped in the deep-tinted cliffs, and sweeping out again is succeeded by mermaidens who bind their tresses and don swimming garments in pavilions provided by nature. Arches and fissures and rocky tusks are washed by the surf, and profiles of serrate stone are defined in whimsy shapes against the light.

Lectures at the Biological Station are open to the public, and La Jolla's Philharmonic Orchestra plays at stated periods. Time passes lazily, and

yet, paradoxically, all too swiftly for the so-journer at La Jolla.

A broad boulevard leads out India Street and along Spalding Drive from San Diego to Point Loma Lighthouse (12 miles). The promontory is also accessible by ferry to Fort Rosecrans, and by launch. Going by road one arrives first at the Raja Yoga School and the Tent City of the International Theosophical Colony. A small fee is charged for admission to the beautiful park which encloses the headquarters building, embellished with turrets and domes, the Music Pavilion and Greek Temple, and an orphanage where 250 children are instructed in the rudiments of that system of philosophy "which professes to investigate the powers of man over nature, and the direct knowledge of God attained by extraordinary illumination."

From the Point is revealed a superb land-view of the sea, and an equally glorious sea-view of the land.

Across the bay from San Diego a narrow shoal of sand bears ocean-ward the rambling, red-roofed hostelry which dictates the pastimes and hospitalities of Coronado Beach. Here hermit-peace and the sprite of gaiety abide beneath the same gables. One's chamber windows look out upon a leaping surf and the broad Pacific and inward upon a bosk of tropic trees. A spacious country house could

be no more homely, in the gracious English sense, nor more cheerful with dance and band-tunes, and the reflected ardour of open-air sports.

Near the hotel is a beach school for little guests who romp and study Montessori-style, while their elders swim in the ocean or take an indoor plunge, play golf, tennis or polo, motor or ride in two countries, sail in air and water-craft, drift to the Islands in glass-bottom boats, catch bass and pompano, go gunning for quail, promenade the sea-wall, lounge on any one of a score of verandahs, or linger over a teacup in a garden Japanese as Japan.

A half mile south of the hotel one may pitch his own tent or hire in summer an awning house set among blocks of others, and sharing with them the conveniences and amusements provided by the management, and all at very small cost.

The automobile road to Coronado (21 miles) goes through National City on its way south, turns seaward at Palm Drive, and reaches the hotel by the ocean boulevard via South San Diego.

The road to Tia Juana continues beyond Palm Drive, the distance being 17 miles.

Electric cars and the San Diego and Southern Railway go to National City (5 miles), Chula Vista and Otay. About Chula Vista, 6 miles from San Diego, there are many square miles of lemon groves, irrigated by the Sweetwater Dam reser-

voir. San Diego County leads in lemons as San Bernardino and Los Angeles Counties surpass all others in the number of their orange trees.

Three times a day steam cars leave National City for Sweetwater and Tia Juana. Few who come to San Diego neglect the opportunity to cross, at the cost of but a 16-mile journey, into Old Mexico. West of "Auntie Jane," the artful name of a most unartful town, is the southwesternmost angle of the United States, at the junction of this country, the Pacific and Mexico. The spot is marked by a monument enclosed in a white stockade near the beach. The side facing north carries the inscription "Monument of Boundary between the United States and Mexico. Established by joint commission 10 October, A. D. 1849," and the reverse side, "Limite de la Republica Mexicana."

An omnibus rattles arriving tourists through a hot and straggling street to the hotel where the luncheon menu will in all probability begin with chile soup and proceed with *langosta à la Cataluña*, *frijoles* and *chuletas de ternero*, or with equally spicy concoctions under other names. The adventurer who would eat a *tamale* must find a voluble Mexican with a basket on his arm, or patronise a corner stand.

Aunt Jane's bull-ring is largely supported by San Diego excursionists; by the same token the *toreros* use no horses, as the Americans object to



THE INNER GARDEN, CORONADO HOTEL, NEAR SAN DIEGO

seeing them tortured, and to sell his tickets the obliging impresario concedes the point, though every one knows that a bull-feast without the blood of gored *caballos* is mild sport indeed.

Like the national game, the shops of Tia Juana depend upon the patronage of the strangers, who return to American soil laden with striped scarfs, drawn-work, serapes, tall hats and pottery statuettes.

In May, 1911, the town was seized by insurgents, and the bull-ring fortified by sandbags. Most of the rebels were American soldiers of fortune led by a Welshman. After the fighting a republic was formed and the chief office tendered to a Los Angeles amusement promoter, who declined to accept on the ground that base-ball and aviation meets were more remunerative than the presidency of Tia Juana.

West coast points of Mexico are served by the Compañia Naviera del Pacifico. Agreeable short trips may be made by this line out of San Diego.

Fine roads and delightful scenery attend the many motor excursions to the "back country" of the Cuyamacas. Twenty miles northeast of San Diego is the enchanted valley of El Cajon, the chest of fruitful harvests. Grossmont Park, south of the main way, clings to an up-standing peak which rises like a look-out tower above the surrounding

plains. Among the property-owners are Madame Schumann-Heink and Teresa Carreño. There is a good inn here besides a group of picture cottages.

At El Cajon one branch of the highway turns off toward Alpine and Descanso, attractive mountain resorts; the upper road keeps on to Lakeside, from whence an auto-stage makes regular connection with hunting camps in the hills.

Foster, the next town beyond Lakeside, is the terminus of the San Diego, Cuyamaca and Eastern Railway, whose track runs very nearly parallel with the motor route to Foster (25 miles) from San Diego. An auto-stage plies between this point and Ramona (13 miles). From there a horse-stage makes the trip of 15 miles to the village of the Mesa Grande (Big Table-land) Indians. The people of this tribe have gentle, earnest faces, they are patient and poor, and in basketry and wood-carving they are exceedingly skilled. The Indians of La Jolla Reservation were taught by the Mexicans a century ago how to make thread and pillow lace and cut-work. Examples may sometimes be purchased in the curio stores of Southern California.

On the evening of All Souls' Day, November first, the ceremony of the candle-lighting takes place in the Indian grave-yard near the *asistencia*, or branch chapel, founded by the padres of San Di-

ego. Tapers are placed upon the mounds of the dead and the company wails and chants about a great cross to the tolling of bells.

Twenty-six miles from Foster, and 13 miles beyond Ramona by the stage road is Santa Ysabel, where an auxiliary Mission was established in 1822. The old clay chapel has tottered to decay but services are still held in a tiny sanctuary made of brush-wood laid on a frame-work of boughs. The original bells hang from a cross-bar held by two forked poles. A tall wooden cross adds a further touch of pathos to this isolated shrine.

A winding road turns east from Santa Ysabel to Julian. The highroad goes northward to Warners Hot Springs, the former *rancheria* of the Indians now at Pala. The baths here are sulphurous and saline and have considerable repute. The total distance from San Diego to the Springs is 67 miles. Regular connection is made by auto-stages between San Diego and many of the aforementioned hill towns and resorts.

An auto-stage leaves San Diego early in the morning for Campo, close to the border of Imperial County. Near this spot the "Gaskell boys" pitted their dual force against twenty-four Mexicans in a miniature frontier war. For years the town was a smuggling base for contraband goods and Chinese.

The stage proceeds across the county line to Dixieland, Seeley, El Centro and Imperial. The journey of 120 miles consumes 8 hours one way, and costs \$6.00. Until the

San Diego and Arizona Railway is completed, motor-stages offer the only means of reaching the Imperial Valley without journeying far to the north and returning south again. The railroad, which will give San Diego direct connection with the east by way of Yuma, and will thereby revolutionise traffic conditions, is already laid through Tia Juana and north to Campo, and from the Cayote Wells through Seeley and El Centro to Holtville. Comparatively few miles remain to be built to complete the link between San Diego and the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific.

The above-mentioned towns in the Imperial Valley are on either the main Inter-California Road or a spur of it. In 1901 no Whites and but few Indians lived on the desert west of the Colorado River. In two years 2000 settlers had taken up irrigated lands, and a year later, 70,000 acres were under cultivation and the Imperial Valley and territory adjacent to it had a population of 10,000 people.

This land, no longer sterile, but capable of producing immense crops, has grown a long-fibred cotton successfully, with a record yield per acre. Every sort of grain, tons of fruit and vegetables and several crops of alfalfa in a season are produced. At Calexico, on the Mexican border, dates are brought to maturity which rival imported varieties. From Brawley, north of Imperial, carloads of honey are shipped annually.

Via the Inter-California Railway the Southern Pacific may be joined at Araz Junction near the Arizona line, or at Imperial Junction, 50 miles northwest on the way to Colton and Los Angeles.

From Fifth and Broadway, San Diego, cars leave daily for Escondido, Fallbrook, San Luis Rey, Temecula, and Elsinore (91 miles). By this road it is possible to reach the towns of Riverside and San Bernardino County without returning by railway to Los Angeles.

SAN DIEGO-LOS ANGELES—By Santa Fé via mid-day express in about 4 hours.

For steamers and motor routes, see under Los Angeles—San Diego.

En Route to Arizona Border.

Los Angeles — San Bernardino — Colton.¹²

The eastward course of the Santa Fé from Los Angeles is through Pasadena, Santa Anita, Monrovia, Glendora, San Dimas, Claremont, Upland and Cucamonga direct to San Bernardino (60 m.). The route west of Glendora has been described earlier in this chapter under San Gabriel Mission and Pasadena headings. San Dimas is a centre of the lemon industry. Pomona College, at Claremont, has an enrollment of 500 students, and a group of very attractive modern buildings. The Greek Theatre in a park of live oaks has seats for 4000. About Claremont were grown the first oranges shipped from the State. At Upland the electric line which connects with Ontario (3 miles south) goes north to San Antonio Heights. The trail to Camp Baldy on Mt. San Antonio (10,000 feet) starts across the sloping plain from Upland, bearing to the north and east 12 miles.

San Bernardino is 20 miles beyond Upland. The intervening country is devoted to lemon, orange, olive and grape culture.

By motor, Los Angeles—San Bernardino via Monrovia and Upland, over Huntington Drive and Foothill Boulevard, 60 miles.

The Southern Pacific route Los Angeles—Colton (Colton, 3 miles south of San Bernardino) is via San Gabriel, Covina, San Dimas, Lordsburg, Pomona and Ontario. Distance, 55 miles.

¹² See fine print under Glendora, this chapter, for excursions over the Santa Fé, Southern Pacific, and San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake routes to San Bernardino, Riverside and Redlands from Los Angeles.

The Salt Lake Road also passes through Pomona and Ontario on the way to Riverside.

The Pacific Electric has a line from Los Angeles to Pomona (35 miles) and from Pomona to Upland. From here the road is under construction to San Bernardino.

Pomona is one of the choice residential cities of Southern California. On its borders are groves which produce every sort of fruit adapted to this soil and climate. Five miles south on a loop of the Southern Pacific is the town of Chino in the midst of the former ranch of Santa Ana which was granted in 1841 to Don Antonio Lugo. Ten thousand cattle ranged upon its 22,000 acres. After Isaac Williams, a Pennsylvanian, married Maria, daughter of Don Antonio, at Mission San Gabriel, he bought the Rancho Santa Ana del Chino. He was already the owner of nearly 20,000 acres. Thenceforth his house became the centre of limitless hospitalities to new settlers, priests and officers who journeyed the highways of Mexican California. This was the scene of a skirmish in 1846 known as the Battle of Chino. Eventually the estates were sold out of the family. Richard Gird, who bought a portion of the acreage and the house in 1881, founded the town named for the ranch. The third largest beet sugar refinery of California is situated here, and a George Junior Republic farm of over 200 acres.

Ontario, 6 miles beyond Pomona, has an avenue which is more widely famed than the ambitious little city itself. It has a breadth of 200 feet and extends among orchards 7 miles up hill to the base of the mountains. Peppers and palms separate the driveways from the tracks of the electric road to San Antonio Heights.

At Ontario the Salt Lake road turns south to Riverside via Wineville. Near the outskirts of the former is a ten-arched concrete bridge a fifth of a mile long.

The vineyards of the Italian Vineyard Company about Guasti, 3 miles east of Ontario, compare in size and quality of product with some of the great grape-growing dis-

tricts of the world. The rows of vines stretch away from either side the railway, covering in all 3500 acres. About 20,000 tons of various sorts of grapes are harvested annually, the yield of sweet and dry wines being nearly 4,000,000 gallons. Visitors are admitted to the wineries and vineyards. The latter are of course most interesting at the vintage season in September and October. The Government has a twenty-acre station at Guasti where several hundred varieties of grapes are grown experimentally.

Colton, 58 miles east of Los Angeles, is the junction of steam and electric roads leading to San Bernardino, 3 miles north, to Riverside, 7 miles south, and to Redlands, 9 miles east.

By motor, Los Angeles—Riverside, via Pomona and Ontario, 55 miles. Los Angeles—Redlands, via Riverside and Colton, 71 miles; via San Bernardino, 73 miles.

San Bernardino.

The city below the white ledges of the Bernardino Range was settled in 1851 by 500 Mormons who paid for 37,000 acres bought from Mexican grantees \$7500. It is the seat of San Bernardino County, which has the largest area of any California county, or 20,000 square miles. Inyo County, the next largest, has 10,000 square miles.

About a hundred years ago the Franciscans of San Gabriel established a colony at San Bernardino where food-stuffs were grown and supplied to travellers crossing the desert. The chapel built at that time was successively occupied by Catholics, Mormons and Protestants. The Utah colonists used it as their tithing-house.

There was once a *plaza del toros* here of which Don José del Lugo was impresario.

San Bernardino has an agreeable winter climate for those who seek a dry atmosphere, but blinding dust-storms frequently whirl through Cajon Pass from the Mojave Desert and sweep down the canyon of the River Santa Ana, sometimes as far as Los Angeles.

Behind the city is the Squirrel Inn Club and log cottages in a forest estate of 120 acres.

A ride of 7 miles by electric road or automobile brings one to the Boiling Springs beneath the phenomenal white arrowhead which an inexplicable whim of nature has blazoned on the mountain wall above San Bernardino. Over the same route now taken by modern conveyances, the Mormon elders travelled to the curative waters for the healing of rheumatism and other afflictions. Several times this high barren plain has been lighted with the flames of burning buildings. But a substantial hotel and bath equipment have now taken the place of the crude establishments of former days. There are hundreds of hot springs along the base of these mountains, and more than a score of them are near the hotel. The hottest one has a temperature of nearly 200°, and flows out of the rock at the rate of 500,000 gallons a day.

A new highway is proposed from San Bernardino

to The Needles, through petrified forests and a region once occupied by cliff dwellers.

San Bernardino—The Needles, 250 miles by Santa Fé en route to Arizona and the east, via Cajon Pass, Barstow and Bengal.

San Bernardino—Riverside via Santa Fé, Southern Pacific, Salt Lake Road and Pacific Electric, about 12 miles.

San Bernardino—Redlands by steam and electric roads, 13 miles.

Riverside.

Some one has called Riverside a “populated orange grove.” Unwavering lines of well-groomed, round-topped trees reach for miles across a tract of land that was sterile as a desert until irrigation waved its magic wand. It is familiar history that the orange known as the Bahia or Washington Navel was brought to the United States in 1870 by William F. Judson, American Consul at Bahia, Brazil. The earliest chronicles of orange-culture relate that the fruit was taken from Asia to Spain and Portugal in the 16th century, and introduced into South America by navigators. Later it was found growing wild in forests on the Amazon River. Ferrarius issued at Rome in the 17th century a treatise on The Golden Apple, a term covering every sort of citrus fruit. In this volume is described the South American seedless orange.

Because the trees brought by Judson were con-

signed to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., they were re-christened in honour of the capital. Mrs. Luther Tibbetts, in 1873, secured four of the original dozen trees received at the Department and forwarded them to her husband at Riverside. The two which survived were given the utmost care, and in January, 1879, Mr. Tibbetts picked from their branches the first oranges of the navel variety ever matured outside of Brazil. Other trees being budded from these, and the report of the successful cultivation of the seedless fruit having reached to the Atlantic, there arose a clamour for orchard land which resulted in a sudden access of population about Riverside. But many fortunes were dissipated before the practicalities which attend even so romantic an occupation as growing oranges were mastered.

It was found that the navel thrrove best when grafted upon a pomelo, or grape-fruit tree, though experts in citrus culture also bud the seedless orange to other varieties of its kind, or to lemon trees.

In an average year more than 30,000 carloads of oranges are shipped from the southern counties of California. The navel constitutes three-quarters of the crop. The ancestral Bahias, whose progeny of 7,000,000 trees bring half as much revenue to the State as the output of its gold mines, are the most venerated monuments of Riverside. One

of them was re-planted by President Roosevelt in May, 1903, within the court of the Mission Inn; the other stands on Magnolia Avenue.

To stay at the Inn, as already indicated in another chapter, gives one the savour of Things as They Were. Chiming bells and tiled walks and an indoor arrangement that reflects another century than ours are attuned to modern demands, yet generate an atmosphere of cloistered tranquillity.

The Civic Centre group comprehends a Federal Building, city offices and a congregational church, all in Mission design. The library, enjoyed by residents and tourists alike, is opposite the hotel. A municipal forester supervises the planting and care of 10,000 decorative trees on Riverside's streets. No ugly lots or unkempt rear yards mar the uniform beauty of the city. Walnut Street is adorned by the Peruvian pepper-tree, Thirteenth Street by date-palms and alternating shafts of Italian cypress. In the Park there are 300 species of cacti—green, grey, yellow, graceful, gawky, thorny and thornless, bushy and thin, bulbous, pillared and spiky. Magnolia Avenue, 150 feet wide and many miles long, is bordered by magnolias, eucalypts and very tall fan-palms with hairy trunks.

Sherman Institute, a Government Industrial School for Indians, is near Arlington Park.

Before sunrise on Easter morning a procession leaves the bell-gate of the Mission Hotel for the ascent of Rubidoux, a brusque, pyramidal mount just beyond the centre of the town. Its name is that of a trapper who owned Jurupa Ranch, the site of Riverside. The emblem of Christianity which rises from the summit was blessed by a Bishop of the Church of Rome at its consecration in 1907. Since then, clergy of varying creeds have addressed the early morning multitudes each Easter. The listeners gather among the boulders as distant snowy crests take on the first glow of colour, and the preacher's voice is lifted in the stillness of approaching day, in the isolation of this hill-top, with an effect almost supernal.

From Riverside an automobile road, an electric line and the Santa Fé lead southwest toward Corona (14 miles) on the way to Orange (at junction with road to San Diego).

At Highgrove, between Riverside and Colton, a Santa Fé branch diverges to the south. At Perris (18 miles) a spur turns east to Hemet beneath the mountain of San Jacinto (10,800 feet) and to the village of San Jacinto. Near Hemet is the Whittier stock farm, where fine horses and dogs are bred. The mountain is reached from both this point and San Jacinto by stage. Half way up the side is the well-known summer camp called Idyllwild, where every sort of outdoor recreation is offered the mountain-lover. There are still other resorts for vacationists further toward the peak. It was about San Jacinto that the final scenes of *Ramona* were laid.

At Elsinore, south of Perris, there are hot springs, and a lake 7 miles long. Murieta, between Elsinore and



DEGLET NUR DATES, GROWN AT INDIO

Temecula,¹³ is another spa of considerable reputation.

By motor, Riverside—Elsinore via Perris, 28 miles.

RIVERSIDE—REDLANDS—By steam and electric roads via Colton and Redlands Junction, or San Bernardino, about 20 miles.

By motor via Colton, or via Loma Linda Sanitarium, about 16 miles.

Redlands.

A crescent of mantled peaks draws close about Redlands to shut from it the view of torrid lands that lies to the south and east. The northern horn of the crescent is San Antonio, the southern, San Jacinto. Between them, and directly behind this Eden of matchless fertility are the frosty-headed patriarchs, Bernardino and Gorgonio. Each of them is two miles high from foot to pinnacle. Amid fragrant lanes and weighted branches pickers glance from their baskets to watch snow-storms beating about the mountains.

The prairie barred now by long dark rows of citrus trees was formerly a waste of sage and cacti overrun with scuttling rabbits. Redlands is one of the younger California towns, but industrially, and in the culture of its institutions and inhabitants it is mature beyond many much older communities.

The University of Redlands, founded in 1909, has an enrollment of several hundred students, and

¹³ See motor routes under Los Angeles—San Diego, and Note 10, this chapter.

a fifty-acre campus on which a score of fine buildings have been erected.

The Public Library, situated in a park, was the gift of the late Mr. A. K. Smiley, known also for his benefactions at Lake Mahonk, New York. The Smiley estate on the Heights at Canyon Crest Park is extraordinarily lovely in the lavish California way, and has an outlook upon stately sierras, nude foot-hills and densely planted valleys which is also typically Californian in its contrasts.

The musical and literary clubs of Redlands are housed in a manner commensurate with the prosperity of the town, whose affluence is also reflected in many thoroughfares of tropic verdure and flower-screened dwellings. The Country Club is a short distance south by electric car. The requirements of tourists and winter residents are well met by the three-towered inn of Casa Loma and other attractive hotels.

Motorists find perfect roads over the McKinley, Edgemont and Prospect Hill Drives. Bear Valley, Pine Lake and innumerable canyon retreats entice campers, huntsmen and anglers.

Redlands Junction — Arizona Border.¹⁴

When the train has attained San Geronio Pass (2600 feet) and descended to the sandy sea at the

¹⁴ Via Sunset Route, Southern Pacific (San Francisco and Los Angeles—New Orleans). Redlands Junction—Colorado River, opposite Yuma, Arizona, 186 miles.

base of the mountain-reef, the traveller has passed beyond the zone of California cities and luxurious resorts. What follows on the out-bound journey towards the southeastern angle of the State has to do with desert growths or oases, and the marvels of scientific agriculture.

Palm Springs, 5 miles distant by carriage from the railway, is notable, aside from its hot mineral waters and refreshing green, for its proximity to Palm Canyon. This valley against the east flank of San Jacinto is the lair of mysterious palms which whisper of Arabia; scattered among them are white tent-like rocks from which swarthy figures in multiple garments and burmooose might with reason be expected to emerge.

Mt. San Jacinto, the cool grey god of this sun-ridden plain, may be climbed from Palm Springs by a trail between Palm and Murray Canyons. The expedition consumes several days.

A desert, according to Webster, is a barren tract incapable of supporting life or vegetation. A great Frenchman said the desert was God without Man. But about Palm Springs and Indio man has grown grapes, oranges, and figs, and dates of luscious size and flavour. The cultivation of the date-palm is the newest fruit industry of California. Offshoots have been brought from Africa, the Deglet Nur being the favoured variety. One exceptional tree in the Coachella Valley has borne

in a year 500 pounds of fruit. Government experimentalists have prophesied that this great basin will in time become a date grove of African proportions.

For over 50 miles the train runs near the edge of the Salton Sea, a body of water created over twenty years ago by a break in the Colorado River. Travellers experience here the somewhat unusual sensation of traversing a depression 263 feet below sea level which geographers believe is the bed of an inland ocean, long since evaporated in the dry air of the desert.

At Imperial Junction the Inter-California Road turns south to the Imperial Valley, while the main line draws away to the Colorado River.

Now the desert becomes a desert indeed. In place of occasional green spaces flowing with waters which bubble from the earth, only the Joshua palm and the tatter-tree, and the white bells of the yucca spangling a multitude of twigs break the monotonous solitude of the sands.

TOURIST CITIES AND RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA

POPULATION * — HOTELS † — BANKS

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Adams Springs, Lake Co. (25 miles by stage from Calistoga); hotel, Adams Springs.

Aetna Hot Springs, Napa Co. (16 miles by stage from St. Helena); hotel, Aetna Hot Springs.

Agua Caliente, Sonoma Co. (5 miles from Sonoma); pop., 20; hotel, Agua Caliente.

Ahwahnee, Madera Co. (en route Madera—Wawona); hotel, Ahwahnee.

Alameda, Alameda Co.; pop., 23,000; hotels, Park, Alameda, Encinal.

Anaheim, Orange Co.; pop., 2600; hotels, Palace, Commercial.

Anderson's Springs, Lake Co. (15 miles from Calistoga); hotel, Anderson's Springs.

Angels, Calaveras Co.; pop., 3000; hotels, Angels, Commercial.

* According to 1910 United States Census. Population of the State, 1910, 2,377,549. Estimated population 1914, 2,900,000.

† Hotels in the larger cities are usually conducted on the European plan. Rates, \$.75—\$3 and up per day. Average rate for single room without bath, \$1.50. American plan rates in cities and at exclusive resorts, \$3—\$8 a day. Average rate (American plan) at best resort hotels, \$4—\$5 a day. At less pretentious hotels and at camps and boarding-houses in town and country \$2—\$3 a day, or \$12—\$14—\$17 a week.

- Antioch, Contra Costa Co.; hotel, Arlington.
- Arrowhead Hot Springs, San Bernardino Co. (electric car from San Bernardino); hotel, Arrowhead.
- Auburn, Placer Co.; pop., 2300; hotels, Conroy, Freeman.
- Avalon, Catalina Island, Los Angeles Co. (25 miles by steamer from San Pedro); pop., 8000 (summer); hotels, Metropole, Grand View, Sea Beach, Ocean View, Del Mar, Glenmore. Furnished apartments, cottages, rooms and tents.
- Azusa, Los Angeles Co.; Camp Rincon, Camp Cold Brook, Camp Bonita, all in San Gabriel Canyon, 18-20 miles by stage from Azusa.
- Bakersfield, Kern Co.; pop., 12,700; hotels, Southern, Grand.
- Baldy (Camp), Mt. San Antonio, San Bernardino Co. (reached by road from Upland on Santa Fé).
- Barstow, San Bernardino Co.; hotel, Casa del Desierto.
- Bartlett Springs, Lake Co. (reached by road from Williams (44 m.), Calistoga or Ukiah); pop., 1000; hotel, Bartlett Springs.
- Belmont, San Mateo Co.; hotel, Cypress Lodge.
- Belvedere, Marin Co.; pop., 500; hotels, Hillside Inn, Belvedere.
- Benicia, Solano Co.; pop., 2400; hotel, Palace.
- Ben Lomond, Santa Cruz Co.; pop., 500; hotels, Ben Lomond, Rowardennan.
- Berkeley, Alameda Co.; pop., 40,000; hotels, Claremont, Berkeley Inn, Shattuck, Carlton.
- Big Trees, Calaveras Co.; pop., 100; hotels, Big Tree Grove, Dorrington (3 miles north).
- Blairsden, Plumas Co.; station for fishing-camps on lakes south of Western Pacific (see Mohawk).
- Blue Lakes, Lake Co. (10 miles from Ukiah); hotel, Blue Lake Park.
- Boca, Nevada Co.; pop., 200; hotel, Boca.
- Bodie, Mono Co.; pop., 1500; hotel, Occidental.
- Boyes Hot Springs, Sonoma Co. (4 miles from Sonoma); hotel, Boyes Hot Springs.

- Brawley, Imperial Co.; pop., 880; hotel, Bungalow.
- Brookdale, Santa Cruz Co.; hotel, Fairlee.
- Byron Hot Springs, Contra Costa Co.; hotel, Byron Hot Springs.
- Calaveras (see Big Trees).
- California Hot Springs, Tulare Co. (en route to Kern River Canyon); hotel, cottages and tents.
- California Redwood Park, Santa Cruz Co. (9 miles by stage from Boulder Creek); hotel, Redwood Inn.
- Calistoga, Napa Co.; pop., 750; hotel, Calistoga.
- Capitola, Santa Cruz Co.; hotels, Capitola, Stafford's (3½ miles).
- Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey Co.; hotel, Pine Inn.
- Carpinteria, Santa Barbara Co.; hotel, Shepard's Inn (5 miles).
- Castella, Shasta Co.; hotel, Crag View.
- Castle Crag, Shasta Co.; hotel and cabins; Sweetbrier Camp (4 miles south).
- Catalina Island (see Avalon).
- Cazadero, Sonoma Co.; hotel, Cazadero.
- Cedar Grove, Tulare Co. (Kings River Canyon); hotel, Cedar Grove.
- Chico, Butte Co.; pop., 3700; hotels, Diamond, Auditorium.
- Claremont, Los Angeles Co.; hotel, College Inn.
- Clio, Plumas Co.; hotel, Western Pacific; Gold Lake Camp (7 miles).
- Cloverdale, Sonoma Co.; pop., 800; hotels, United States, Orange City.
- Colfax, Placer Co.; hotel, Gillen.
- Colusa, Colusa Co.; pop., 1600; hotel, Riverside.
- Corning, Tehama Co.; hotel, Maywood.
- Corona, Riverside Co.; hotel, Del Rey.
- Coronado Beach, San Diego Co.; hotel, Del Coronado; Tent City.
- Coulterville, Mariposa Co. (on motor route to Yosemite); Hotel.

- Crocker's Camp, Tuolumne Co. (40 miles from Chinese on Big Oak Flat stage-road to Yosemite).
- Deer Park Springs, Placer Co. (Lake Tahoe Forest Reserve); hotel, Deer Park Springs.
- Del Mar, San Diego Co.; hotel, Stratford Inn.
- Del Monte, Monterey Co.; hotel, Del Monte.
- Donner, Placer Co.; hotel, Summit.
- Downieville, Sierra Co.; pop., 600; hotel, St. Charles.
- Duncan Mills, Sonoma Co.; hotel, Orchard.
- Dunsmuir, Siskiyou Co.; hotel, Weed.
- El Centro, Imperial Co.; pop., 1600; hotels, El Centro, Oregon.
- El Portal, Mariposa Co.; hotel, Del Portal.
- Elsinore, Riverside Co.; pop., 500; hotels, Lake View, Bundy Hot Springs.
- Escondido, San Diego Co.; pop., 1300; hotels, Escondido, Occidental.
- Eureka, Humboldt Co.; pop., 12,000; hotels, Revere, Vance; bank, Bank of Eureka.
- Fallbrook, San Diego Co.; pop., 400; hotel, Ellis.
- Fallen Leaf Lake, El Dorado Co.; hotels, Cathedral Park, Glen Alpine Springs, Fallen Leaf Lodge.
- Felton, Santa Cruz Co.; pop., 400; hotel, Grand Central; Hopkins clubhouse and cottages, Big Tree Grove.
- Folsom, Sacramento Co.; hotel, Enterprise.
- Fort Bragg, Mendocino; pop., 2400; hotels, Grand, Windsor.
- Fort Seward, Humboldt Co.; Fort Seward Hotel and tents.
- Fresno, Fresno Co.; pop., 25,000; hotels, Fresno, Hughes, Ogle; banks, First National, Farmers, Fresno National.
- Fruitvale, Alameda Co.; pop., 4000; hotel, Fairlawn.
- Geyser Hot Springs, Sonoma Co. (20 miles from Healdsburg by stage. Also reached from Calistoga, 26 miles); hotel, Hot Springs.
- Giant Forest, Sequoia National Park, Tulare Co. (stage from Lemon Cove); Camp Sierra, hotel and tents.

- Gilroy, Santa Clara Co.; hotels, Southern Pacific, Gilroy Hot Springs (12 miles by stage), Redwood Retreat (9 miles).
- Glenwood, Santa Cruz Co.; pop., 500; hotels, Glenwood, Villa Fontenay (3 miles).
- Grass Valley, Nevada Co.; pop., 5400; hotel, New Holbrook.
- Grossmont, San Diego Co.; hotel, Grossmont Inn.
- Guerneville, Sonoma Co.; pop., 1000; hotels, cottages, farm boarding-houses.
- Half Moon Bay, San Mateo Co.; pop., 300; hotels, Occidental, Mosconi.
- Hanford, Kings Co.; hotel, Esrey.
- Haywards, Alameda Co.; pop., 2700; hotel, Hayward Villa.
- Healdsburg, Sonoma Co.; pop., 2000; hotels, Sotoyome, Plaza, Fitch Mountain Tavern.
- Highland Springs, Lake Co. (10 miles from Pieta); hotel, Highland Springs.
- Hollister, San Benito Co.; pop., 2300; hotels, Hartman, Hollister.
- Hollywood, Los Angeles Co.; hotels, Hollywood, Mountain View.
- Hopland, Mendocino Co.; pop., 300; hotels, Thatcher, Duncan's Springs (4 miles).
- Howard Springs, Lake Co. (25 miles by stage from Calistoga); hotel, Howard Springs.
- Inverness, Marin Co.; hotel, Inverness.
- Jamestown, Tuolumne Co.; pop., 4000; hotels, Nevills, Willows.
- Johnsville, Plumas Co.; hotel, Peaks.
- Jolon, Monterey Co. (6 miles San Antonio Mission); hotel, Dutton's.
- Kanawyer's Camp, Tulare Co. (Kings River Canyon).
- Kaweah, Tulare Co. (en route Lemon Cove-Sequoia Park); Camp Mehrten.
- Klamath Hot Springs, Siskiyou Co. (20 miles by stage from Ager); Hot Springs Hotel and cottages.

La Jolla, San Diego Co.; pop., 1400; hotel, Cabrillo.

Lake Independence, Nevada Co. (16 miles by stage from Truckee); hotel, Lake Independence.

Lakeport, Lake Co.; pop., 870; hotels, Lakeview, Giselman.

Lakeside, San Diego Co.; hotel, Lakeside.

Lake Tahoe, Placer and El Dorado Counties; hotels, Tahoe Tavern, Homewood, Moana Villa, McKinney's Camp, Rubicon Springs, Emerald Bay, Tallac, Al Tahoe, Bijou, Lakeside Park (State Line), Glenbrook (Nevada).

Laurel Dell, Lake Co. (10 miles by stage from Ukiah); hotel, Laurel Dell.

Livermore, Alameda Co.; pop., 1500; hotel, Washington.

Lodi, Sacramento Co.; hotel, Lodi.

Lompoc, Santa Barbara Co.; pop., 1500; hotel, Arthur.

Long Beach, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 18,000; hotels, Virginia, Victoria, Alexandria, Julian.

Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co. (British Vice Consul); pop., 320,000 (estimated 1914, 500,000); hotels, European plan, Alexandria, Van Nuys, Lankershim, Hollenbeck, Angelus, Westminster, Auditorium, Baltimore, Stillwell, Occidental, Cordova (furnished rooms), Hayward, Northern; American plan, Leighton, Rosslyn, Ingraham, Woodward, Fremont. Furnished apartments and boarding-houses in Westlake District, and on Flower St., West 3rd to 11th Sts., Sunset Boulevard, Grand Avenue; also apply at office of Wiesendanger Co., 408 W. 6th St., and the Conservative Investment Co., Citizen's National Bank Building, 3rd and Main Sts. Restaurants and cafés, Indian Mission Grill, Hotel Alexandria, Angelus Grill, Casa Verdugo Segunda, Spring St. between 7th and 8th; Bristol, Mission, McKee's, Brink's, all on So. Spring St.; Campi's, W. 1st St.; Spanish Kitchen, 127 No. Broadway; Cafeterias on So. Spring and So. Hill St.; banks, Security Trust and Savings, First National, Farmers' and Merchants',

- Los Angeles Trust and Savings, All Night and Day Bank, Thos. Cook and Son.
- Los Gatos, Santa Clara Co.; pop., 2200; hotel, Lyndon.
- Los Olivos, Santa Barbara Co.; hotel, Mattei's Tavern.
- Madera, Fresno Co.; pop., 2400; hotels, Yosemite, Southern.
- Martinez, Contra Costa Co.; pop., 2100; hotel, Martinez.
- Marysville, Yuba Co.; pop., 5400; hotels, Western, National.
- Mendocino, Mendocino Co.; hotel, Occidental.
- Menlo Park, San Mateo Co.; pop., 500; hotels, Oak Grove Villa, Menlo Park.
- Merced, Merced Co.; pop., 3100; hotels, El Capitan, Central.
- Mesa Grande, San Diego Co.; Ranch boarding-house.
- Mill Valley, Marin Co.; hotel, Blythedale.
- Miramar, Santa Barbara Co.; hotel, Miramar.
- Modesto, Stanislaus Co.; pop., 4000; hotel, Tynan.
- Mohawk, Plumas Co. (1 mile by stage from Blairsden. Near Gold Lake); hotel, Mohawk.
- Monrovia, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 7500; hotels, 'Leven Oaks, La Vista Grande.
- Monterey, Monterey Co.; pop., 5000; hotel, Monterey; bank, Bank of Monterey.
- Montara, San Mateo Co.; hotel, Montara Inn.
- Monte Rio, Sonoma Co.; hotels, Monte Rio, Glen Rita, Park.
- Moscow, Sonoma Co.; hotel, Moscow.
- Mt. Lowe (see Pasadena).
- Mt. Wilson (see Pasadena).
- Murphys, Tuolumne Co.; hotel, Mitchler's.
- Napa, Napa Co.; pop., 5800; hotels, Palace, Hottle, Napa Soda Springs (10 miles).
- National City, San Diego Co.; pop., 1700; hotels, Tourist, San Miguel.
- Needles, San Bernardino Co.; pop., 3500; hotels, El Garces, Cottage.

- Nevada City, Nevada Co.; pop., 2700; hotel, National.
Newport Beach, Orange Co.; hotel, Newport Beach.
Niles, Alameda Co.; pop., 500; hotel, Niles.
Nordhoff, Ventura Co.; pop., 1000; hotels, Foothills, Ojai Inn, Matilija Hot Springs (6 m. by stage from Nordhoff).
Oakdale, Stanislaus Co.; pop., 1000; hotel, Stanislaus.
Oak Knoll (see Pasadena).
Oakland, Alameda Co.; pop., 150,000; hotels and restaurants, Oakland, Metropole, St. Mark, Athens, Crellin, Key Route Inn; banks, Central, First National.
Ocean Park, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 3100; hotels, Decatur, King George.
Oceanside, San Diego Co.; pop., 700; hotels, Miramar, Merrill's Auto Inn, El San Luis Rey.
Ontario, San Bernardino Co.; pop., 4300; hotel, Royal.
Orange, Orange Co.; hotel, Polymar.
Oroville, Butte Co.; pop., 3800; hotel, Union.
Oxnard, Ventura Co.; pop., 2500; hotel, Oxnard.
Pacific Grove, Monterey Co.; pop., 2300; hotels, Pacific Grove and cottages, El Carmelo, Del Mar, Ellis.
Palm Springs, Riverside Co.; hotel, Desert Inn.
Palo Alto, Santa Clara Co.; hotels, Palo Alto, University.
Paraiso Springs, Monterey Co. (7 miles from Soledad by auto-stage); hotel, Paraiso Springs.
Pasadena, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 30,000; hotels, Maryland, Green, Raymond, Guirnaldo, Carlton, Casa Grande, Arroyo Vista; McCoy's Restaurant, East Colorado Street; banks, Union, First National, Pasadena.
Oak Knoll (Pasadena); hotel, Huntington.
Echo Mountain (Mt. Lowe); hotel, Alpine Tavern.
Mt. Wilson (Pasadena); hotel and camps.
Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo Co.; pop., 1400; hotels, Paso Robles Hot Springs, Alexander, Evens; banks, Citizens'.

- Petaluma, Sonoma Co.; pop., 5800; hotels, New American, Cosmopolitan.
- Piru, Ventura Co. (5 miles west of Camulos); hotel, Mountain View.
- Pismo, San Luis Obispo Co.; summer hotels, cottages and tents.
- Placerville, Eldorado Co.; pop., 1900; hotel, Ohio.
- Planada, Merced Co.; hotel, Ciquatan.
- Point Reyes, Marin Co.; hotel, Point Reyes.
- Pomona, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 10,000; new hotel.
- Porterville, Tulare Co.; pop., 2700; hotel, Pioneer.
- Priest's, Tuolumne Co. (Big Oak Flat Road, Stockton - Yosemite); hotel, Priest's.
- Quincy, Plumas Co.; pop., 1000; hotel, Plumas Co.
- Red Bluff, Tehama Co.; pop., 3500; hotel, Tremont.
- Redding, Shasta Co.; pop., 3500; hotels, Golden Eagle, Lorenz.
- Redlands, San Bernardino Co.; pop., 10,000; hotels, Casa Loma, Wissahickon Inn, Hill Crest Inn, Commercial; banks, Redlands, First National.
- Redondo Beach, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 3000; hotels, Redondo, St. Edgar.
- Rionido, Sonoma Co.; hotel, Rionido.
- Riverside, Riverside Co.; pop., 15,000; hotels, Glenwood Mission Inn, Victoria, Tetley, Anchorage, Holyrood, Reynolds; banks, First National, Citizens'.
- Sacramento, Sacramento Co.; pop., 45,000 (estimated 1914, 60,000); hotels, Sacramento, Land, Capital, Golden Eagle; banks, California, National Bank of D. O. Mills & Co., Fort Sutter, Capital.
- Salinas, Monterey Co.; pop., 3700; hotels, Abbott, French, Tassajara Hot Springs (40 m. so. by stage).
- San Bernardino, San Bernardino Co.; pop., 13,000; hotels, Stewart, St. Charles, Sunset.
- San Buenaventura (see Ventura).
- San Diego, San Diego Co. (British Vice Consul); pop., 40,000 (estimated 1914, 80,000); hotels, U. S. Grant,

San Diego, Lanier, Barstow, New Southern, Cecil, Lubin, Knickerbocker, Keystone (American plan). Restaurants and cafés, Bivouac Grill, U. S. Grant Hotel; San Diego Hotel Grill; Panorama Roof Garden Café, top of American National Bank Building; Kessler's Palace, 4th St. and the Plaza; Berger's Grill, 4th St.; Rudder's Grill, 3rd and D Sts.; Cafeterias on 5th St. Banks, Bank of Commerce and Trust Co., First National, Merchants', American National.

Coronado Beach (see Coronado).

Point Loma (San Diego); Hotel and Tent City.

San Fernando, Los Angeles Co.; hotel, Fernando (in village 1½ m. from Mission).

San Francisco, San Francisco Co. (British Consul General); pop., 417,000 (estimated 1914, 530,000). Hotels, European plan, Palace, Fairmont, St. Francis, Sutter, Manx, Argonaut, Savoy, Wiltshire, Union Square, Baldwin, Golden West, Pacific States, Acme, Arlington, Grand Central, Turpin; American plan, Bellevue, Richelieu, Stewart, Colonial, Majestic, Normandie, Court, Van Dorn. Restaurants and cafés, Portola-Louvre, Flood B'ld'g.; Marchand's, Mason and Geary Sts.; Tait-Zinkand, 168 O'Farrel; Techau's, Powell near Market; Old Poodle Dog, 415 Bush; Jules', Monadnock B'ld'g., Market St.; Jack's Rotisserie, 615 Sacramento; Odeon, Market and Powell; Heidelberg, Ellis near Market; Coppa's, 453 Pine; Campi's, 707 Market; Solari's, Geary near Powell; Sanguinetti's, 527 Davis; Fior d' Italia, 492 Broadway; Il Trovatore, 502 Broadway; Buon Gusto, 503 Broadway; Castilian (Spanish cuisine), Sutter near Grant Ave. For luncheon and tea, Woman's Exchange, 70 Post; Pig'n Whistle, Post near Kearny; The Tea-cup, Post near Grant; Bon Ami, Post near Grant; Golden Pheasant, 32 Geary; Cliff House; Hang Far Low

and Fook Woh, Chinatown tea-rooms, Sacramento St. Tea at the Fairmont, St. Francis and Palace Hotels. Sea-food specialties at the California and Spreckels Markets. Cafeterias on Powell and Kearny Sts. Other restaurants and cafés on Golden Gate and Montgomery Aves., and Turk, Mission and Fillmore Sts., and Ocean B'lv'd. Apartment houses, rooms and board, West of Market: Sacramento, California, Pine, Sutter, Geary and Eddy Sts.; North of Market: Jones and Leavenworth Sts., and Van Ness Ave. Banks, Bank of California, Wells-Fargo, Anglo and London, Crocker National, Union Trust, First National, Mercantile, American, Anglo-California Trust Co., Thomas Cook and Son.

Mt. Tamalpais (San Francisco); hotels and restaurants, Muir Inn (in the Woods), Tamalpais Tavern (at summit).

San Gabriel Mission; luncheon or tea in arbour restaurant.

San Gabriel Village, Los Angeles Co.; hotel and restaurant, Fonda (Mexican cuisine).

San Jacinto, Riverside Co.; hotel, Idyllwild (auto-stage from San Jacinto).

San José, Santa Clara Co.; pop., 29,000; hotels, Vendome, Montgomery, St. James, Lamolle (French restaurant); banks, First National, Bank of San José, Garden City Bank and Trust Company.

Foot of Mt. Hamilton (San José); hotel, Santa Ysabel.

San Juan Bautista, San Benito Co. (6 miles from Sargent); hotel, Plaza.

San Juan Capistrano, Orange Co.; Mendelson (Spanish restaurant).

San Luis Obispo, San Luis Obispo Co.; pop., 5000; hotels, Ramona, Andrews, San Luis Hot Springs (7 miles from San Luis Obispo by stage).

San Mateo, San Mateo Co.; pop., 4300; hotels, Peninsula, Union.

San Miguel, San Luis Obispo Co.; hotel, Occidental.

San Pedro, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 5000; hotels, Alexander, Wiedewald.

San Rafael, Marin Co.; pop., 6000; hotels, Rafael, Marin, Glen Rose.

Santa Ana, Orange Co.; pop., 8400; hotel, Rossmore.

Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara Co.; pop., 12,000; hotels, Arlington, Potter, Mascarel, San Marcos; bank, First National.

Santa Clara, Santa Clara Co.; pop., 4300; hotel, Pipes.

Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz Co.; pop., 11,000; hotels, Casa del Rey, Sea Beach, St. George, Beach Hill Inn; furnished 1, 2, and 4-room cottages; Casino Restaurant; banks, First National, Santa Cruz County.

Santa Maria, Santa Barbara Co.; hotel, Bradley.

Santa Monica, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 7800; hotels, Windemere, Arcade, Seaside; restaurants and cafés, Arcadia Fish Grill, The Breakers, Goodwin, Casino; furnished bungalows.

Santa Paula, Ventura Co.; hotel, Glen Tavern.

Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co.; pop., 7800; hotels, Occidental, Overton.

Santa Ynez, Santa Barbara Co.; hotel, Santa Ynez.

Saratoga, Santa Clara Co.; pop., 300; hotels, Congress Hall, Saratoga Inn.

Sausalito, Marin Co.; pop., 2400; hotels, Holly Oaks, Alta Mira.

Sequoia (see Crocker's Camp).

Sequoia National Park (see Giant Forest).

Shasta Retreat, Siskiyou Co.; hotel, Shasta Retreat.

Shasta Springs, Siskiyou Co.; Shasta Springs Hotel and cottages.

Sierra City, Sierra Co.; pop., 1200; hotel, Mackay.

Sierraville, Sierra Co.; hotel, Campbell Hot Springs.

Sisson, Siskiyou Co.; pop., 636; hotels, Sisson Tavern, Berryvale Inn.

Soda Springs, Placer Co.; hotel, Castle Crags.

Sonoma, Sonoma Co.; pop., 1000; hotels, Union, El Dorado.

- Sonora, Tuolumne Co.; pop., 2000; hotels, Victoria, City.
- St. Helena, Napa Co.; pop., 1800; hotels, Gray Gables, Grand, Seven Springs (Howell Mt.).
- Stockton, San Joaquin Co.; pop., 23,000; hotels, Stockton, Clark, Dale; banks, San Joaquin, First National.
- Suisun City, Solano Co.; pop., 640; hotels, Arlington, Mayfield.
- Tahoe (see Lake Tahoe).
- Tehama, Tehama Co.; pop., 2200; hotel, Tait.
- Thompson's Meadows, Tuolumne Co.; hotel, Mathewson.
- Truckee, Tulare Co.; pop., 1500; hotel, New Whitney.
- Tuolumne, Tuolumne Co.; hotel, Turnback Inn.
- Ukiah, Mendocino Co.; pop., 2100; hotels, Palace, Cecille.
- Vallejo, Solano Co.; pop., 11,000; hotels, Bernard, St. Vincent's, Vallejo White Sulphur Springs.
- Venice, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 5000; hotels, St. Mark's, Venice; Ship Café; cottages at Villa City.
- Ventura (San Buenaventura), Ventura Co.; pop., 3000; hotels, Pierpont, Rose; Pierpont Cottages in Ojai Valley; banks, National, First National.
- Verano, Sonoma Co.; hotel, Bellevue.
- Visalia, Tulare Co.; pop., 4500; hotel, Palace.
- Walnut Creek, Contra Costa Co.; hotel, Rogers.
- Warners Hot Springs, San Diego Co.; hotel, Warners Hot Springs.
- Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co.; pop., 4400; hotels, Appleton, Mansion.
- Wawona, Mariposa Co.; hotel, Wawona House.
- Weaverville, Trinity Co.; pop., 1200; hotels, New York, Union.
- Whittier, Los Angeles Co.; pop., 4500; hotels, Greenleaf, Whittier.
- Willits, Mendocino Co.; pop., 1100; hotel, Willits, hunting and fishing-camps.
- Witter Springs, Lake Co. (10 miles from Ukiah by stage); hotel, Witter Springs.

Woodfords, Alpine Co. (on Alpine State Highway); hotel,
Merrill.

Yosemite Valley, Mariposa Co.; pop., 100; Sentinel Hotel,
Camp Lost Arrow, Camp Ahwahnee, Camp Curry,
Glacier Point Hotel, Camp Glacier Point.

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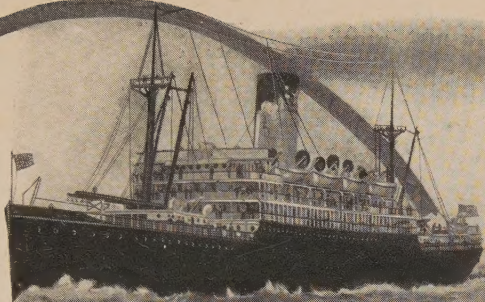
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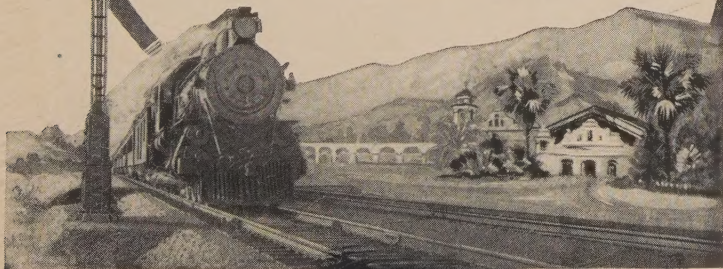
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